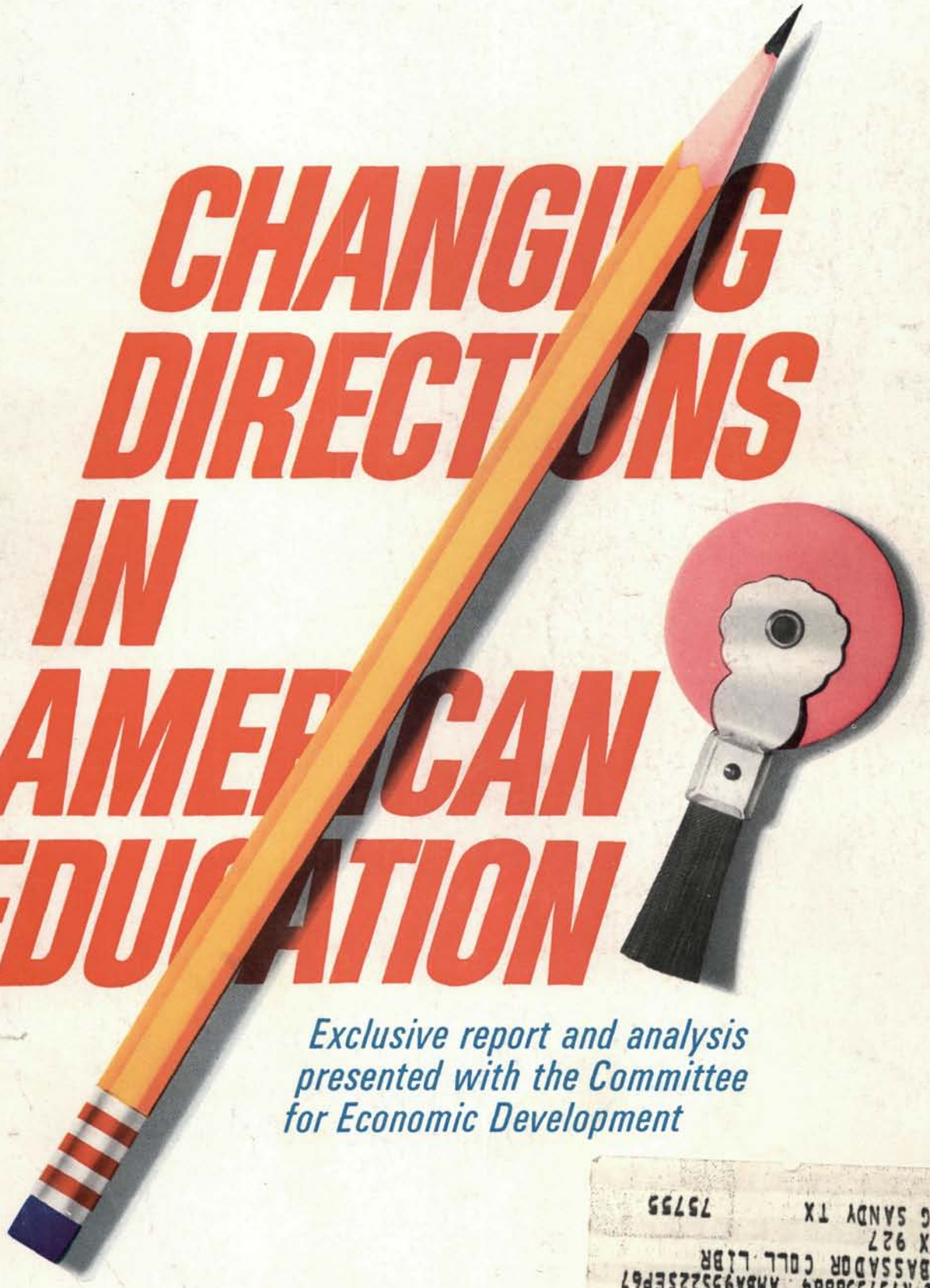
Saturday Review

January 14, 1967 35c



CHANGING DIRECTIONS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

Exclusive report and analysis presented with the Committee for Economic Development

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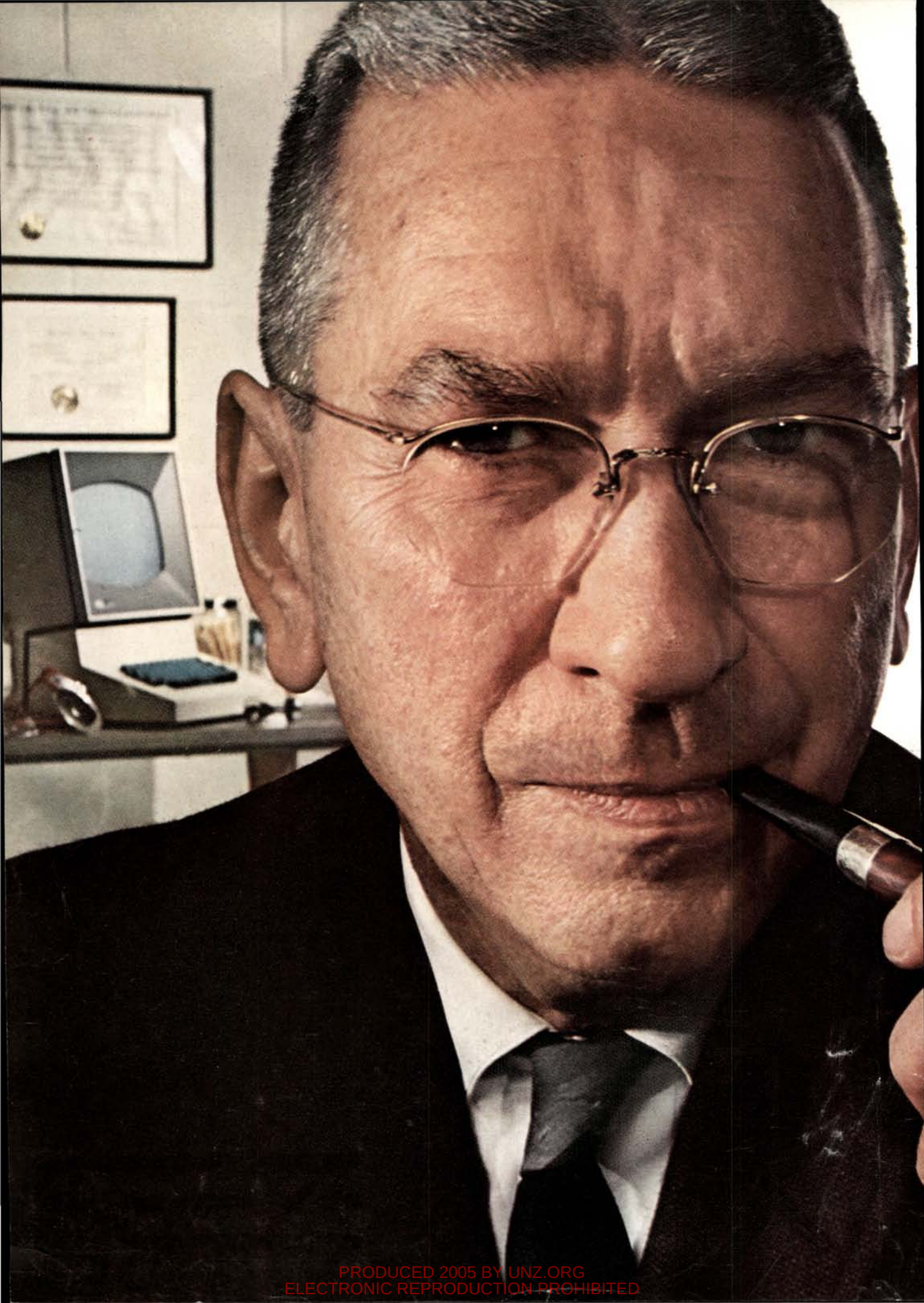

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This doctor wants to make all the latest medical knowledge available to every doctor everywhere.

What's he doing at IBM?

Doctors are swamped. There are more patients knocking on the door than ever before. On top of this, new advances in medicine continue to pile more homework on the already overworked M. D.

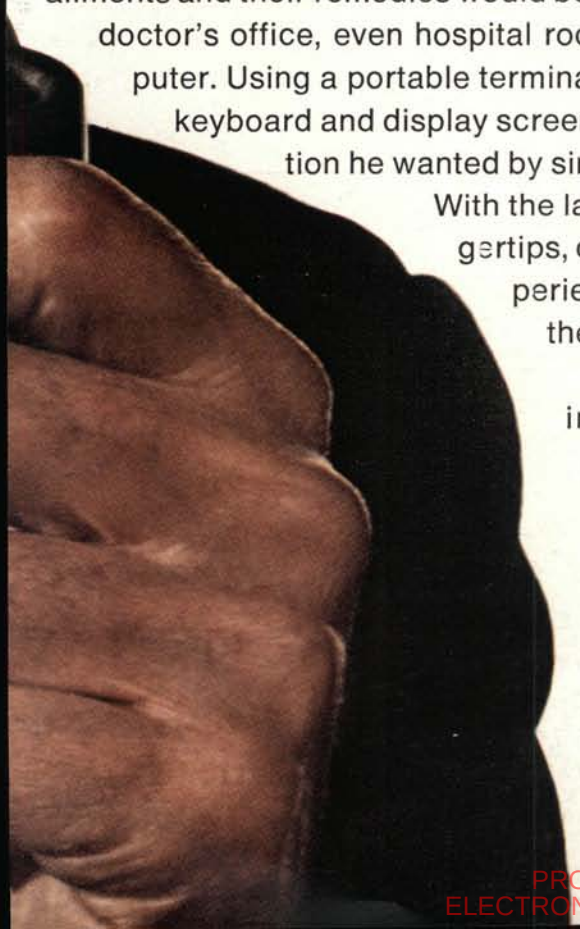
Keeping up is a serious problem.

It's a problem IBM's Dr. Frederick J. Moore is trying to help solve at a quiet laboratory in rural New York State. He is experimenting with an idea he calls a Clinical Decision Support System.

Roughly, here's how it would operate. The latest information about ailments and their remedies would be stored in a central computer. Your doctor's office, even hospital rooms, would be wired into the computer. Using a portable terminal no bigger than a briefcase with a keyboard and display screen, the doctor could get the information he wanted by simply plugging into the circuit.

With the latest in medicine at the doctor's fingertips, combined with his judgment and experience, he could make his diagnosis in the shortest possible time.

Doctors have a difficult time keeping in mind everything they must consider. There's so much to know today. And it's true in every field. IBM's business is to help solve this problem—give you the facts you need in time for decision.



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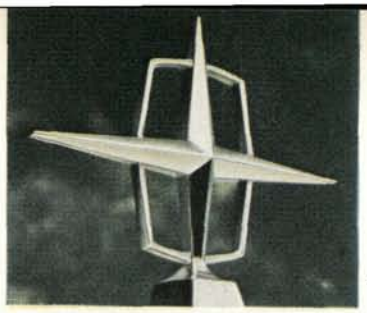

The Continental life is never out of date.

People with their own sense of style know good design cannot be outdated by the calendar. These are the people who recognize Lincoln Continental as their kind of luxury car—and make today's good life the Continental life. Lincoln Continental is carefully styled to stay in style. It is engineered to be the best automobile America has to offer. It is built to the world's highest standards. Some of the reasons why the 1965 Continental you see in the background above is as natural a part of the contemporary scene as the new sedan. And why Lincoln Continental is such a sound and lasting investment. Discover how close you may be to owning a Continental. Come live the Continental life.

LINCOLN *Continental*

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED MOTORCAR

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Shown above rear, the 1965 Lincoln Continental sedan; foreground, the '67 sedan in Silver Mist with optional black vinyl roof. Also available for 1967, the Continental coupé, America's only four-door convertible, and the executive limousine, the ultimate luxury m

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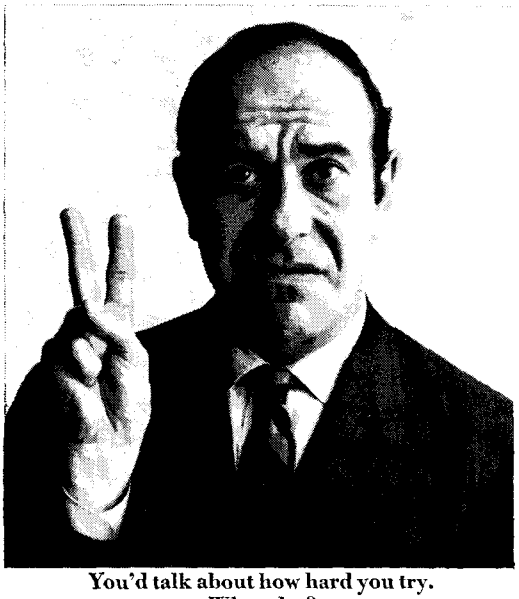
Well, what would you do if you were only No. 2?



You'd talk about how hard you try. What else?

It's tough being No. 2. You can't talk about having a lot of cars to offer your customers because you have only half as many as No. 1.

You can't talk about convenience because you provide only about half as many locations where a customer can pick up or leave a car.

You can't even talk about price because as a rule you charge the same as No. 1. So where does that leave you?

You have to make a big thing about trying hard, about clean ashtrays, about all the other services a customer should expect. Automatically.

No, Hertz isn't a bit unhappy being No. 1. It's to our advantage. More important, it's to your advantage.

Rent a '67 Ford or another good car from us and you'll see.

Hertz No. 1

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Tight money? But you can still buy a home.

Even if you don't have a rich Aunt Maude.

Aunt Maude

If you're putting off buying a home because it's not as easy as it used to be to get a mortgage, don't give up *now*. See your Realtor®. He's resourceful.

With his contacts and knowledge of the market, he may be able to suggest several ways to finance the home you want. For example, by arranging for you to assume an already existing mortgage. Or he may know a source that would be interested in lending you mortgage money.

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Pick the right day to test drive a VW and you'll have the road to yourself.

Back when the weather was good, everybody was inviting you to come in and test drive their new whatevers.

But now that the weather isn't so good (and a test drive is really a test), the invitations have dropped off sharply.

Now maybe you can spare a little time to try out the new Volkswagen.

Not right this minute. Wait for a nice lousy day. The next time it's snowing or slushing or something like that, drive down to your VW dealer. (If you can make it in your car.)

He'll be happy to take you out and show you how a Volkswagen works when hardly anything else does.

How the weight of the motor on the rear wheels makes the VW dig in and go, in the snow or the mud, or even on ice.

As you pass all the stranded cars that passed their test drives in balmier days, he'll tell you about the VW's other cold-weather comforts.

The air-cooled motor. It doesn't freeze over, so it doesn't need anti-freeze or a winter thermostat.

And if you have to leave the car out on a cold wet night, it's got four coats of paint and a sealed bottom to keep it cozy.

You've even got an edge with a Volkswagen if the worst happens and you get stuck.

What could be easier to push?

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

Portrait in Green

"You cannot hang in this gallery,"
The gallery owner sneered,
While taking note of the greenish coat
And the reddish shirt and beard.
"I used to hang in this gallery,"
The timorous artist pled—
"Don't sing me a ballad
Of days long gone.
Your painting is pallid—
Just warmed-up Shahn—
Your themes are invalid—
Passé and wan.
Good morning!" the owner said.

The artist slumped down the avenue
And climbed to his chilly loft.
He held his coat to his scrawny throat
And he mused and smoked and coughed.
"You cannot show what you have in you—
You've got to run with the pack."
He plunged into action
And crossed the Styx
To paint putrefaction
With wiles and tricks,
His smallest abstraction
Ten feet by six—
Then he carried his picture back.

"He's back with his seagreen coat again,"
The gallery owner frowned.
But the face, shaved clean, and the eager mien
Constrained him to turn around.
He growled, "You're painting by rote again.
These canvases can't be hung.
You aren't creating
Your own design
You're just imitating
DeCreeft and Kline,
When you should be stating,
'It's me! It's mine!'
The same as when you were young."

The artist labored. He never ate.
He boiled like a raging flood.
And when red paint showed up too faint
He manfully used his blood.
And what did all this endeavor rate—
What praise from the art grandee?
"Hm . . . this one is jelling. . . .
That shows a gleam. . . .
Yes . . . that one is telling. . . .
This gathers steam. . . .
But— none are worth selling—
They just don't scream
With a three dimensional whee-eeee."

Packaged Deal

Next day, when he opened his gallery,
The owner stood tall to gloat
Over Warhols sold and his Poons like gold—
Then he noticed a seagreen coat.
"You cannot hang in this gallery!"
He screamed. To enforce the ban
He charged like a rider
And stormed the nook
To oust the outsider—
He stopped, and shook—
His eyes opened wider—
For, from a hook
Hung a three-dimensional man.

—Edward Eliscu.

Postal Card

OLD JAKE, the mailman, retired last week after walking the city's streets for half a century. Newspaper reporters converged on him and asked him how many times he had walked around the world.

"I don't know," said Jake.

The reporters thought that the elderly postman had misunderstood the question. They asked him again how many times he had walked around the world.

"That's a pretty silly question," Jake commented. "How the hell should I know?"

The reporters milled about, confused. A veteran newsman took charge of the situation. He patiently explained to Jake that every news story about a retiring mailman emphasizes the number of times he has walked around the world. And the headline says something like: CIRCLED GLOBE 87 TIMES.

"Look at it this way," said the veteran reporter. "If we went back and told our editors we didn't know how many times you walked around the world, we'd all be fired."

When Jake continued to shake his head stubbornly, the reporters took a different tack. They asked him to comment on "junk mail," and how tough it was to deliver nowadays. One reporter wanted to know if Jake had ever, in exasperation, thrown junk mail in the trash can.

"Mail is mail," replied Jake. "I don't care what it is; I just deliver it." Two of the reporters fainted.

The veteran newsman, now visibly rattled, gasped: "You don't mean that! You must hate junk mail! And you've got to have some idea of how many times you've walked around the world. Think, man, think!"

Jake just stood there with his arms

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The Dull Boy Who Became A Prodigy

• In 1799, an obscure Austrian clergyman, Karl Witte, told a group of skeptical friends: "If God grant me a son, I shall educate him to be a superior man — without knowing what his aptitudes may be."

• Soon, a son was born but showed little promise. The boy's own mother thought him dull. Yet by the time young Karl was six, his father's efforts seemed to be working. At age 9, he entered the University of Leipzig. At 14, he received his Ph.D.; at 23, he became a Professor and went on to a long and brilliant career.

• In Ireland, a man named Thompson heard of Witte's methods and applied them to his own sons. One became a celebrated engineer; the other became one of the world's great physicists, Lord Kelvin.

• Early in this century, Leo Wiener — rummaging in the back of a New England library — found a German book describing Witte's methods. He, too, applied them to a young son. The result: Norbert Wiener — one of the greatest mathematicians of all time, sometimes known as "the father of Automation."

• Now, these same extraordinary child-development methods are available to all parents in the new book described below.

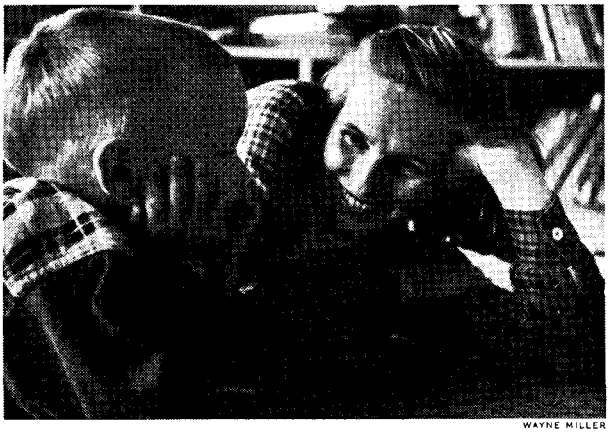
How to give your child a superior mind

A remarkable new book tells how you can add as much as 30 points to your child's effective I.Q. . . . how you can help him move ahead in school and be more successful in an education-conscious world.

MAIL THE COUPON below and the publishers will send you a copy of GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND for free home trial. Properly used, this new book can help your child achieve the kind of success in school and in later life which, right now, you probably do not think is possible.

For example, before your child is five years old, this book will help him (or her) read 150 words a minute . . . add, subtract, multiply and divide . . . understand fractions and simple algebra . . . even handle abstract concepts and interpret them creatively.

Best of all, your child can achieve this early success without being pushed and without interference with a happy, normal, well-adjusted childhood.



WAYNE MILLER

Today they're playing word games. Before he's five, he can be reading 150 words a minute.

Why a book like this is so badly needed

Today, schools are giving fast-learners every chance to move ahead to more interesting work. Meanwhile, other youngsters (who could be fast learners) are being crowded into "slow" classes — losing precious time they'll never regain — simply because no one ever took the time to develop their abilities early.

That's why — a few years ago — two well-known child-development experts, Siegfried and Therese Engelmann, decided to bring the successful ideas of Karl Witte up to date. When they tried out their methods on children of average intelligence, the results were nothing short of thrilling.

Now, they have written a book describing these methods. GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND provides a planned program of home instruction that any parent can start using immediately. It will enable you to do for your child what Karl Witte, over 100 years ago, did for his "dull boy who became a prodigy." You will learn:

1. How to teach your child to read. The secret is knowing how to take advantage of your child's natural hunger for words: Games to teach the alphabet. 11 basic rules that make book reading easy. How to anticipate mistakes, correct them smoothly. How to encourage spare-time reading.

2. How to help your child streak ahead in Math. Here is where simple pre-training can have the most dramatic results . . . especially when it's explained in the simple everyday terms of a child's world. For example, if your child has ever seen you break an egg, he has taken the first step to understanding algebra. Before Age 5 he can learn addition, subtraction, multiplication, fractions, basic algebra, division. And it will be fun for both of you.

3. How to give your child the power of abstract reasoning. Understanding abstract concepts frees your child from the dull grind of rote learning. It enables him to express sophisticated ideas far beyond his years . . . and develop what will eventually be his most priceless possession — *clear, original thinking.*

4. How to increase your child's effective I.Q. Research, here and abroad, shows that a child's I.Q. may be increased by as much as 30 points before Age 5. This new book was not conceived as an I.Q. "course." But the program it contains will help your child achieve much higher scores than he otherwise would . . . in a natural, easy way.

Examine this new book free — Unusual double guarantee of results

You may examine GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND, with this unusual *double* guarantee. Simply mail the coupon on this page. When the book arrives, look it over for a full 30 days. Then, if you're not entirely convinced that this book can show you how to give your child a superior mind, you may return it and owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, you may do so for only $6.50 — and you are still protected by the *second, long-range guarantee* at bottom of this page.

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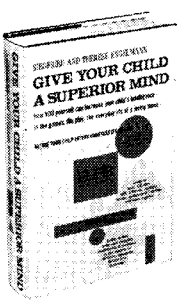
f you follow this book's program of raining — your child at Age 5 should e able to do *all* this:

- **. Read approximately 150 words a minute**
- **. Add columns of figures**
- **. Tell time**
- **. Subtract, multiply, and divide**
- **5. Understand concepts like Right-Left, Before and After, If-Then**
- **6. Solve algebra equations like this: 4A÷2=8**
- **7. Scores high on first I.Q. Tests**

If you don't get these results — ou may return the book for full refund.



From a famous educator—

"I have never before seen a book which offers so detailed a plan for action day in and day out. It should help greatly to make the lives of mothers and young children more purposeful and interesting."

—Dr. George N. Shuster

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NEW YORK STATE...where it's our business to help your business grow.

crossed. The reporters slunk back to their offices and were fired.

—Dereck Williamson.

Decisions! Decisions!

THE NUMBER of choices the shopper has today is awesome. It's especially frightening to a man who doesn't normally do the shopping. Let's follow the Modern Man who just wanted to go out to pick up the newspapers one Sunday and you'll see what I mean.

"While you're out," his wife said, "pick up a few things for me."

The first stop is the gas station.

"Fill 'er up?" asks the service man.

"Yes," says the Modern Man.

"Regular, high test, or super jet spray?"

"Regular. And look at the oil."

In a minute the attendant is standing beside the car, holding up the dip stick for the Modern Man to see.

"Looks like you need one."

"Okay."

"Ten, twenty, thirty, or forty weight?" asks the gas station man.

"Twenty, I guess."

"What do you want, the sixty or the seventy-cent oil?"

"Fifty," says the Modern Man.

"We ain't got no fifty."

"Sixty, then."

The next stop: the delicatessen.

The Modern Man takes out his wife's shopping list and looks at it glumly.

"I need a quart of milk," he says.

"Skimmed or whole?" asks the man behind the baloney.

"I don't think she wants the skimmed. Give me the other."

"Pasteurized or homogenized?"

"Pasteurized," he says.

"Bottle or container?"

The Modern Man heaves a sigh.

"Container," he says. "And a box of oatmeal."

The delicatessen man settles on a stool behind the counter.

"You want the instant oatmeal, the quick-cooking, or the regular?"

"The quick-cooking."

"The kind with the maple syrup flavor or the other?"

"The other," says the Modern Man.

A little while later, he stumbles into the bakery. You can notice the first tremors in his hands.

"A loaf of rye," he says. He's beginning to sound like Buster Keaton used to look.

"Small, medium, or large?"

"Medium," says the Modern Man, his chin sunk on his chest.

"You want it with seeds or without?"

"Without," says the Modern Man. He sounds like he's talking through gauze.

"You want to sit down, mister?" asks the lady. "You feel all right?"

(*Continued on page* 12)

The time has come, the Phoenix said to publish many things: of prose, creative processes and poetry, indeed—and Dick and Jane forswearing—books children should read.

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Continued from page 8

Outside, the Modern Man realizes that he has forgotten salad dressing. Back to the delicatessen he goes.

"Salad dressing — Italian," he says, fighting for control.

"You don't want the seasonings in an envelope for mixing, do you?"

"No. I want a bottle. A bottle of Italian salad dressing."

"Roquefort, garlic, or plain?"

"Plain."

"The kind with less calories or the other?"

"The other."

"What size? . . . the large, the econ . . ."

"Any size at all! . . . any one at all!"

The Modern Man stumbles into the confectionery store next.

"A pack of cigarettes, please," he whispers.

"What kind?" asks the man behind the chocolate cigars.

"I dunno," says the Modern Man, getting a firm grip on the counter. "My wife is the smoker. I can't remember what kind she uses. Name some and maybe I'll remember."

The confectionery store man chants a litany of cigarette brands for three minutes and forty-two seconds. Those are just the ones on his left. The ones on his right take a little longer.

The Modern Man makes his choice.

"Regular or king-size?"

"King-size," says the Modern Man, starting to go down for the count.

"Filter or straight?"

"Filter."

"Soft pack or hard?"

"Hard."

"Flip-top box?"

"Yes."

"I'll have to go in back and get them," says the little man, coming out from behind the chocolate cigars. "I'll only be a second."

Moments later he comes back to find the Modern Man gone.

"He just flipped his own top," says an observer. "He went out holding his head in his hands, shouting 'Decisions! Decisions! All the time decisions!' "

—ARTHUR F. LENEHAN.

You Can Make the Same Mistake Twice

ROLLIN KIRBY, the Pulitzer-prize cartoonist, Humphrey Bogart, and I were talking together one day. Kirby was telling us about his infallible talent for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.

He had just returned from a few days in Bermuda, where a friend of his had taken him along to a rather large luncheon. At his end of the table Kirby heard someone mention the American Consul,

(*Continued on page 94*)

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Youthful chef for the outdoor set

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Dawn was breaking over Buckeye Lake in the summer of 1920. Over a campfire the tantalizing aroma of breakfast was in the air. And breakfast was the responsibility of young Lawrence Howdyshell, top cook in the troop.

It was at Buckeye Lake that "Howdy" developed his talent for cooking that paid off in later years when he became a range and oven-tester at the Frigidaire Division of General Motors in Dayton, Ohio.

Now, "Howdy" bakes cakes and broils steaks—he cooks both fast and slow, with heats high and low, to test the performance of Frigidaire ovens and ranges. "Howdy" is one of the housewife's representatives at the factory, searching for anything that might cause complaints in the kitchen.

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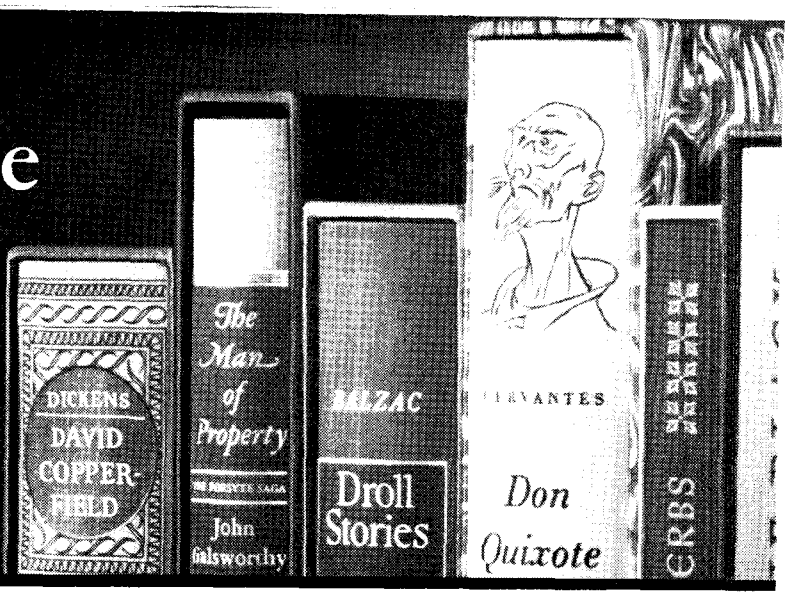

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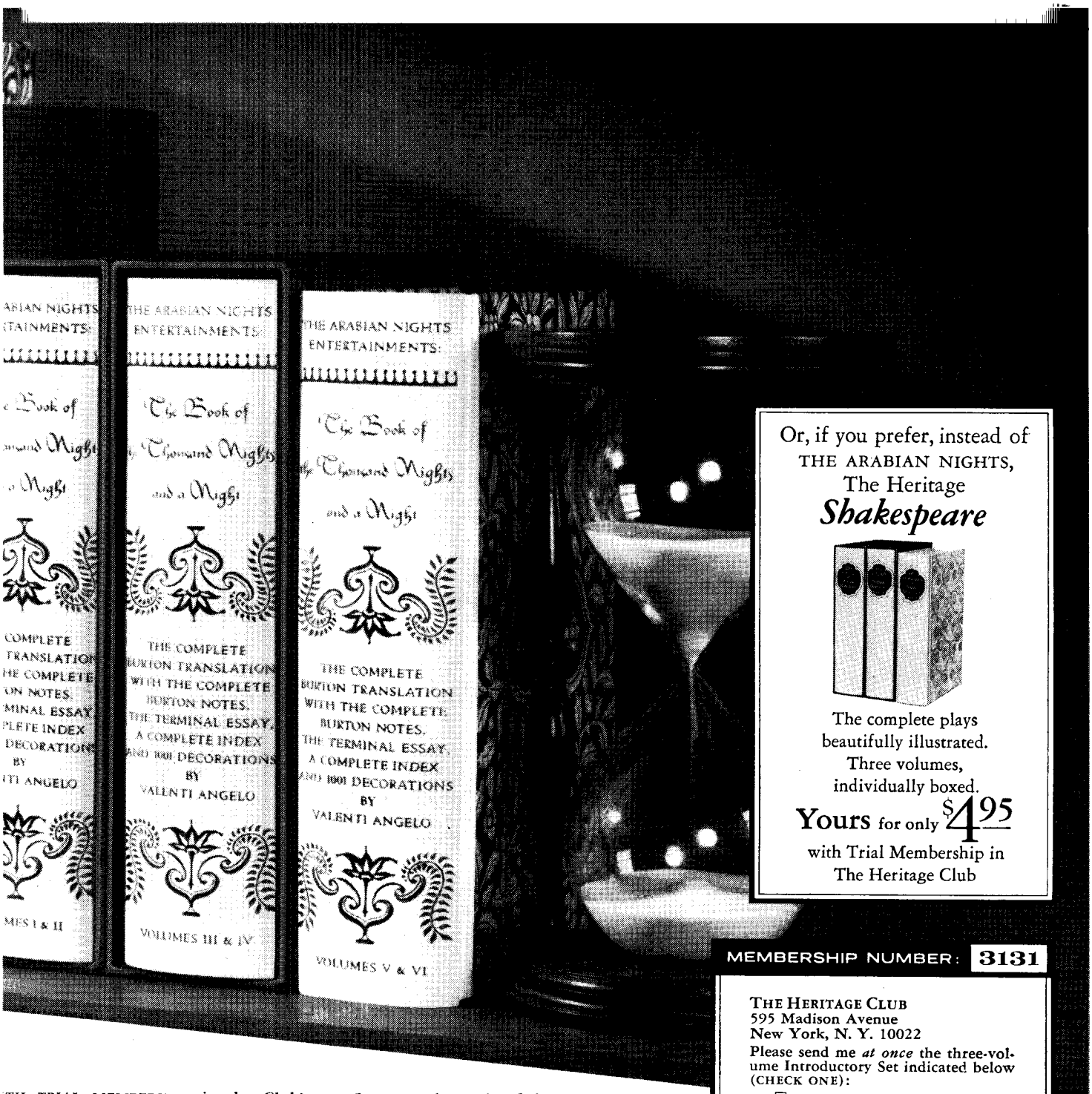
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State of Affairs

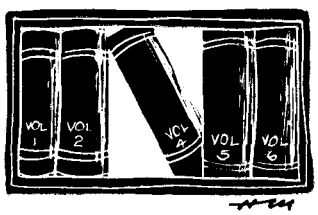
Is McNamara Next?

WASHINGTON.

THERE is a very important lesson to be drawn from Bill Moyers's resignation that President Johnson may want to ponder. Whatever "personal reasons" made Moyers resign, and they have had an influence, too, many in Washington have known for months that he had been chafing at the bit. I doubt whether the President has ever had a more loyal friend and one who understood him better, or one as deeply concerned with the problems he is wrestling with. Only in time will the President realize what he has lost. But there obviously is a limit to the time a man of Moyers's soaring interests, healthy ambitions, and youth will stay in one groove. Staying in one groove too long breeds fatigue, engenders impatience, and deadens the mind. That applies to many men at the top level of the American government and even more so to men in the White House, where the pace is killing and the demands sometimes go beyond what is humanly tolerable.

Moyers, off and on, liked to say that he needed a change. But it was only when McGeorge Bundy, then the President's adviser for national security affairs, left that he more openly hinted that he would like to succeed him. It would have been an ideal solution for both Moyers and the President. Bill would have been given new and challenging responsibilities that would test his mettle, and the President would still have had him at his elbow. But for some reason the President denied Moyers this opportunity, although he must have known that Bill's interests had begun to shift from domestic to foreign affairs and that, though he may still have lacked experience, his judgment on the whole is sound and his knowledge of how the governmental machine works is as good as anybody's. The President should have known also that Moyers did not consider himself a press secretary except in the interim.

When George Ball, the Under Secretary in the State Department, resigned, Moyers again dropped hints—which must have reached the President's ear—that he had a yen for the job. In fact, when a newspaper printed the rumor, the President privately rebuked a member of the newspaper's staff for printing it. But again Moyers was bypassed. It was my impression that it was then, last summer, that his determination to leave hardened. He wanted to gain his own independence and identity. But being a man of all seasons to the President made this almost impossible. He then said to a friend—and few could say this with the lighthearted confidence he did—that he could afford to wait another twenty years to get to the top of the State Department. When Moyers finally left, he had the kind of alibi he needed in his situation, as a close personal friend of the President. No man, unless he has no heart, could have resisted his plea of family responsibilities, and it speaks for the President that he viewed Moyers's request sympathetically.



ANOTHER man who is getting tired of staying in the same groove is Robert McNamara, the Secretary of Defense, an even more important pillar of this Administration. I have little doubt that if it were not for the Vietnamese war and his sense of duty, he would have left his job some time ago. Mr. McNamara is a man who enjoys nothing more than challenges and the Pentagon does not offer anymore the kind of stimulation this activist needs. The important reforms have been carried out and long-range plans exist for the next five to ten years. At Harvard last November, during his visit to the Kennedy Institute of Government, McNamara told reporters, according to the Harvard *Crimson*, that staying in government too long drained officials' "imaginative creative energy." And when he was asked whether he had anyone in particular in mind, he said grinning: "Just one, myself." It would be my guess that President Johnson will lose this rare public servant as soon as he can find the kind of opportunity and the kind of "personal reasons" that the President will find it hard to reject easily unless Johnson offers him a new task.

I doubt whether the President can afford to lose a man of his qualities, his experience, his authority. It should not

(*Continued on page 21*)

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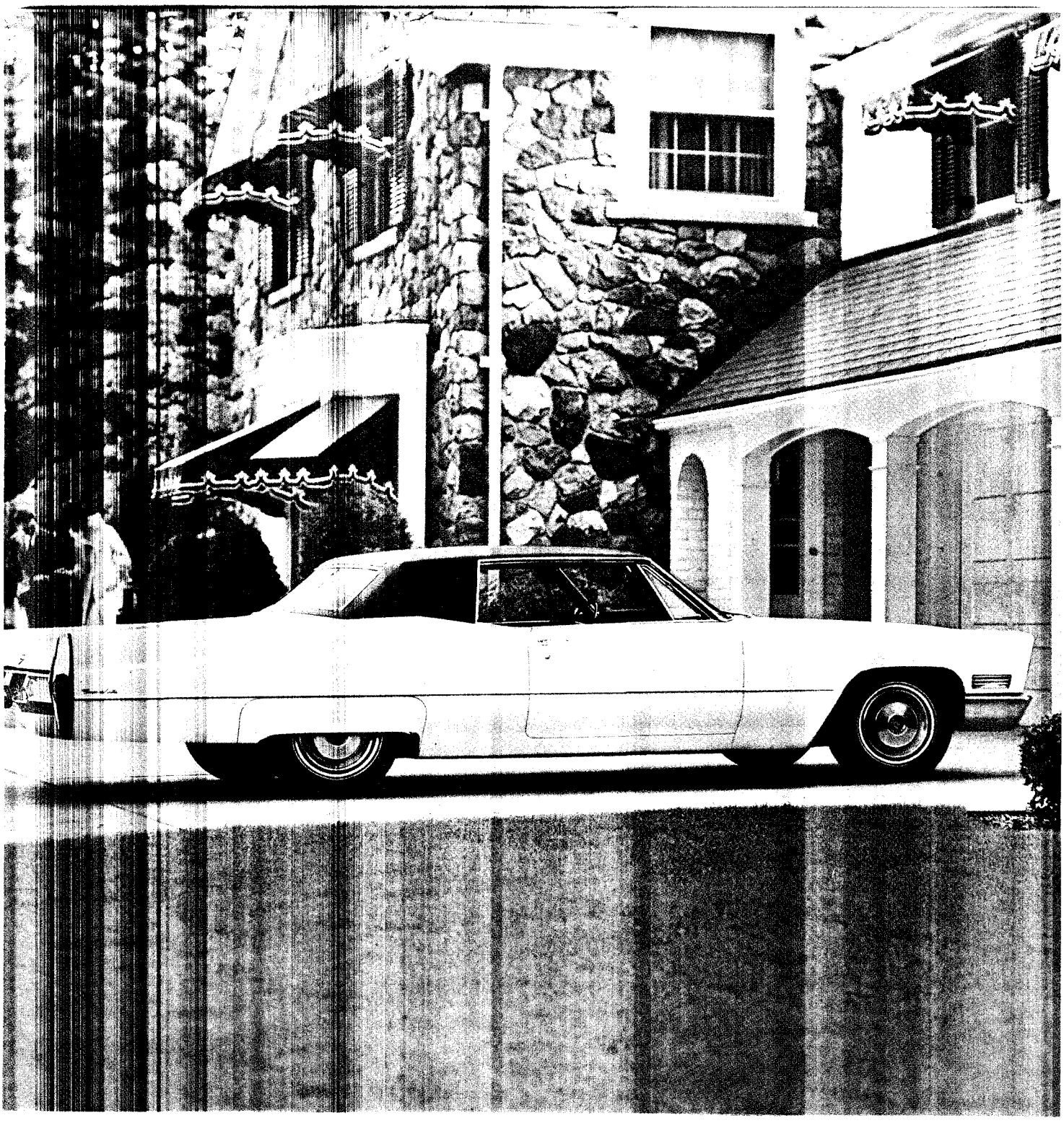

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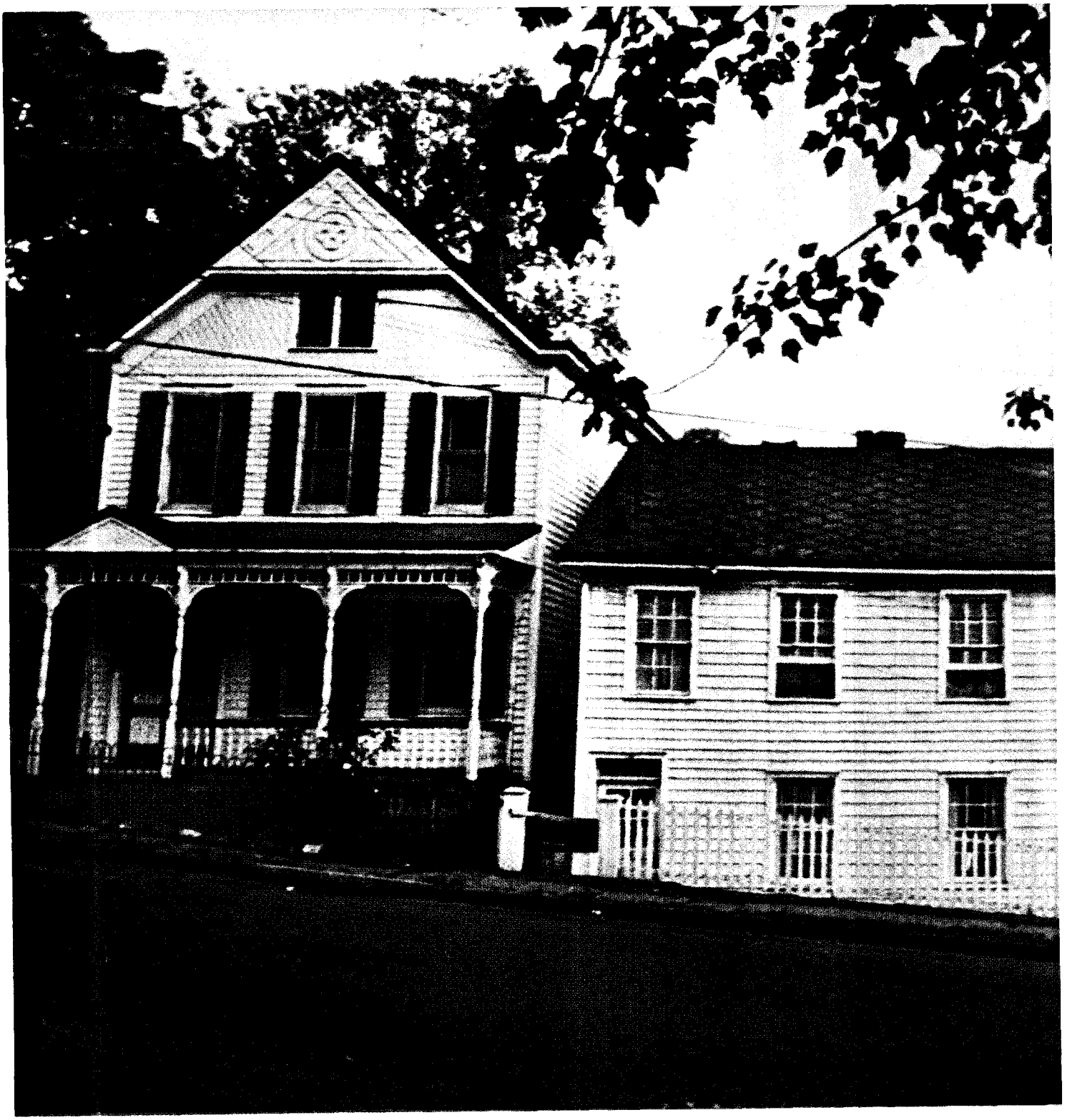

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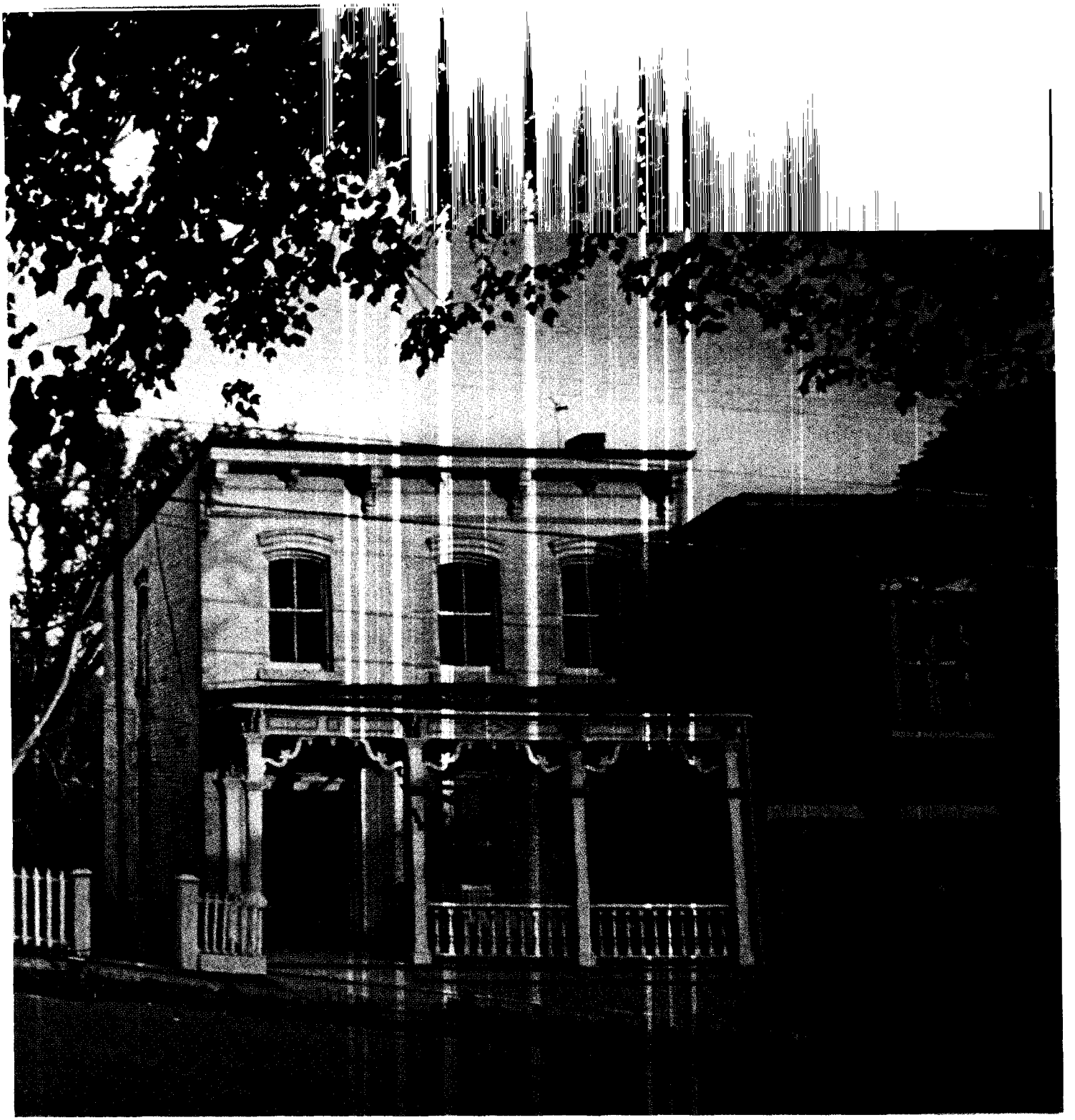

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Sydney under the sun, by Robert Goodman.

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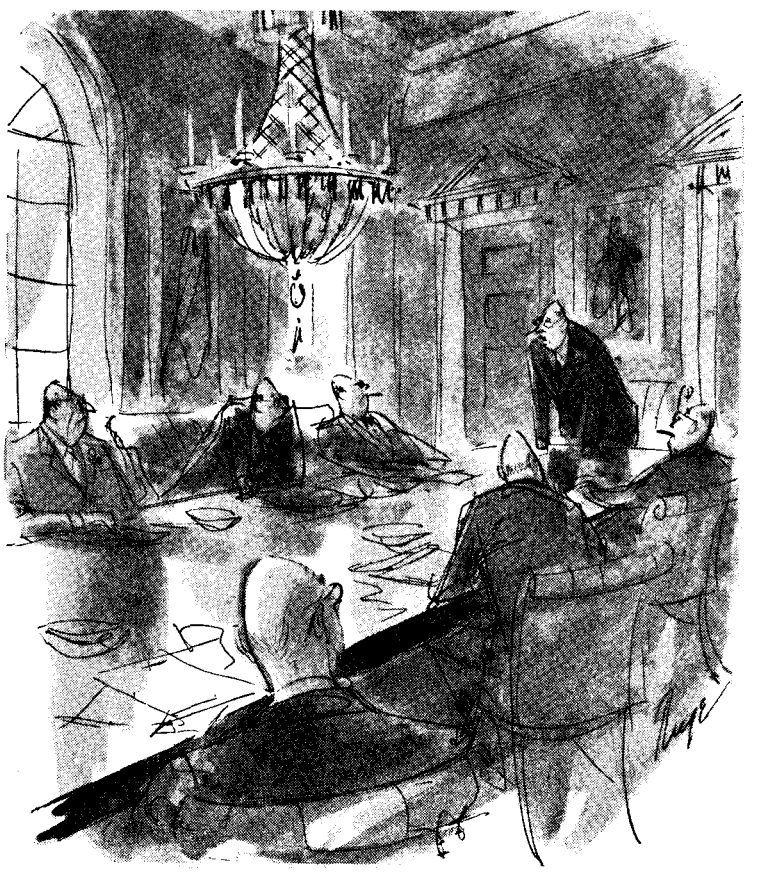
Continued from page 16

be impossible to find a task challenging enough to make him stay in government. But McNamara would be the last to suggest one. It is obviously up to the President to make the first move before it is too late.

THERE are others in the Johnson Administration who have been too long in the same rut, whose imagination is dulled and whose energies are sapped, who are getting tired of doing what they have been doing. It is this sort of feeling that leads to talk of the Johnson Administration's being a "tired Administration." Whether this is justified or not, it is nevertheless a criticism heard more and more frequently inside and outside the Administration. With things as they are, it is very likely that the President will lose one or two more of his own aides who feel overloaded, whose family life is disrupted beyond what is tolerable to wife and children, and who have been waiting in vain for some new, enticing rewards. It is these fresh rewards that create new incentives, that keep an Administration buoyant. But the President rarely offers these incentives. Somehow there is not the kind of mobility or the kind of prospects for advancement that are normal in every well run business.

It has happened more than once that, in order to persuade reluctant candidates for White House jobs, they were told that one of the great advantages of their prospective employment would be offers later of much more lucrative jobs outside the government. That has been true before and it is again. But the question is whether this is really the best way of attracting and handling competent men who have gained invaluable experience in government. There is a lot of truth to the old maxim that nobody is indispensable (though Bill Moyers comes close to being) and that there is an advantage in bringing in new and fresh men from the outside and in letting the tired return to private life, letting them recharge their energies, and then bringing them back into the government a few years later. But, I think, the public interest is better served if the men who have gained invaluable experience inside the government are not lost to it, because they see themselves in a dead-end street. Most of them—and certainly the best ones—believe in public service and the duties that flow from it and would be willing to stay. But if their interests are allowed to be dulled by sameness, without expectations of advancement and new challenges, then there is the danger of an administration's losing its momentum and creativeness and also its best people. This is the danger the President is now facing in midterm. —HENRY BRANDON.



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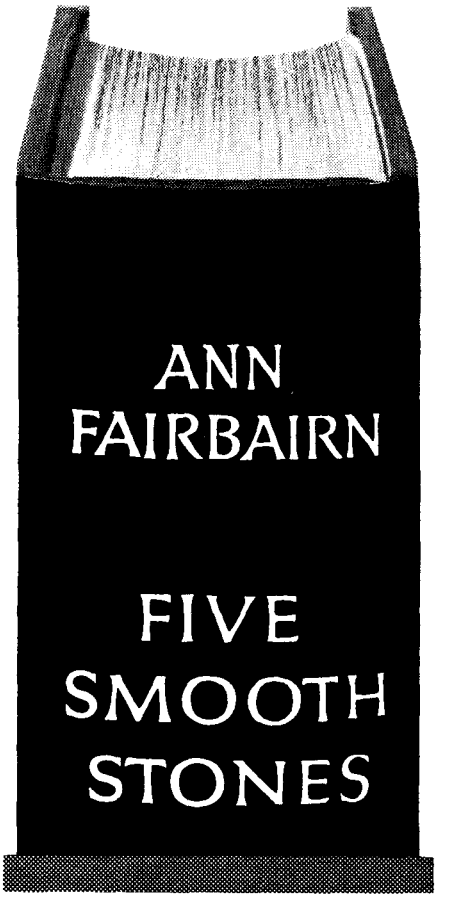

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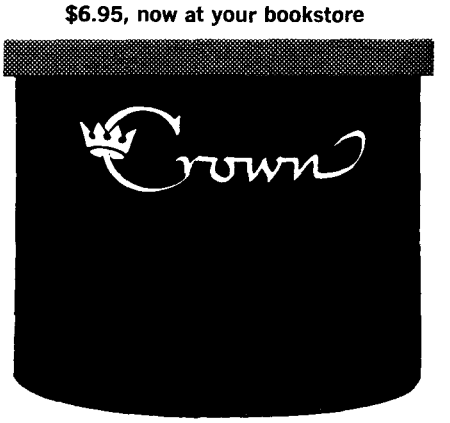

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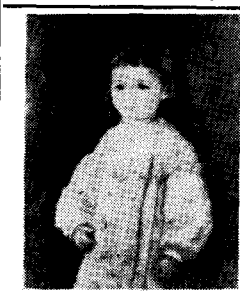

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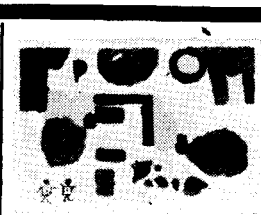

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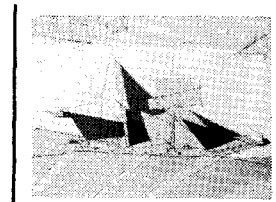

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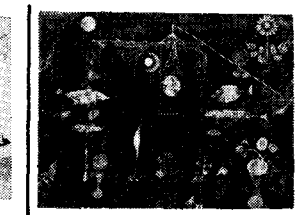

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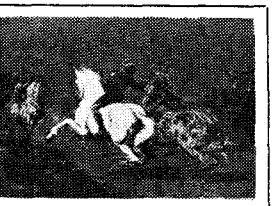

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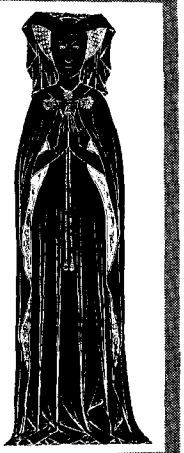

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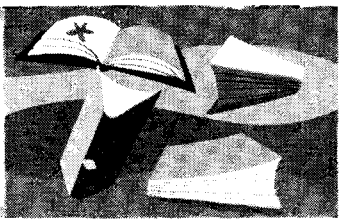


Do you want some sure-fire predictions for 1967? Here they are:

► One nation will send a strong note of protest to another. It will be rejected.

► A book will reach the best-seller list that was turned down by eleven publishers.

► An imaginative, marvelous television show will go off the air because of low ratings.

► A politician will blame some problem on "public apathy."

► A big executive will say that the best way to protect the consumer is to let business have a free hand.

► A dull girl will be chosen Miss America.

A few years ago a pastor was leading some underprivileged city boys along the trail to the campfire circle at Camp Vick, the Western New York Baptist Camp.

"Mister," one of the boys asked, "what's God like?"

The answer to the simple question came without hesitation, Carl F. Burke recalls. "God is like a father."

The reply came slowly. "Hah, if he's like my father, I sure would hate him."

A new book on William Faulkner has been edited by Robert Penn Warren. It is called *Faulkner* and has just been published by Prentice-Hall. It is made up of critical commentary by many contributors, including Graham Greene, who says about *Absolom! Absolom!* "Strip away the fake poetry and you have the plot of a 'blood,' while Mr. Faulkner disguises the complete absence of a theme with pseudo-tragic talk of doom and fate and the furies."

At a dinner at the University of Mississippi one time, Warren tried to open a conversation with the gentleman sitting beside him. Warren asked if the chap had read any of William Faulkner's work.

"I don't know anything about that," the man told Warren, "but I do know Faulkner was the best scoutmaster Oxford, Mississippi, ever had."

While on the subject of Faulkner, let it be known that the only children's story he is known to have written, *The Wishing Tree*, is to be published by Random House. Never before printed, it is believed to have been written as early as 1926. The text to be printed is the one Faulkner presented to a child named Victoria Franklin on February 5, 1927. In 1929 she became his stepdaughter.

Faulkner refused publication of *The Wishing Tree* during his lifetime. After his death, his daughter refused to let it be published. Now she has given her consent.

A gift of 300 books and two documentary films was presented to the UNESCO Library by the Russian government on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the organization. The gifts came from the Soviet National Commission for UNESCO, and the books consist of Soviet political, scientific, and literary works published in foreign languages. They also include dictionaries, textbooks, and art albums devoted to major Soviet art galleries.

At a convention of psychiatrists, I am told, a woman psychiatrist was attending a lecture when a gentleman colleague seated next to her placed his hand on her knee. She was about to object, when she stopped herself. "After all," she thought to herself, "it's *his* problem."

Modern science is wonderful? The automation people are very fond of saying that you only get out of a computer what you feed into it. I think of this every time I ride the New Haven Railroad. The doors at each end of railroad cars used to be very hard to open. So the New Haven bought coaches on which there are air-operated doors. You press gently and air pressure smoothly opens the heavy door for you.

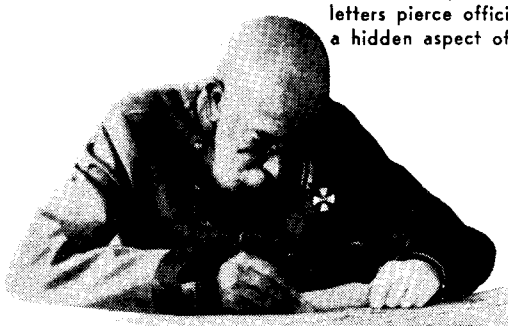
That's what they fed into the door. But they didn't feed into it what if the air pressure machine breaks down. So now, on about three out of four of the doors, you press gently and nothing happens. So you try brute strength to open the door. The door, uninstructed, fights back, and you find that air pressure is holding the door closed!

As a result, women and children can't get out of the New Haven Railroad cars. Strong men can. Automation, phooey!

Sharps and Flats: R. B. Wallace says it's called a funny bone because it's at the end of the *humerus*.

► From his Niagara Falls motel, Alan

Written during 1886-1915 to a popular Viennese actress, the sole companion of the Emperor's later years, these letters pierce official Habsburg deportment to reveal a hidden aspect of the last Austrian emperor. $10.00



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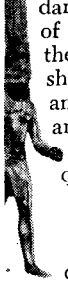

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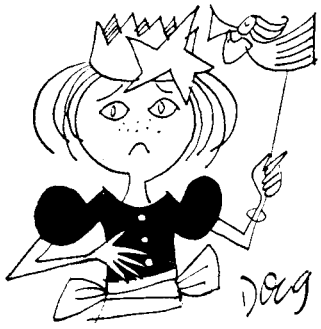
Magary saw a funeral procession go by. It wasn't elaborate, as the song goes,

Just a cortege small,
By a waterfall . . .

▶ Jane Clark, age ten, was nervous at the Christmas play and said, "I have butterfingers in my stomach."



▶ Are we chalking defiance on the bombs in this one? Like, ADOLF, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, or, TOJO, HERE WE COME?

▶ What do bigots burn instead of crosses in non-Christian countries?

▶ A mailing from the people who make the facial, Sauna-Mist, starts this way: "Years from now, when you still look younger than you do today, you'll be glad you read this letter." Huh?

▶ A freshman in Professor Tom Burnam's English class, asked to define protagonist, wrote: "The main character; it could be either the heroin or the heroine."

▶ Stuart M. Low thinks the German national anthem should now be, "I Wonder Who's Kiesinger Now?"

▶ Busnagi Rajannan says, "Show me an arrogant insect and I'll show you a cocky roach."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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MARTHA GELLHORN:

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(*Harper's Magazine*, Oct., 1966)

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Everybody loves spaghetti cooked the right number of minutes and heaped onto the plate not too many seconds thereafter. With the family sitting around the kitchen table, forks at the ready, this is no problem. In large-scale cooking there is enough of a problem to limit enthusiasm for spaghetti to less frequent appearance on the menu than the national taste would suggest. Unserved spaghetti an hour past its prime represents not only embarrassment but shameful waste. We make a material from purified vegetable food fats called MYVAPLEX Glyceryl Monostearate that the spaghetti maker can add at a low proportion into his traditional recipe. Spaghetti that contains it tastes just the way spaghetti has always tasted, except that it is no longer tightly bound to the clock. Who loses?

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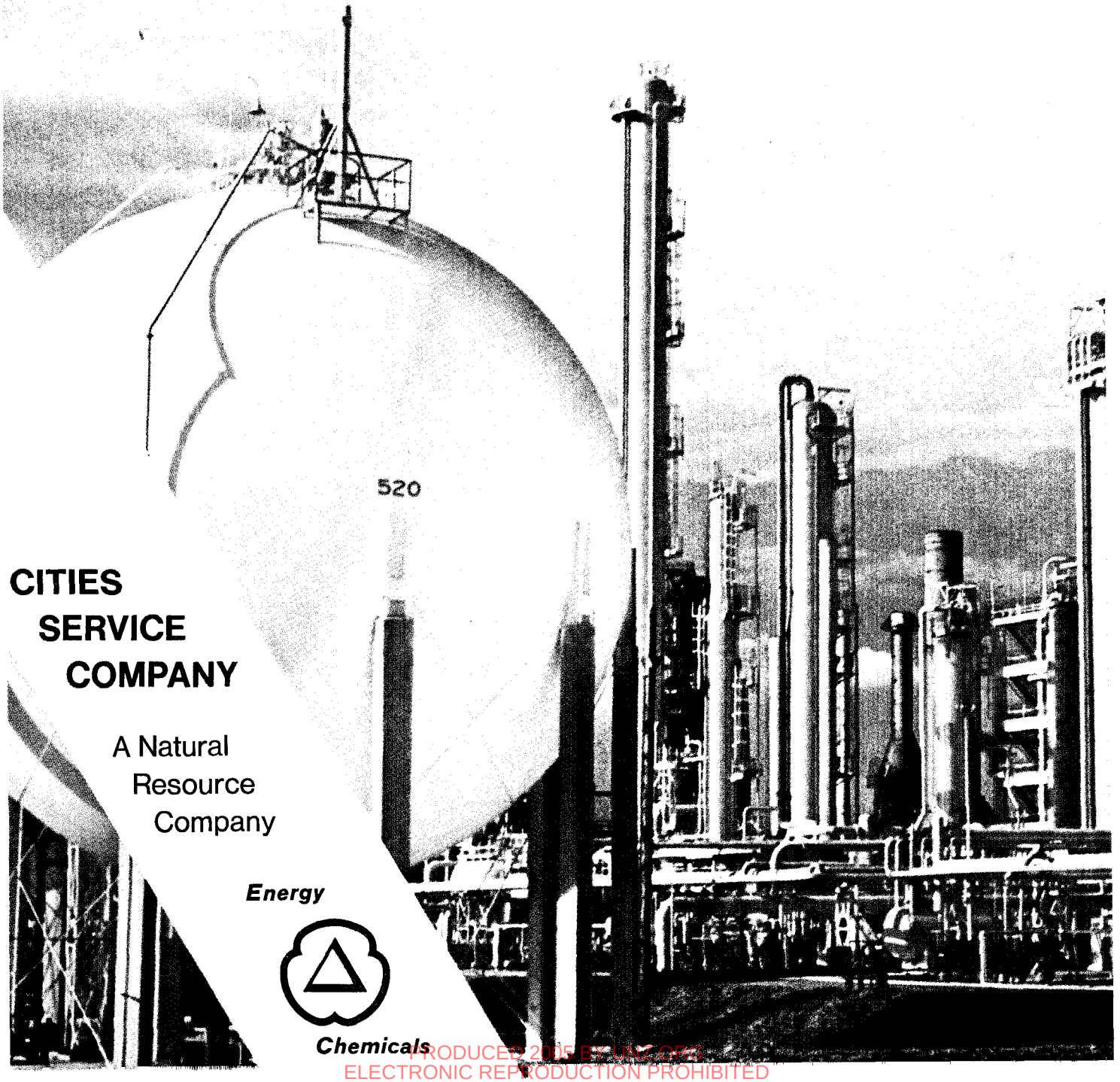

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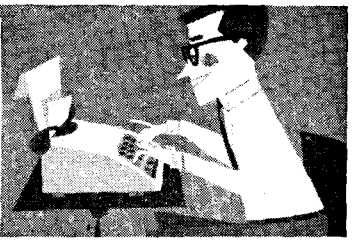

The Death of a Husband

LET IT BE SHOWN for the record that I have been on the side of Jacqueline Kennedy, and against Harper & Row Publishers, *Look* magazine, Gardner Cowles, William Manchester, Dell Books, Cowles Communications, Harold Matson, Inc., and, while I'm at it, Bennett Cerf and the war in Vietnam.

The book that was written by Mr. Manchester is titled *The Death of a President*. To Mrs. Kennedy it is the death of a husband and she feels she is entitled to some sensitive editing. And so do I. Usually, meddling in professional writing by nonprofessionals is repugnant to me. The work of a reputable author and historian—and Mr. Manchester seems to be that—should ordinarily remain inviolate. But in the case of Jacqueline Kennedy there shouldn't have been the slightest hesitation to give the lady her way.

To a nation which in these times stands in such depleted image around the world, so misunderstood in some places, too well understood in others, so beleaguered, so protested against, so invited to go home, even in places where we do battle to secure freedom, the figure of Jacqueline Kennedy rises majestically to bathe us in a protective and hallowed light.

To whom else can we point and designate our Ambassador to communicate to a doubting world our virtues, our aims, and the mutual cultural and peaceful development for which we strive? Dean Rusk? Robert McNamara? *Look* magazine?

Once this nation was graced by the presence of a great, great lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, who found universal acceptance, and was able to keep aglow faith in our country through her work in the humanities. Now, in a lesser degree of course, but representing a fresh breath of youth, so appealing to the protesting young around the globe, stands the smiling, soft-spoken Jacqueline Kennedy.

Not a Statue of Liberty perhaps, but a Statue of Quality, of Gentility, of Culture, of Beauty, of Style and Grace. A lady to whom John Fitzgerald Kennedy often referred as he spoke before the multitudes in his travels abroad:

"I know you've all come to see Jackie," he said.

And she stood, and smiled, and spoke in native languages, and was much admired.

To such a lady, it seems to me, our publishers owe, at the very least, the courtesy of some editing of a manuscript which seems to offend her sensitivities. Some distant history will one day print and embellish the harshness of political life. Let the vivid details of what she said and did through this tragedy of bereavement, surrounded by men who had a political duty to perform, be held off till a day when time will have blunted the sharp pain of agonized memory.

Let this story now wrap the death of her President in some of the privacy she so desperately seeks. It was very little to ask by one who gave a young husband to her country. And a widow's mite to offer in return.

This is the gallant young wife—remember? She who stood in veil of black, clutching a little boy and girl each by the hand, as the body of our President passed in last, mournful review, and wrenched the hearts of a world witnessing a dignity and valor above the call.

It is our good fortune to have in Jacqueline Kennedy a strain of America too mutedly trumpeted by our good-will ambassadors. Let no one point derisively at us for not evaluating her worth.

On this note I must relate a small and shabby conversation overheard in a coffee shop downtown. It will demonstrate how closely we must guard against losing the universal appeal of this young woman.

Three NYU students sat close by at the counter where I drank my coffee. There were two college girls and a young man. They were solving the ills of our world by reducing everything to its lowest capsuled denominator.

When the name of Jacqueline Kennedy crept into the conversation, the young man impatiently and offhandedly said, "Oh that's the Marilyn story all over again."

My instinctive reaction was to rise and send a swift left hook crashing to his jaw. But he was so tall, so wide, so lithe. The two girls were not too frail, either. One I could have handled. But I wouldn't embarrass Mrs. Kennedy with the headlines: JACQUELINE KENNEDY PROTECTOR SLAPPED DOWN BY GIRL STUDENT.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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The Works of Rimbaud

By KENNETH REXROTH

THEY have been called *Les Phares*, the lighthouses that guide the course of modern poetry, and, following poetry, all the other arts. They are Blake, Hölderlin, Poe, Baudelaire, Whitman, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Apollinaire, Reverdy, Breton, Artaud. Most of them are slightly mad. Some, notably Poe, Breton, and Artaud, are not even very good poets. Most of them were incapable of competing with the world on its own terms. Whitman was sane and healthy enough, even normal—if one is not a prig—although he was a little foolish at times. Only Rimbaud and Apollinaire were supremely competent, able to make their own way against all comers whatever the circumstances, and Apollinaire was much the lesser man.

Rimbaud was cut from a far vaster cloth—another Clive or Cecil Rhodes, a robber baron like the men who ruthlessly hurled railroads across the mountains and deserts of America. That he failed was not his fault. He chose, unwittingly, to operate in a theater of impossible conditions. The regions from the Red Sea to Addis Ababa were intrinsically incapable of being developed like South Africa or Australia or the Far West, and have remained so to this day. Rimbaud did not fail as a capitalist adventurer in Africa. He was defeated by a mistake in geography and then was brought low by cancer. Had he not died in what after all was still late youth, he might well have a rebel republic in the heart of Africa named after him today.

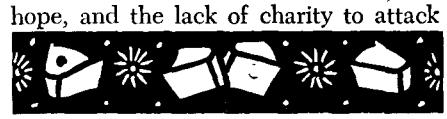
Almost all the books on Rimbaud—and there are about 600 in French and English alone—autobiographize (if the barbarism may be forgiven) his poetry. The books are written by writers, and Rimbaud's life shocks writers. He grew up in a drab provincial town in the worst part of France. He was a brilliant and unruly child, no worse and no better than any other boy with brains fallen amongst the brainless. The only opportunity for escape in such a place was the public library. There he discovered not just poetry but the extraordinary claims of the poetics of late Romanticism. He immediately applied the recipes to himself and he acted on them with superlative vigor and intelligence.

The results were astonishing. They are still making epochs. The reason is simple—no one before had ever really believed the claims of the poets and no poet had ever before had either the brains or the muscle to act on such impossibilist claims if he had believed them. After a brief correspondence with the poets he admired and believed—alas, stuffed shirts like Théodore de Banville and debauched amateur nuns like Verlaine—Rimbaud ran off three different times to make his way among the great in Paris. He succeeded only in embarrassing and frightening them. The first time, he was arrested and returned in ignominy to his home. His second visit coincided with the fall of France and the arrival of the German armies, his third with the Commune. Like Whitman's adventures in the Civil War, Rimbaud's in the Commune seem to be largely imaginary.

BUT he did see through the Commune. He came to it believing all its rhetorical pretensions; he left totally disillusioned. This was April 1871. In May he had transferred all these apocalyptic, eschatological hopes and visions to poetry. This is the month he wrote his two "Letters of a Visionary" to his teacher Izambard, and his friend Demeny. They are the most extreme statement of the prophetic, shamanistic, vatic role of the poet in literature in any language to that date. It would be most illuminating to see the vanished answers from these two small, provincial people—both letters anticipate the answers that must have come. They are not only esthetic programs, they are apocalyptic visions and calls to action. Rimbaud attacks with all the fury of the visionary who sees an onrushing apocalypse that his contemporaries refuse to even notice. "Judgment, and after the Judgment, the Fire." He seduced the willess and witless Verlaine, and for two years tried to make him the poet he claimed to be—by the sheer exercise of erotic force.

Within three years Rimbaud was to learn that he had been the victim of a hoax. The poets he met were not Isaiahs but drunken Scribes and Pharisees. The apocalypse was delayed and its omens died away. Poetry turned out not to be a sufficient vehicle for a total overturn of the human consciousness and a transvaluation of reality. So Rimbaud turned away from poetry as an insufficient vehicle of his ambitions. He was twenty years old.

No one has ever had the faith, the hope, and the lack of charity to attack poetry the way Rimbaud did. No one with so much strength and intelligence has ever had the innocence to take all of its most extravagant claims with complete seriousness. Rimbaud tried to do to and with poetry what others, when talking to adoring women and other customers, only pretended to be able to do. Poetry has never recovered.



Baudelaire may have founded modern poetry, but his work is assimilable to the past—to Coleridge, or Maurice Scève, or Catullus, or Petronius, or Webster, or Marlowe, or who you will. With Rimbaud, the connections are snapped. The only poetry like Rimbaud's is to be found among primitive peoples who believe as did the boy Rimbaud, really and truly, that the poet is an all-powerful shaman and seer, capable of altering the very nature of reality.

What did Rimbaud accomplish in poetry? He developed, refined and pushed to its final forms the basic technique of all verse that has been written since in the idiom of international modernism—the radical dissociation, analysis, and recombination of all the material elements of poetry. This means all, not just the syntactical structure. True, the logical pattern of Western European thought and language begins to break down. The basic form—subject, verb, object, and their modifiers—dissolves. The prosody dissolves, too, into doggerel, free verse, and a new kind of incantatory prose quite unlike Baudelaire's. The whole tendency of the prosody is toward hypnotic incantation and invocation of delusion—acoustic magic. Far more important, however, the ultimate materials, psychological, descriptive, dramatic—the things the poetry is "about"—are shattered beyond recognition and recombined into forms that establish the conviction of a new and different order of reality. The subject and the poetic situation are liquidated. It is impossible to say who the actors in the poem are, or where they are, or what is happening to them.

This is why most critics insist on interpreting Rimbaud's poetry in terms of his life. Superficially this often works. But this is too easy and it produces an easy Rimbaud. Best to take the poems at face value, to forget about the struggles with Verlaine when reading *Une Saison en Enfer*, or the sodomizing cannoneers of the Commune in their rowdy barracks when reading the bitter, cryptically obscene poems and the "Illumination" called *Democratie*. Rimbaud may never have seen the Commune and may not have had any affair with Verlaine. The poems are all about something else. *Je suis un autre*, said Rimbaud.

By the time we get to the paintings of Juan Gris, or the poems of Pierre Reverdy, Rimbaud's philosophy of com-

(*Continued on page* 102)

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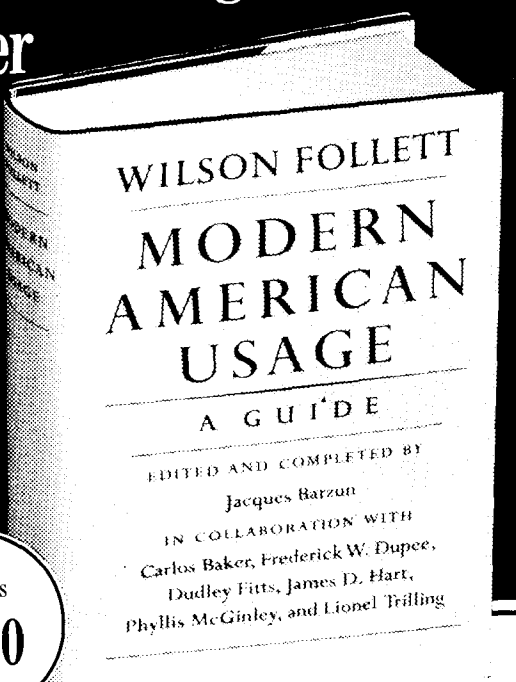

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- **When shouldn't you use *worthwhile*?**
- **Should your own ear—or the rule book—tell you whether to use *that* or *which*?**
- **Do you have trouble with "dangerous pairs"—like *adherence* and *adhesion*, *anxious* and *eager*, *specific* and *particular*?**
- **When do you hyphenate, when not?**
- **Are you aware of *jargon* and *vogue words* that lead many into weak prose?**
- **What is the plural of *tenderfoot*?**

TONE

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Saturday Review
January 14, 1967

CHANGING DIRECTIONS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

Exclusive report and analysis presented annually with the Committee for Economic Development

Behind the Business Issue: For the past nine years, *SR* and the Committee for Economic Development have cooperated to produce an annual issue on aspects of the U.S. or international economy. This year's subject—"Changing Directions in American Education"—grows out of a deep and continuing commitment by both *SR* and the CED to enrich and expand education as a positive force for human betterment.

CED, which is composed of 200 leading businessmen and educators, was established to develop, through a business-academic partnership, policy statements and other research products that can serve as guides to public and business policy. By uniting scholarship with business judgment and experience, it hopes to contribute to the analysis and solution of pressing economic problems that constantly arise in a dynamic democratic society. In 1959, as one of a series of policy statements, CED's Research and Policy Committee issued the study "Paying for Better Public Schools," and in 1965 it published a related study, "Raising Low Incomes Through Improved Education." Presently, CED's Subcommittee on Efficiency and Innovation in Education, as part of a program of further research in this broad field, is reviewing the entire learning-instruction process through the twelfth grade and trying to ascertain ways in which cost-benefit analysis and new teaching techniques can help improve both quality and efficiency of public education.

The material in this special section of *SR* is a direct outgrowth of CED's work in this field. It was addressed to business leaders at an off-the-record fall meeting of CED trustees. Presiding at the symposium was John L. Burns, chairman of the Cities Service Company, who is a CED trustee and chairman of the Subcommittee on Efficiency and Innovation in Education. An adaptation of his remarks introduces this special section. Other contributors are: Sterling M. McMurrin, former U.S. Commissioner of Education, now E. E. Ericksen distinguished professor of philosophy and dean of the graduate school of the University of Utah; Patrick Suppes, director of the Institute for Mathematical Studies in the Social Sciences, Stanford University; William G. Harley, president of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters; C. H. Springer, manager of educational systems implementation, the General Learning Corporation; and Roald F. Campbell, dean of the graduate school of education, the University of Chicago.

—Frazar B. Wilde, Chairman,
Committee for Economic Development.

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OUR ERA OF OPPORTUNITY

By JOHN L. BURNS

FIVE CENTURIES AGO, when the first book was printed with movable type, the groundwork was laid for the greatest forward surge in education that the world has known up to now. Today we are seeing the beginning of another forward surge that may prove even greater. The electronic age is changing our traditional notions of education. The role of the teacher, the role of the classroom, the nature of the learning process itself must be re-examined in the light of new technology.

There are interesting parallels between today's incipient revolution in education and the revolution of five centuries ago. The printed book was a form of automation, a kind of teaching machine. No longer did scholars need to cluster at the feet of their master as he read to them from a precious, laboriously produced manuscript. Each could have his own copy of the text to study in private—and no doubt it seemed that the teacher had been permanently replaced. Far from being replaced, the teacher increased in importance. His function changed. Relieved of the chore of reading to his students, he had time to counsel and to explain and expound, to interpret and correlate the mass of information and knowledge that books made available to all. I believe that once again the role of the teacher can be changed, and changed for the better.

It seems to me that the best start toward a solution of our educational problems would be a thorough appraisal of the educational field for the purpose of developing a broad blueprint for our nation's school systems. The primary objective should be to bring about a significant improvement in the quality of education. The corollary goals should be to reach more people more effectively and to maintain or, hopefully, to lower the per pupil costs.

The first step toward improving quality would be to free the classroom teacher from much of his daily routine in order to give him time to help individual students. Another would be to provide teachers with a large repertory of the highest-quality presentation of ideas, and specific curricular material. A third positive step would be the development of classroom presentations of a highly individualized nature in each course. Each of these steps could be realized with the widespread use of electronic teaching aids that could take over much of the routine involved in teaching and also provide better course materials. Classroom instructors then could give more individual attention to students.

The teacher could take on a new role and achieve a new importance. Instead of giving the same lecture to five classes a day, for example, a teacher would be able to devote days or even weeks to the preparation of one outstanding presentation to be filmed or taped and repeated and updated as often as needed. With more freedom for discussion, the classroom teacher would be able to meet with small groups, counsel them, and stimulate them to discover knowledge for themselves rather than to be merely pumped full of facts. Again the teacher would, in effect, be able to spend time "sitting on a log" with his pupils.

Another important method for improving the quality of education would be the development of selective instruction based on individual ability, to replace our presently used batch process, particularly in the lower grades. There are as many school dropouts due to lack of stimulation as there are due to students' continually finding themselves over their heads in their studies. Some of our better schools already operate on a non-graded system—with a student in a third grade home room, for example, able to attend a fifth grade reading class, a fourth grade writing class, and a second grade arithmetic class. The number of schools offering such selective instruction needs to be expanded.

Finally, teachers must be better trained and their salaries must be comparable with those in industry and commerce, so that we may attract more of the better teachers at all levels and stem the outflow of top teachers.

Improving the quality of education may stimulate progress toward our two secondary objectives—extending the base to reach more people while lowering or holding the line on unit costs. With more time provided by electronic teaching aids, teachers will be able to give attention to their problem students. Personal counseling will help more students over rough periods and prevent them from dropping out. Teachers will also have the opportunity to develop programs and courses that will be attractive to many students who lose interest in the limited programs offered in many

CED on Education . . .

CED HAS RECOMMENDED four kinds of action to overcome the main financial obstacles to the improvement of the public schools:

1) *New attack on redistricting—by state laws.* Immediate reorganization of small school systems into effective units of local government is required in most states, including almost all of the most populous states. . . . Most small districts are in rural areas. However, [approximately] 5,000 systems with less than 1,200 pupils, including [approximately] 2,000 with less than fifty pupils, [are] inside the 174 large metropolitan areas. . . .

2) *State assistance to local school districts.* In most states the state government should take over from the local districts a larger share of the financial burden of schools. . . . The inherent limitations of the property tax, as well as other limitations imposed by state law, are serious obstacles to the flow of funds into education. . . . State funds should be distributed to local school districts through a "foundation" program that insures each district within the state the financial ability to support its schools. . . .

3) *Federal support for education in the poorer states.* . . . While we regret the necessity for any further expansion of the federal role, we do find federal supplementation of state and local funds necessary for the improvement of schools in the poorer states. . . .

4) *Citizen effort to improve the schools.* The numerous citizens throughout the country who appreciate the need for improved education must be better organized to bring this need to bear at every level of government. . . .

—*Paying for Better Public Schools,*
A Statement on National Policy by the
Research and Policy Committee of the CED.

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smaller schools. More teachers—better utilization of the better teachers—will assure maximum educational opportunities for a greater number of people.

We must face the fact that significant improvements in education will cost money. About 50 per cent of most municipal budgets are already allocated to education. I am confident, however, that the maximum use of electronic technology by well-prepared teachers offers the most efficient method of improving the quality of educational programs. Introduction of these techniques will require additional expenditures, but the per pupil—or unit—costs will tend to be lowered because more pupils can be taught and teachers can make more effective use of their time in teaching.

The cost of educating a child—our positive investment in human resources—is in fact a bargain compared to the negative investment we shoulder in attempting to rehabilitate wasted lives. We are now paying for ignorance and poverty at a much higher rate than for education. The average expenditure per pupil in our public schools in the last academic year was $564. The annual cost of keeping a delinquent in a detention home is about four and one-half times as much. It costs more than three times as much to support a family on relief, and nearly five times the expense of educating a child to keep a prisoner in jail.

The savings that will result from electronic devices and other teaching aids and from the reductions in the negative educational costs should provide the school systems with funds to raise the general salary levels of teaching. Our problem, therefore, is quality, quantity, and costs—with emphasis on quality.

Present and prospective advances in educational technology should be applied on a nationwide basis. The various school systems would retain their local autonomy, but their programs would be enriched and improved by the resources of national educational research. A comprehensive plan can be developed without additional extensive basic research into technological methods and devices. The essential tools and techniques for improving the quality of education are now available. The problem is primarily one of building on them.

Our program for using the new technology should consider the best uses of such specific devices as:

1) Centralized tape libraries from which local school systems could select, for example, an entire course of instruction, or specialized lectures prepared by the greatest teachers in specific fields.

2) Closed-circuit TV systems for a school district or region and individual video tape players—the hear-and-see devices—to enable each classroom to utilize the course materials that can be made available to every school.

3) Electronic teaching machines that have been particularly successful in language instruction.

4) Programed learning systems for detailed, repetitive instruction.

5) Scanning devices in each classroom that would be linked to the library and records office to free teachers from many routine functions.

6) Computer centers for grading examinations for a school, or an entire school district, relieving teachers of a time-consuming chore.

7) Computers for cataloguing and retrieving information.

8) A flexible open-circuit educational TV network to bring a variety of current-events type instruction to classrooms.

To obtain the maximum use of all these devices, an educational communications system might be established to provide a multipurpose electronic interconnection for schools and colleges to foster institutional cooperation in the use of technology. Two college information and computer networks are now being planned—one by the Big Ten, the other by the Middle Atlantic colleges.

Creation and implementation of a total educational program for our nation will require contributions of money, time, and talent from many sources. We are investing an estimated $48.8 billion in education of our young people in the current school year. The additional support required to obtain maximum value from an investment of this size would be well worthwhile.

It should be remembered that 11,000,000 Americans of age eighteen and older cannot read or write. The U.S. Office of Education estimates that of the 30,000,000 boys and girls who will be seeking jobs in this decade, 2,000,000 will not have seen the inside of a high school, and 7,000,000—nearly one-fourth—will not finish high school. The task will take money and it will take effort. Both will be well spent if we apply intelligent research, imagination, bold approaches, and genuine dedication.

—*Leigh Wiener.*

Computer instruction system for new math—"The essential tools for improving education are now available. The problem is primarily one of building on them."

Meeting the teaching machine—"Significant improvements in education will cost money [but are] in fact a bargain. . . ."

—*Bob Adelman.*

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WHAT TASKS FOR THE SCHOOLS?

By STERLING M. McMURRIN

AMONG THE large problems that are always with us, none is more persistent, more pervasive, or more basic than the problem of means and ends—of insuring that our methods, techniques, and instruments are adequate to the ends we seek, that the ends are relevant to our abilities and, above all, not dominated and determined by our means. In a society that feeds on a rapidly advancing and sophisticated technology, the failure to have clear and forceful purposes and viable ends could be disastrous. We could become the creators of a technological order in which our ends would be defined and established by the instruments that were fashioned to serve us rather than by considerations of human value, an order in which the things that matter most would be at the mercy of the things that matter least.

Nowhere is the problem of means and ends more crucial than in education. Confronted by quite remarkable technical possibilities, we are failing to come to grips with the problem of aims and purposes and to define adequately the proper function of the schools—their specialized role in relation to the educative processes of the whole society and their immediate task in the education of the child. Certainly without clear purposes—large and small, direct and indirect—the schools cannot successfully plot their course amid the present revolution of numbers, dollars, and computers. Most revolutions are lost because their aims are ambiguous and ill-conceived. We cannot afford to lose the revolution in education by being overwhelmed by the new technology because we cannot match it with intelligent and resolute purpose.

Because education is a function of the society and its culture, its purposes are determined by them, by the character of the social institutions and by the values of the culture. In the United States or in any other democratic society, the purposes of education are multiple and complex. The schools, traditionally overconservative in their ways, must cultivate the capacity to change when the conditions of society call for something different or when educational research and technology demand the use of new methods.

The elementary function of education is the perpetuation of the culture. Education is an almost instinctive conservative force that secures whatever is of worth in the social structure and in the substance of the culture. The schools are subtle, sensitive, and highly effective instruments of indoctrination by which every generation gathers up the achievements of the past, employs them in the pursuit of its own ends, and communicates them to future generations.

—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).

Integrated classroom—"The large failures of society in civil rights and race relations . . . have placed an enormous burden upon education."

OUR society is marked by scientific intelligence, social conscience, and an acute historical consciousness; it possesses a remarkable capacity for invention and change. Since for us change is inevitable, unless we move forward with resolution our society is in danger of retrogression and our culture in danger of decline. We cannot live simply by the conservation and perpetuation of the past; we must be critical and creative.

The proper function of schools, therefore, is to be the chief agents of progress, whether it is the advancement of knowledge, improvement in the arts, technology, or the social conscience, in institutional organization and administration, or in the attainment of those large visions of the future which are the prime movers of history. For the schools, colleges, and universities provide the most effective means for the achievement of the intellectual skill, knowledge, understanding, and appreciation necessary to the analysis, judgment, and decision without which there can be no genuine progress. We depend upon them to stimulate that freshness of ways, attitudes, and ideas which alone can bring vitality and high achievement to a culture. Achieving an effective relationship between the conservative and creative functions of education is a difficult and unceasing task. Out of the dialectic of conservation and creation issue most of the basic tensions that develop between the schools and their communities.

"Education" refers to society as the totality of socio-economic-political

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arrangements. It refers, as well, to both the fabric and substance of the culture, its value structure, and its creative process. But in a democratic society the purposes and energies of education must be centered primarily upon the individual, upon the cultivation of his talents and abilities, both for his vocational preparation and the melioration and adornment of his life. And education for the individual means the securing of those conditions which are essential to an authentic individualism.

Deeply imbedded in the political faith of the American people is the belief that whatever contributes importantly to the life of the individual – whatever disciplines his mind, nourishes his values, refines his sensitivities, and prepares him for a productive vocation – contributes also to the solidarity of the society; and that it also brings strength and vitality to the culture and adds to it that authenticity and integrity of spirit without which no civilization can hope to endure. So the purposes of education must be sought across the total spectrum of human interest, experience, and value. The task of education seen in this context is nothing less than the achievement and preservation of a genuinely free society in which men are authentic persons who are masters of the forces which shape their world.

IN the past, educators have invested excessively in the development of educational *methods*. There has been too little concern for the *substance* of education and a minimum of interest in its purposes. With the new curriculum reforms the question of substance is gradually gaining the attention which it deserves; but the purposes are still neglected and confused. The all-too-common domination of educational thought by the interest in methodology has meant that method has often been the major determinant of substance and purpose. Our schools would have been much stronger today and would now more effectively perform their function if we had brought the problems of method and substance and purpose into a more honest and effective relationship.

This does not mean that the methods of instruction can be treated indifferently. The discussion of the purpose of the schools, for instance, cannot ignore the developments in educational technology which must now become major factors in our educational planning. This would be an untenable and disastrous separation of means and ends and could lead to gross distortions in the whole structure of education—and, eventually, the destruction of the humane values that we seek through the schools. But the proper ends of education can be realized only if they are placed within the grasp of the schools, where the educational program is designed to conform to the immediate and proximate ends that our methods and expertness are capable of achieving. In view of the great promise of educational technology that it may make new things possible, we should refine our goals and be prepared to move in new directions of learning.

The central tasks of the school are the dissemination of knowledge, the cultivation of the intellect, and induction into the uses of reason. We expect the schools to do many things: to discipline the moral life by sharpening the powers of discernment, making the moral conscience more sensitive and increasing the sense of civic responsibility; to nurture the esthetic life by cultivating artistic appreciation and creativity; to strengthen the spiritual life by refining the sense of worth and value and investing life with meaning and purpose. But unless a school concentrates its purposes first upon knowledge and reason, it will not contribute importantly to these things; rather, it will confuse its purpose, dissipate its energies, and utterly fail in its responsibility.

This does not mean that the educational process should be subordinated to the simple communication of information. The quest for knowledge means far more than this. It entails the full development of the intellectual capacities of the individual, a development that is quite impossible in any other context. It is here that the mind achieves its powers of sensory perception and discrimination; here the individual learns to distinguish the meaningful from the meaningless and gains respect for evidence and for logical discourse. Here he cultivates his powers of intellectual insight, analysis, and generalization, his capacity to discern the universal in the particular, and his comprehension of cause and effect, of order and structure, and his understanding of the nature of theory and the relation of theory to practice. And most important, it is here in the actual pursuit of knowledge that even a child finds the joys of knowing and the virtue of intellectual honesty and develops the passion for truth.

There are, in effect, three primary functions of instruction, which are defined by the immediate task of the schools: the cognitive, the affective, and the conative functions.

► The cognitive function of instruction is directed to the achievement and communication of knowledge, both the factual knowledge of the sciences and the formal relationships of logic and mathematics—knowledge as both specific data and generalized structure. It is discipline in the ways of knowing, involving perception, the inductive, deductive, and intuitive processes, and the techniques of analysis and generalization. It involves both the immediate grasp of sensory objects and the abstractive processes by which the intellect constructs its ideas and fashions its ideals.

► The affective function of instruction pertains to the practical life—to the emotions, the passions, the disposition, the motives, the moral and esthetic sensibilities, the capacity for feeling, concern,

—*Earl Palmer (Monkmeyer).*

One-room, one-teacher school—"We cannot live simply by conservation and perpetuation of the past; we must be critical and creative."

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—Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

Classroom electronic center in Middletown, N.Y.—"Confronted by remarkable technological possibilities, we are failing to come to grips with aims and purposes."

attachment or detachment, sympathy, empathy, and appreciation.

► The conative function involves overt behavior – struggling, striving, impulse, commitment, desire, decision, action, and the power of will.

I am not proposing a return to the theory of mental faculties that was long ago abandoned as a gross distortion of the complex character of the human mind and its behavior. But to see these basic categories in the description of the mental functions is to see the intricate and difficult structure of education and to sense the enormity of its task. Most of our work and most of our success has been with the cognitive function of instruction, which is admittedly primary. We know more about cognition and our tools and techniques are best adapted to its task. We are only beginning to move effectively in research into the regions of the affective and conative functions, and we have a long way to go before we will be on firm ground. Here especially there is need for openness, creativeness, and innovation in the substance and methods of education and in the preparation of teachers. The affective and conative facets of education, though less primary, are not less important. But they are more difficult to understand, assess, and negotiate. When we face the challenge of the new technology—how to employ for proper educational ends such instruments as television, teaching machines, or computer systems—our decisions must be made in the light of the total impact of instruction upon the individual, centering upon knowledge and the rational intellect but not violating the claims of the emotions and volition.

WE should recognize here another useful distinction in the total structure of the educational process, what may be called simply verbal-conceptual education as compared with nonverbal-nonconceptual education. In occidental culture especially, our preoccupation with knowledge, reason, and abstraction has produced assumptions, methods, and habits of education that are directed primarily to the construction and communication of ideas and complex conceptualized structures that are highly dependent upon language and language skills. The educated person is one who can deal successfully in a kind of conceptual coinage, whose achievements are especially in the ability to use words and mathematical or logical symbols effectively and to reason discursively in the formation, examination, and exchange of ideas.

I would not depreciate the worth of this dominant element of our education. It is the chief foundation stone of our culture. Upon it depend our philosophic thought, our science and technology, and much more that is precious and basic to the whole structure of our civilization. But we must ask whether in immersing ourselves so exclusively in this cognitive function of education—in education for verbal-conceptual abilities—we have not severely neglected other important and sometimes simpler facets of personality and life – the esthetic pleasures, for instance, that accrue from sharpening the instruments of sensory perception, or the intrinsic values in the appreciation of poetry and art which are available to those whose education has cultivated their intuitive powers and refined their capacities for sympathy and feeling. Or consider the whole area of what we commonly and somewhat loosely call the inner life. This is crucially important territory about which we know little and do less. We cannot assume that because we have been so eminently successful in building a high civilization on the foundations of philosophy and theoretical science we are justified in our failure to explore fully the large possibilities that are open to us to augment and strengthen our cultural achievement.

It is a simple matter to theorize on what is appropriate or inappropriate to

Business's Stake in Reform

WE HAD BEARDSLEY RUML, William Benton, and James B. Conant all on the committee [CED Research and Policy Committee's eleven-member Subcommittee on Education] . . . and out of it came, I think, two very important recommendations . . . for paying for better schools.

Our recommendation for federal aid to education in those states that didn't have the wealth per pupil to give a minimum education was adopted by the Kennedy Task Force in the initial development of federal aid to schools. Our second vital recommendation—the mandatory redistricting of schools—has not as yet had as much effect.

Redistricting really has been one of the major blocks to the improvement of education in the country, and it's an area in which I think the business community—if it is willing to sacrifice some of its plush suburban school districts—can play a vital role, particularly in view of the reapportionment of state legislature. If we are going to have an improved way of life in the urban areas where 75 to 80 per cent of Americans are going to live . . . the business community really is responsible for the development of these areas. Most of our workers, our executives, and our customers live there. Unless we can provide a quality of living that is going to be satisfying in urban areas, business is not going to be a very prosperous or a very vital part of the American scene.

—RALPH LAZARUS, Vice Chairman,
CED Research and Policy Committee,
at 1966 symposium on education.

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social institutions, but it is quite another thing to shape those institutions in practice to conform to the ideal concepts which we construct of them. The schools in fact are subject to countless divergent and conflicting pressures. Their problems are set for them by the real forces of society, and any serious educational planning must respect those forces. Certainly one of the central issues confronting us today is the question of whether the schools should serve other social functions than education as traditionally conceived—the question, for instance, of the limits of their custodial responsibilities, of their obligations to become recreation or community centers, or, far more important, of whether they should be employed as instruments of social policy, as in the enforcement of civil rights laws.

IT would be more accurate, of course, to ask not whether these should be school functions, since in various ways they already are well established, but rather to what degree these should be school functions. For among the important causes of the schools' failure to achieve their educational goals is the habit of society of imposing obligations upon them which are foreign to their character, for which they may not be well equipped, and which have little or no relevance to the central purpose of education. More and more the schools are expected to share the tasks of the home in rearing the child, to assume a larger responsibility for the social life of youth, to take on social work which properly belongs to other public agencies, to accept responsibility for delinquency, to bear the blame for every moral deficiency of the individual or the society. The large failures of society in matters of civil rights and race relations, for instance, as expressed especially in the employment, income, and housing patterns of the great cities, have placed an enormous burden upon education. The schools are expected to effectively pursue the proper ends of education and at the same time solve problems of segregation and racial discrimination for which they may be in no way responsible and for which there are no solutions short of a complete and total effort by all agencies and segments of community life.

This is not to suggest that the schools can or should avoid the social tasks that are clearly a part of the educational enterprise and for which they can mobilize effective resources. They have obvious organizational advantages and professional competencies for mounting difficult social problems. But when society fails to recognize the limits that are proper in such matters, it seriously endangers the quality of future intellectual attainment.

The determination of the purposes and ends proper to education is the chief task of the philosophy of education, a discipline which in recent decades has fallen into serious confusion from which it is only now beginning to recover. For some time the philosophy of education has often been reduced to a more or less standard format in which educational policies and procedures are allegedly, by virtue of appropriate intellectual contortions and logical distortions, deduced from premises established in metaphysics, the theory of knowledge, or theory of value. This kind of argument has produced much confusion and not a little dogmatism. Certainly the basic considerations of education have relevance to the nature of reality, the nature of knowledge, and especially to value theory and specific value concepts. But such central issues in the philosophy of education as the purposes of education must be decided not so much by deduction from abstract speculative theses as by such practical considerations as the threat of cultural decline, the establishment of social justice, the national security, the need for strengthening the economy and for satisfying its manpower demands, the aspiration of individuals toward artistic expression, their vocational and professional interests, their anxieties and frustrations, and their demand for autonomy and freedom.

THE nation faces a future that is fraught with difficulties and uncertainties. Threatened from without by enemies of overwhelming strength and affected within by the subtle yet powerful forces that issue from the clash of economic interest, the processes of urbanization and industrialization, racial tensions, and political struggle, and endangered by irrationalism, bigotry, and growing personal and social anxieties, it needs as never before the full development of its intellectual capabilities. This means nothing less than achieving the maximum possible education for every individual—education in the requisite knowledge and skills for vocation and profession, and education in that humane knowledge and wisdom that frees the mind from the bondage of ignorance and the spirit from hopelessness and fear. Only a full commitment of our intellectual, moral, and spiritual resources will bring to the culture the vital energy essential to greatness in the years ahead. And only an educational effort that far exceeds our past accomplishments will preserve the distinctive personal quality of life that must always be the mark of a free people.

Education as Public Investment

Current expenditures on elementary and secondary schools per pupil in average daily attendance (1966-67) $564
(Source: *National Education Ass'n.*)

Average cost of maintaining one person in prison one year (1966). $2,690
(Source: *U.S. Bureau of Prisons*)

Average cost of maintaining a mother and three children on relief one year (1966). $1,800
(Source: *U.S. Dep't. of Health, Education, and Welfare*)

—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

Operation Head Start instruction—"Deeply imbedded in American political faith is the belief that whatever contributes to the life of the individual . . . contributes to . . . society."

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"Over 45? Don't

This is the theme of an American tragedy about which no books are written. A tragedy for the individual, the community, the nation.

It's being enacted by real men and women, experiencing the agony of reasonless rejection, the victims of a statistic—their date of birth. Its cost is millions of man-years of experience and billions of dollars in productivity lost forever. It is a uniquely American tragedy.

The Great Depression spawned this kind of thinking. Older workers were shunted aside to make room for the young in a stalled economy. Now, in 1967, a derivative of this thinking persists toward the person who is jobless and over 45. We have become the only nation in history to toss away mature ability and experience like a spent match. It is an extravagance we can ill afford.

America's rich. But not this rich.

The cost is not to the individual alone. The community loses a stable, productive worker, his buying power, his taxes—and gains a welfare case. The nation pays even more. A recent Department of Labor report shows that in the midst of a booming economy, with companies scouring campus and countryside for manpower:

...Only 8.6% of all new employees hired were 45 or over, though 40% of all working Americans are now in that age group;

...More than a million job-seekers, men and women 45 and over, were unemployed throughout the year;

...Almost 3 out of 5 employers studied had age limitations (most frequently between 45 and 55) on new hires, which they apply without consideration of an applicant's other qualifications.

The cost? Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz states that "the loss to the economy from older worker unemployment in unemployment compensation and lost production would amount to at least $4 billion per year." No nation is this rich.

Who's old at 45?

There is no prejudice toward the man or woman over 45 who is employed. TIME, in a recent cover story, called them members of "The Command Generation." On top in every sector. Business, government, science, education, the professions. Most of our Nobel laureates in the last 10 years have been over 45. At 15 of our leading colleges and universities, the presidents' average age is 55. Most of the medical specialists called in to treat our nation's recent Presidents have been in the over-45 group.

Business and industry consistently report their older workers are dependable, loyal, exercise good judgment, are highly productive. If middle age is no handicap to doing a job, why should it be a handicap in finding one?

Let's look at the facts.

The person over 45 is bucking a pervasive, many-faceted myth which says that it costs substantially more to hire older workers; that older workers are absent more; that "you can't teach an old dog

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:all us. We'll call you."

ew tricks"; that older workers can't keep up the ace. What are the facts?

A recent study puts the average cost of adding n older worker to the payroll, including all ringe benefits, at just 5¢ per hour more than the ost for a younger worker. In many cases, there re no added costs.

The Department of Labor states flatly: "The umber of working days lost decreases with age."

Another study shows that "the adaptability of lder workers . . . compares favorably with young mployees."

And studies by both the U.S. and Canadian)epartments of Labor conclude that the average erformance of the older worker equals and)metimes exceeds the younger.

Even in work that demands the hardest physi-al labor, the statistics are startling. For example, iere are nearly as many stevedores, longshore-ien and miners over 45 as there are under that ge.

' not put them out on the ice to die?

.nd yet the outmoded thinking about the older 'orker persists. It's almost on a par with the ncient Eskimo custom of putting people too old r weak to work on an ice floe to die. This in 1967, 'hen we're working overtime to put a man on ie moon. And when Americans are staying ac-ve and able so much longer. Just since 1930, life xpectancy has risen 8 years for men, 12 years)r women.

The character of America's workforce is changing rapidly and radically, too. Only one job in 20 requires more than average physical prow-ess today. More and more, the emphasis is on brainpower, not muscle: the ability to monitor machines, manage people, make accurate judg-ments, sell, service, create.

Does your son or son-in-law work as hard as you do?

Being 45 doesn't make a man a good worker or a bad one. There are people fossilized at 25—just as there are people fossilized at 50. There are youngsters to whom work is the boring-but-necessary interval between weekends. And there are the Michelangelos with the drive and crea-tivity to paint the Sistine Chapel in their 60's. Ability is ageless.

What is the answer?

Right now manpower is in painfully short supply and will continue to be a major national problem. Between now and 1975, an estimated 15,300,000 new jobs will be created. This means danger ahead. Finding manpower that will enable the company to grow is the most urgent and critical issue facing business and industry.

One way to help alleviate this problem in your company is to judge applicants on the basis of ability, not age. Hire the best man or woman for the job, whether he's 25 or 45.

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THE COMPUTER AND EXCELLENCE

By PATRICK SUPPES

PROBABLY no one doubts the proposition that children are capable of learning more than they actually do in school. Probably no one doubts, either, that the structure of courses and the curriculum can be improved. The hard problem is to become clear about how we can reorganize our schools and the curriculum in order to provide our children an opportunity to learn more. Perhaps the most important point to emphasize about this search for improvement is that we should not anticipate that it will come to an end.

The problem of adjusting the pace of curriculum in any subject area to the background knowledge and motivation of students is a deep and complicated one. I don't pretend to be able to offer a general solution. But some of our experiences at Stanford in elementary-school mathematics, I think, represent a feasible approach to the problem.

Let me begin with two examples from my own experience. The first concerns the teaching of geometrical constructions in the first grade. Starting in 1958, Newton Hawley and I taught a first-grade class daily, two weeks at a time, in the special subject of geometry. We tried to go through as many of the constructions in Book 1 of Euclid's *Elements* as we could. The students we were teaching were bright and able, but we were working with an entire class, not with some specially selected subgroup. Rather than try to summarize what we did, I will quote from my diary entry for May 2, 1958:

> The entire session was spent on review of the things we have done during the past two weeks. The main part of the review was to elicit from the students a list of the eight constructions we have considered which are, namely,
>
> 1) draw a circle with given radius;
> 2) draw a circle with given center and one point on the circle;
> 3) construct an equilateral triangle with given base;
> 4) find the midpoint of a line segment;
> 5) draw an acute angle;
> 6) draw an obtuse angle;
> 7) bisect a given angle;
> 8) given three line segments, construct a triangle.
>
> We then had some discussion of which of these eight constructions was the most difficult. We took a vote and the class results were: No. 8 was the hardest, and No. 4 followed. The students enjoyed this procedure of voting on the most difficult very much.

Almost ten years later, talk about these constructions in the primary grades is not as surprising as it was then. But at the time there was scarcely an elementary school in the country in which such matters were being taught.

The second example concerns the teaching of mathematical logic to bright fifth and sixth graders. We have done this for ten years, with the important practical result that we have found that the elements of logic, as ordinarily taught in introductory college courses, can be mastered without great difficulty by able elementary-school students. Indeed, in the summer of 1964 we even taught a substantial body of material to some very bright children who were about to enter the second grade. These examples suggest that if we can train teachers and provide the appropriate circumstances, it is a relatively simple matter to teach a good deal more of mathematics and also of other subjects to the abler students in our schools.

There are at least two major obstacles to this straightforward approach. One is a complicated matter of policy, illustrated by the remark of a mother of one of the students I was teaching several years ago: "I don't see any reason for teaching so much mathematics to our children. What they need is a great deal more poetry." Practical decisions must be made about the amount of time devoted to poetry and the amount of time devoted to mathematics, or to social studies, or to English, but it is absolutely essential for all of us to realize that as yet we have scarcely the beginnings of a serious, rational method for making these relative determinations.

A kind of feudal-fiefdom concept dominates the organization of curriculum. Each subject area is allocated a certain percentage of time; for example, elementary-school mathematics ordinarily amounts to about 15 to 16 per cent of the curriculum. It is relatively easy within this 15 or 16 per cent to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of increasing the amount of geometry or giving some exposure to logic. It is quite

—*Leigh Wiener.*

Preschool reading comprehension test—"In the next ten years the impact of computer-assisted instruction will be felt in a very large number of school systems."

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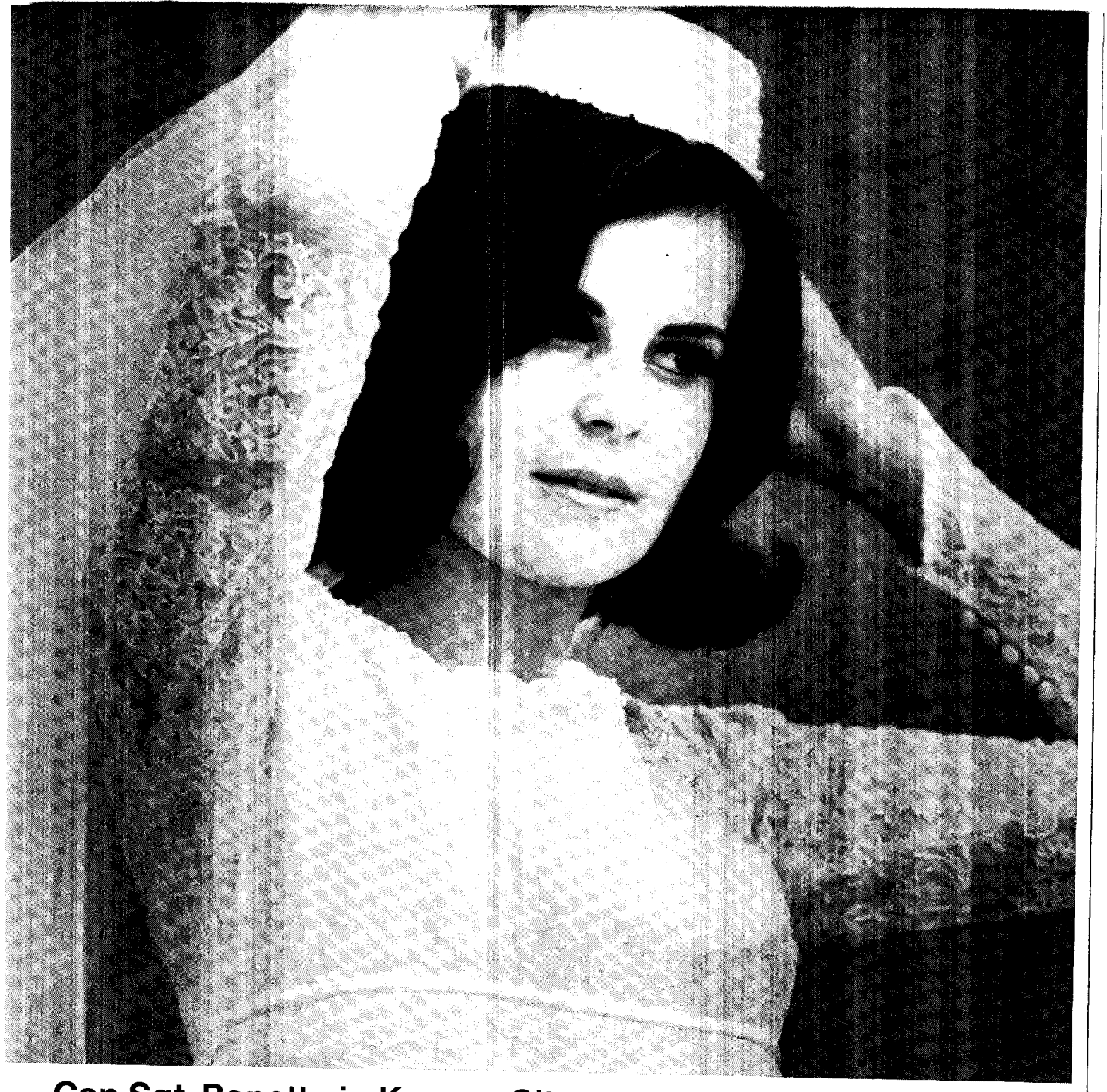

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another thing to discuss whether or not another 1 per cent should be added to the mathematics portion of the curriculum at the expense of literature, elementary science, or social studies, or whether the mathematics curriculum should be reduced in order to provide more time for poetry and belles-lettres. I can't begin here to discuss the complexities of the issues. We are far from having a clear approach to them, let alone a way to resolve them.

THE second difficulty results from one of the best substantiated facts in psychology and education: the existence of significant individual differences in learning ability. In 1963 at Stanford we began an accelerated program in mathematics with a group of bright children selected from the first grades in four culturally advantaged schools. Their IQ range is from 122 to 160, with a mean of about 137. Strikingly large individual differences exist even within this relatively homogeneous group of children.

During the first year, for example, the fastest student did 400 per cent more work than the slowest student, as measured by the number of problems completed, which is indicative of the relative speed with which they progressed through the curriculum. To take a slightly different measure for comparison, during the second grade the top four students in the group did about 170 per cent more work than the bottom four students, again as measured by the number of problems completed during the year. We are just completing the analysis of the data for their third-grade work, and the results appear to be comparable to the second grade, although the difference between the top four students and the bottom four students is greater. These differences in learning rate, it is important to emphasize, were not well correlated with IQ, but are due to factors we cannot at present identify.

Examples of significant individual differences in learning ability, even among relatively homogeneous students, are in no sense restricted to mathematics. In experiments with Stanford undergraduates over several years on various aspects of learning Russian, we have been struck by the highly significant differences in ability to learn a second language. In a controlled experiment on the learning of a spoken vocabulary of 300 Russian words, the difference in learning rate, as measured by the number of items successfully mastered in ten sessions, was more than 300 per cent between the slowest and the fastest student in the group. In this case we did not have IQ measures, but we may assume that all the students were highly motivated since they volunteered for the experiment. The data on the slowest and fastest student were not unusual; the other students in the experiment spread out between the two bounds in a relatively uniform fashion.

What can we do to accelerate learning in the schools, especially in a way that is sensitive to the large individual differences in learning rate? Previously, I have discussed in these pages the proposal that for the foreseeable future computer-assisted instruction provides the only practical and economically feasible solution to these problems [see "Plug-In Instruction," *SR*, July 23, 1966]. Here I would like to describe further how content is handled in computer-assisted instruction—the character of the curriculum and, in particular, the impact of individualization.

Research showing the desirability of regular drill-and-practice in basic mathematical skills, particularly those in arithmetic, goes back for over forty years and is well documented in the literature on mathematics education. Clearly, the computer can offer a regular and standardized program on an individualized basis in this area. During the academic year 1965-66 we wrote and tested such a program of individualized instruction. We divided curriculum for each of the grades three to six into concept blocks and each of these concept blocks was presented for between four and ten days. All students began each concept block at the middle level of difficulty. On subsequent days they moved up or down, depending upon their performance levels. Drills on five different levels of difficulty were available. The student found his own level of difficulty, which could vary over the course of the concept block, depending upon his performance. A very considerable advantage of such an approach is that students are not put in tracks at the beginning of the school year and thereby fixed once and for all at the level at which they should work. We know far too little about evaluation of ability and achievement to make such decisions on a permanent basis.

CONSIDER what would be required of a classroom teacher to conduct such a program of individualized review and practice in arithmetic. At the beginning or end of each day, she would need to assign each student to a level of difficulty based upon his past performance. Upon completion of the exercises she would have to grade and evaluate the student almost immediately to avoid a lag in assignment to the next level.

During the current academic year we are striving for a still deeper level of individualization. In addition to the five levels of difficulty on a concept block, approximately 30 per cent of the work is devoted to review of past concept blocks. We keep a running score of the student's work for the entire year and continually review his weakest areas of competence. The same five levels of difficulty are used in the review of the concept block on which the student's past performance was the worst. For example, if the student exited from a concept block with a score corresponding to a level-two performance, he enters review work on this block at the same level. The student is branched upward or downward in levels of difficulty, depending upon his daily per-

The Computer and Costs

WITH CURRENT TECHNOLOGY and without involving large numbers of students, individualized work in arithmetic and in spelling could probably be brought to school districts at a cost of $40 to $50 per student per year, if it were installed in reasonable numbers. [Therefore] to give students a continual experience of the kind I have described in arithmetic in the elementary school would lead right now to about an 8 per cent increase in the cost of instruction per student. These figures, I would like to emphasize, can certainly be improved upon with mass production.

Beyond the cost of installation, it is estimated that ordinary classroom instruction with the kind of systems available in the near future will cost perhaps 30 cents per student per hour. On the other hand, tutorial instruction for special, remedial, or vocational education, or for handicapped children, is very, very much more expensive . . . $3 or $4 an hour. . . .

If you look at education as an industry over the last sixty years and compare it with the steel industry, the automobile industry, any other major industry in this country, the percentage of the investment in capital equipment as compared to salaries is reversed in education [in comparison] to the national trend in all other major industries. I think we can anticipate that with [changing] technology there will be a trend comparable to that in other major industries; namely, a significantly bigger percentage of total expenditures will be devoted to capital equipment and to the implementation of technology. —P.S.

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formance. With a score of 80 per cent or better he branches upward, unless he is already at the top level; with a score running between 60 and 79 per cent, he remains at the same level; and with a score below 59 per cent, he is branched downward.

The preliminary evidence from 1965-66 is that such a program leads to specific improvements in performance on arithmetic-achievement tests as compared to the performance of control groups. This is no surprise. It only confirms research, running back many years, that regular exercises to provide practice on basic skills and concepts will improve long-term performance in arithmetic. The computer provides a standardized and regular way of doing this on an individual basis, tailored to the needs of each student. In principle, such a program could be put into practice by a teacher. But in fact, the elementary-school teacher already has too many responsibilities in too many areas to provide such a daily individualized program.

A common criticism of programed instruction is that the answers required of students are too simple and too stereotyped, and that not enough individual freedom and diversity is permitted. These criticisms do not necessarily apply to properly organized computer-assisted instruction, as shown by the subject of logic, which we have been teaching at computer consoles for several years.

We initially give children work with "sentential inferences" of the following sort: *If John is here, then Mary is at school. If John is here, where is Mary?* We move on to examples in simple mathematical contexts of the rules of inference that most readers have encountered in secondary-school geometry. We want to provide an environment in which they may make conceptual progress as rapidly as possible. We want to avoid giving the children restricted multiple choices; on the other hand, we do not want to ask them to write out constructed answers, which is tedious for children, particularly at the elementary-school age level. In such a case, we can simply ask the child to input the rule of inference he wishes to apply to the given premises or to the given lines in the proof. Usually, the child needs only three or four characters on the keyboard of the console, which in almost all circumstances is like a standard typewriter keyboard. We use two letters to abbreviate the rule, and in most cases, the rule applies to two previous lines of premises or proof.

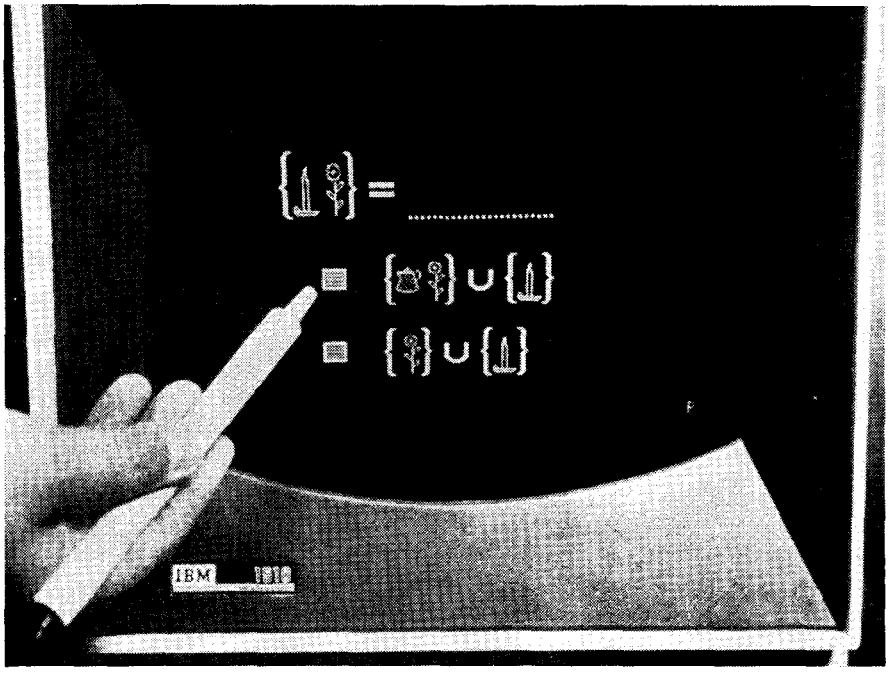
In the example about John and Mary given above, the student would use what we call the IF rule. He would input on the keyboard, "IF 1 2," which indicates that the IF rule is to be applied to the lines 1 and 2. The program then would automatically type out the result of applying this rule to those two lines. This is a very simple example. Actually, the student has a large number of opportunities for different types of responses, even essentially different proofs, as he learns an ever larger body of rules of inference and is exposed to larger bodies of laws and facts to be used as premises in inference.

During the current academic year elementary algebra also is being included in this program. We are recording all the different proofs that students give in order to collect objective data on how much genuine diversity students exhibit in coming to grips with a subject—a question that has been of continual concern in discussions of new mathematics and social science curricula. (One of the most positive aspects of computer-assisted instruction is the possibility of gathering complex objective data on student reactions to a given curriculum.)

The presentation of special topics to able students, the provision for selected topics in smaller rural schools, and patient and intensive work with some of the very slow students—all can be handled by computer-assisted instruction, and at present there is no feasible alternative method in sight. Soon, for example, it will be possible to offer an essentially self-contained computer-assisted instruction course in elementary Russian in many high schools throughout the country, without supervisory personnel who are trained in Russian or themselves are prepared to teach Russian. Soon it also will be practical to offer a calculus course in rural high schools by use of computer-assisted terminals connected by telephone lines to a central computer located several hundred miles away.

TODAY, to equip every elementary-school classroom with a console connected by telephone lines to a computer located at the school district office or some nearby central point would cost approximately $2,000 per terminal, but mass production probably could reduce the cost to not more than $1,000 per terminal, including the cost of curriculum development and preparation. There are approximately 1,000,000 elementary-school classrooms in the country. Thus over a ten-year period the total investment to install a minimum of one terminal per classroom would be approximately $1 billion. This is a great deal of money, but during this same ten-year period the country will spend approximately $500 billion on education, and this $500 billion dollars will itself represent only approximately 5 per cent of the gross national product.

We are all aware of how rapid the spread of television has been in the twenty years from 1946 to 1966. It would be foolish to predict that the spread of computer-assisted instruction will follow the same rapid course, but it is fair to forecast that in the next ten years the impact of computer-assisted instruction will be felt in a very large number of school systems in this country. The technology alone is not important. What is important is that by the use of computers we can realize the goals of individualized instruction that have been discussed in American education since the beginning of this century. And we can take another significant step toward realizing the full learning potential of our children.



"Talking" to a computer with a light pen—"[Now] we can realize the goals of individualized instruction discussed since the beginning of the century."

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TECHNIQUES AND COSTS

I. Technology and Taxes

By WILLIAM G. HARLEY

THE INCREASING need to improve educational quality throughout the world has had many effects, but none more widespread than the growing attention being given to costs—how much does instruction cost, and what is the public getting for its money? Educational technology has become a central force in this emphasis because it offers a major opportunity for more effective and comprehensive use of human and nonhuman instructional resources.

To what extent can the efficiency of the use of these resources be measured? Can a school be said to operate efficiently and effectively if learning is not taking place? And what about cost? Can we apply a form of industrial cost accounting to education? There are some who have criticized the operation of education as if it were a business; and yet the real error may not be in using a business-like approach, but in transplanting it and not translating it. Raymond Callahan, in *Education and the Cult of Efficiency,* points out that "if educators had sought the 'finest product at the lowest cost'—a dictum that is sometimes claimed to be a basic premise of American manufacturing—the results would not have been unfortunate. But the emphasis has *not* been on producing 'the finest product,' but 'on the lowest cost.'"

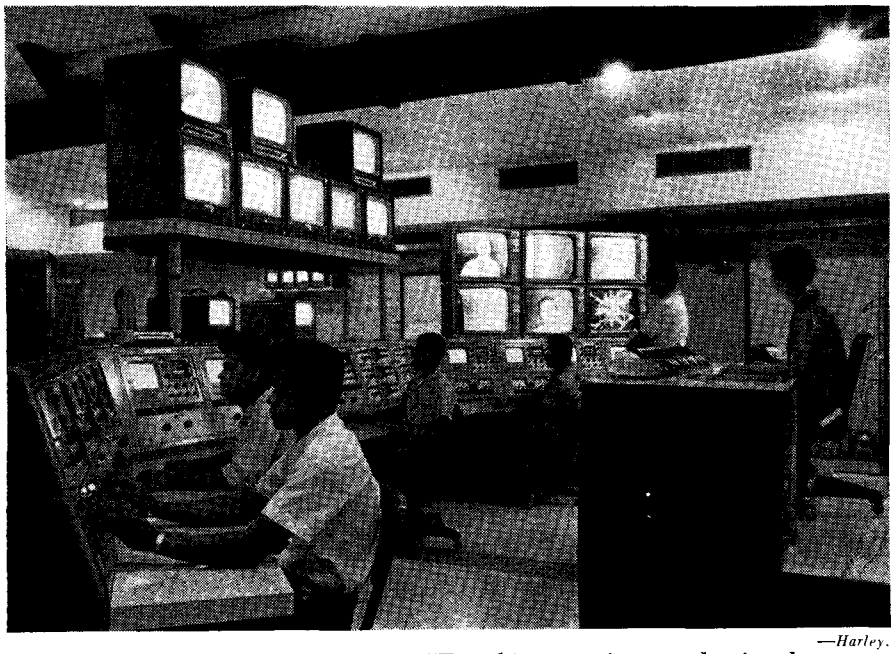
SOME of the difficulties we have encountered in producing our finest product in education derive from an inability to articulate not only what our product is but what we really mean by finest or quality. Further, while we have concerned ourselves with cost per student, this has not been comparable to the cost-per-unit figures of industry—the difference being that industry identifies the cost-per-operable unit. The true cost of an industry's output includes not only each unit's intrinsic development cost but also the cost of those units that did not pass quality control and had to be scrapped.

In education, however, we have been concerned with the cost per student taught (our input) and not the cost-per-student-learned (our output); yet we know that what is taught and what is learned are not synonymous. Accordingly, we have not been including the cost of our scrap (non-operable units)—students who cannot function in today's society—and therefore we do not arrive at the full cost of our education system. If we had, our actual cost-per-student figures would be many times greater than the relatively small $607 that is cited now as the national average. This broader and larger base should be the measure for evaluating potential means of bringing about efficiency in education. Accordingly, attempts to reduce cost should be aimed at increasing the number of "operable units."

Definition of our product, or objective, in education, then, must be concerned with the "student-learned." But what kind of learning? At one time it was felt by some that the role of education was to produce individuals with marketable skills. But what is a marketable skill today when it is said that an average individual will need to be retrained three times in his life because of automation—when we must educate for professions that do not yet exist—when most of the information that will be available to our children in fifty years has not yet been discovered?

AS the conditions of the time require us to look closer at the nature and meaning of learning in our dynamic society, it becomes clear that learning is a personal process, an individual acquisition of knowledge and development of insights based on an identification with the needs and demands of our environment. Learning is and always has been an individual process. The learner has not been sitting in a group of thirty or so at one end of Mark Hopkins's log. He has always been alone at one end of the log, and our real problems come from expecting our Mark Hopkins to straddle thirty or forty of those logs simultaneously, usually in circumstances where it is not possible for even our most able Mark Hopkins to straddle one log adequately.

Accepting the private and personal nature of learning enables us to consider a more modern definition of our "finest product," and to determine the real objectives of education in a modern society. But our better-defined objectives are also more complex, and the methods we use to reach these needs will, by necessity, have to be somewhat different from today's practices. The teacher will cease to be a source of inadequate and often outdated information and will become a mentor and a guide through the labyrinth of alternatives. We are fortunate that the technology that has accelerated



—*Harley.*

School TV control room, Samoa—"To achieve maximum value in education, technology must be capable of effecting comprehensive change."

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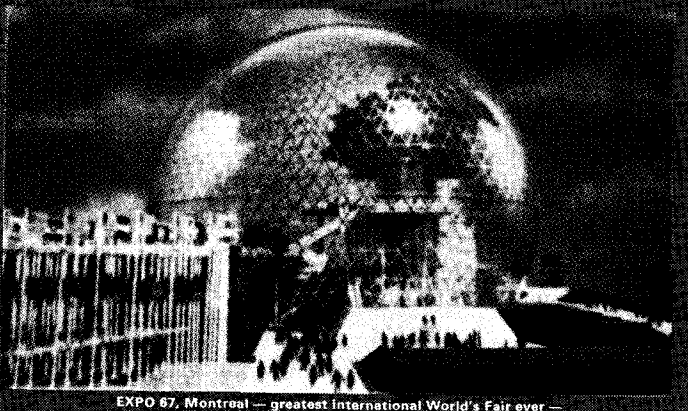

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many of the economic and social changes in our society can also be used to help us attain new ends. But the technology thus used must be *of* education and not *added to* education. Though most utilization of technology up to now has been of an additive nature, it has resulted in a subtraction of time from the teacher instead of giving him time to pursue the neglected human relationships of education. Such use of technology deals with education the way it is. It seeks to fit into the present system in a manner that adds resources without actually changing basic procedures, such as the student-teacher ratio, the role of the classroom teacher, the objectives of the instructional program, and the expected level of achievement in a given system. In this setting, electronic and mechanical gear will facilitate improved learning opportunities for some students, but not necessarily the extensive organizational and procedural changes nor the economic advantages necessary to a modern educational system.

To achieve its maximum value in education, technology must be capable of effecting comprehensive change. Where used to provide new instructional resources, it should relate to the specific objectives of the curriculum; if employed permissively and without relevance to the main purposes of a school, it will be inevitably wasteful and probably not worth the investment.

The school system in American Samoa illustrates how technology can be used in an enlightened way, and the benefits that can result [see "Classroom TV Comes to Samoa," *SR*, June 19, 1965].

The Samoa system was designed by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters at the request of Governor H. Rex Lee, and the Association has continued its involvement by recruiting all personnel for the system and providing general guidance. Lee, a distinguished career administrator in the Department of the Interior, was appointed Governor of American Samoa in 1961. He was appalled by the neglect he saw there, and outraged at the school system's obvious inadequacy to prepare the children for anything but a continuation of their submerged economic and social status. He determined that improvement in the general welfare of the islands' people would have to be based on a marked improvement in the quality of their education. A detailed study revealed:

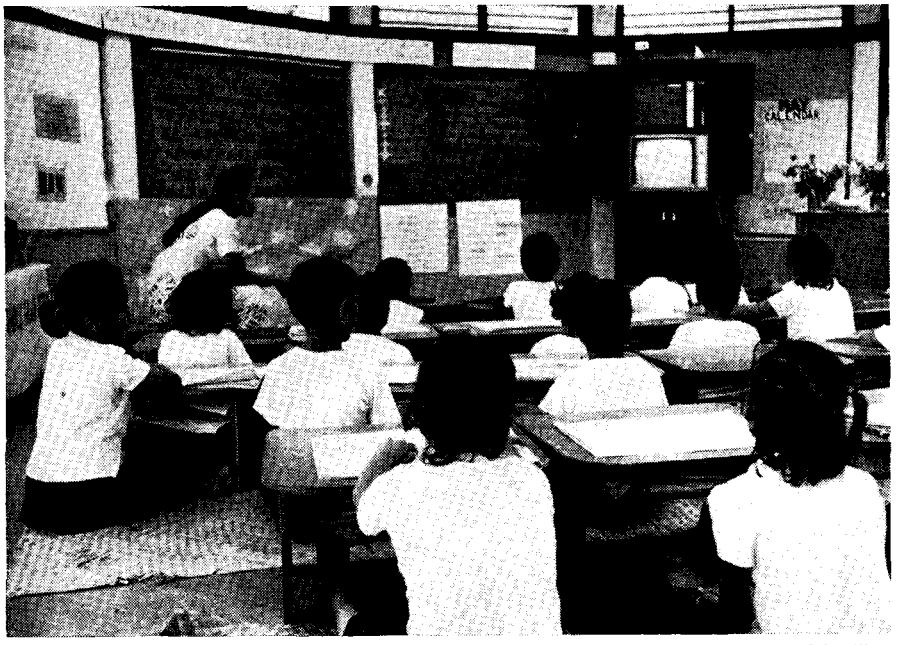
► A lack of clearly established goals for the schools and therefore a poorly defined curriculum.

► A failure to teach fundamental skills. The methods of instruction emphasized memorization with little attention to understanding (most class time was taken up by students chanting in unison responses learned by rote). All instruction was supposed to be in English but most of the teachers could neither speak nor understand it.

► There was overcrowding in the elementary and junior high school buildings, which were little more than thatched huts or poor imitations of American buildings.

► Textbooks and other materials, if available, were out of date and had little or no relevance to the experience or needs of the Samoan students.

► An ineffective teacher preparation and in-service training program resulted in poorly educated and prepared teachers.



—*John Alley.*

Samoan TV literature lesson—"Technology buys time . . . increased quality . . . educational services previously considered too expensive or in short supply."

The NAEB study team recommended a complete remodeling of the school system built around an instructional core of television. It was proposed that six television channels be used to serve Samoan children by day and adults by night. Television would transmit the basic content of instruction at all levels, with highly competent Stateside studio teachers acting as leaders. Samoan teachers in the classroom would precede and follow each lesson with reinforcement activities set forth in a guide.

Governor Lee had several alternatives:

1) He could immediately improve the standards by recruiting several hundred fully qualified teachers from the mainland. If such teachers could be found in this quantity, which was doubtful, they and their families would need adequate housing, transportation, and other services. The economic feasibility of this alternative was debatable. In addition, it would have required dismissal of several hundred Samoan teachers, many with twenty or more years of service.

2) He could start a long-term program for training future Samoan teachers in the United States. This plan, while extensive, would have had little effect on standards for at least ten years, and probably longer.

3) He could apply technology by accepting the NAEB plan for the extended use of television to train the best of the existing Samoan school personnel as well as new teachers while upgrading the instructional system.

This third alternative was the one recommended by Governor Lee and accepted by Congress. About this decision, an independent study team from the International Institute for Educational Planning says in a soon-to-be published book:

> It was a breathtaking decision. TV was not being called upon to supplement the on-going work of the classroom teacher or to help them do a bit better what they were already doing; it was being asked to share responsibility equally with them, help them do something quite different from the rote exercises they had most typically conducted, and, in fact, implement an abrupt and revolutionary change in the system—rote learning was to be replaced as soon as possible by problem-solving and individual study. The level of content was to be dramatically raised. Higher levels of performance were to be demanded of the students.

Thus the exciting thing about the

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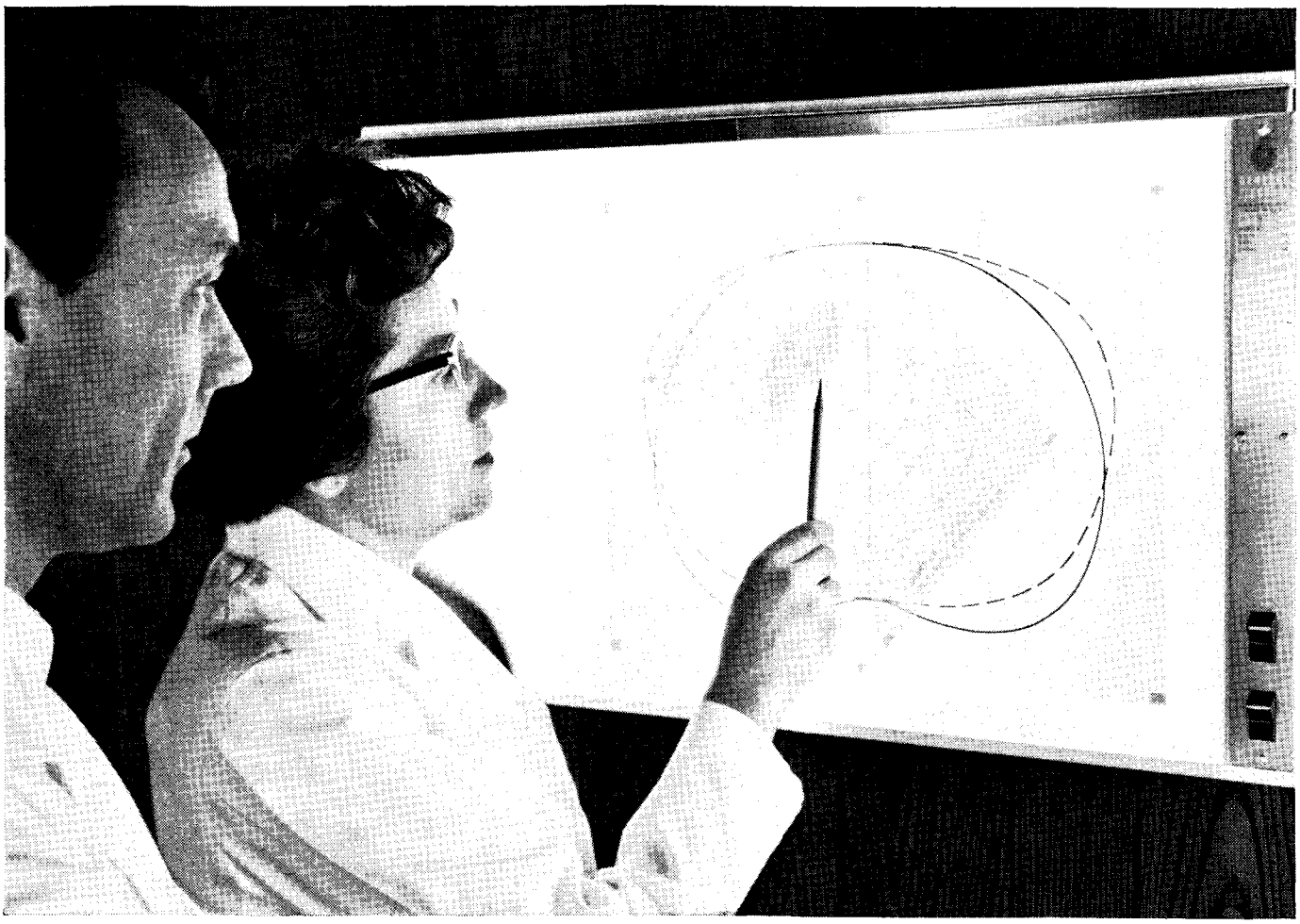
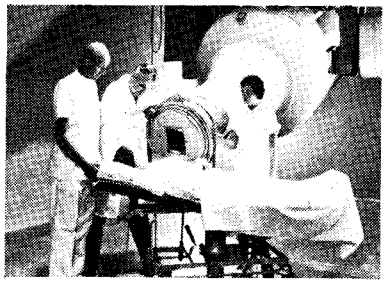


Target cancer: search and destroy!

On the wall is a "battlemap"—a cross-section diagram of a cancer patient's body. Pinpointed on the "map" is the target—a deep-seated tumor. Through the use of diagnostic x-ray equipment, a radiologist—a physician specially trained in the use of x-ray for diagnosis and treatment—has searched out the location and size of the lesion. Now he and the patient's other physicians plan the attack. His weapon: a 2,000,000-volt x-ray unit. ■ Before treatment can begin, the radiologist must perform a series of complex calculations requiring the utmost patience, knowledge, experience and skill; he must determine the precise quantity and quality of radiation to be used. His exacting job: apply the proper amount of radiation to the cancer site while minimizing the dosage to surrounding healthy tissue. The radiologist is aided in his calculations by an *isodose chart* superimposed over the patient's body-section diagram. The chart helps the radiologist determine how much radiation will be absorbed by intervening tissue and how much will get through to the target area. ■ Once the course of treatment is charted, the attack begins. Early discovery, followed by radiation therapy, can make it possible to arrest the cancer and return the patient to a normal life. ■ The supervoltage x-ray unit is only one weapon used by radiologists in the war on cancer. There are others—including radium, the powerful Cobalt 60, and other isotopes used in nuclear radiology. Stocking the radiologist's growing arsenal is General Electric— the Company that cares, and continues to care, by providing the medical profession with the finest, most advanced equipment for use in radiological diagnosis and therapy.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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Samoan demonstration is that it challenges the traditional slow pace of educational development, which depends upon educating and training all the teachers in a system. The Samoa plan was a bet that by building native teachers into a teaching team, and using television to multiply the effect on the most highly qualified teachers on that team, something new and dramatically different could be made to happen in the classroom.

While long-range analysis of the results of the new Samoan system is many years away, there is already empirical evidence of improving academic achievement, and obvious visual evidence of personal and societal improvement. All investigations and reports by outside agencies to date have substantiated this.

What about costs? Approximately $360 per child was spent in Samoa for the television hardware and construction of new school buildings, and it costs $380 per child to operate the school system each year. Again, we must consider the "product" that this buys—and one cannot compare Samoan costs to anything except the cost of the other alternatives for reaching the same goals—a completely reorganized school system, conceptual learning, and a highly qualified staff. Television technology brought an immediate increase in expenditures, but the result was rapid change and a stable system that avoided the impractical alternative of dismissing several hundred veteran teachers and waiting fifteen years to train adequate replacements. Thus basic, important, comprehensive changes were realized that will result in a viable educational system within the capability of Samoan resources.

We should seldom expect technology to result in lower absolute costs—equipment and personnel do cost money. When economies result, they are derived from the reduced cost of providing additional services—from the improvement in the quality of teaching and the level of learning; from the ability to shrink time and space, and from the sharing of limited resources. In Samoa, for example, the highly qualified teacher who develops and presents lessons to one youngster in the elementary school is doing the same thing for all others at a given grade. Most television costs, apart from those related to reception, are not governed by the size of the student population—a system of 70,000 students could be handled with approximately the same amount of administration as the present system of 7,000 students. Even if there were some increases, the comparative advantage would undoubtedly remain with the television-based system.

So while it is possible to say that media, comprehensively adapted to a school program, can result in savings, the economies will most likely occur in required future budgets. New curricula, new specialized teaching, new opportunities for learning—with these, the new media can make possible educational opportunity that would otherwise be impossible, at relatively economical levels.

The cost of technology, then, has to be assessed according to what it buys. Technology buys time—time for swift rather than slow change, and time to humanize education by allowing teachers to work more directly with students on an individual basis. Technology buys educational services—services previously considered too expensive, or in too short supply to provide equally to all students. Technology buys increased quality—quality derived from the impact of many minds applied cooperatively to instructional requirements. We have learned in Samoa that the cost of technology cannot be assessed in isolation. It can be assessed only as an integral part of the whole educational system, and the system cost as well as the system results are radically modulated by the integrated use of technology. This is perhaps more true of television technology than any other at the moment.

From the Samoan experience it seems clear that the more widely technology is used, the more people it affects, and the more it is integrated into the total system, the lower the unit costs will be. However, it also is evident that the Samoan system could not be lifted bodily and applied in a totally different context. The more sophisticated a school system is, the more difficult it is to integrate new methods. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that modifications of the Samoan system and many of the collateral techniques being developed there can be successfully and economically applied to educational needs elsewhere.

II. The "Systems" Approach

By C. H. SPRINGER

Education, one of the primary ways to achieve both quality performance and equality of opportunity, is now understood also as a necessary national investment for an expanding society. It is not only a commodity to be consumed by the individual but an investment whose use brings returns both to the individual and society . . . it is the economist, interested in the development of resources, who points to the need for education in American society. It is not that national self-interest alone justifies education—education is a value for its own sake and enriches the lives of individuals—but rather it has become increasingly apparent that equal education opportunity is necessary to the maintenance of a free and prosperous society. In education, the human being benefits and so does the nation. The idealistic and the practical and the private and the public goals are one.

TEN YEARS AGO, the space age opened with the launching of Sputnik I. Since then, the finest minds and talents of the military and private industry have been marshalled in a collective effort to meet the challenge of the so-called space race. Though the race is still close, we have reached a position where our national resources are being developed and utilized to meet its difficult challenges.

We came to understand and ultimately solve the problems of these complex projects of men, machines, and operations by applying our collective talents to a "systems" approach. Organized innovation was the key. We refused to be bound by traditional, piecemeal solutions; we attacked the problems in a new, more disciplined way. The end products have been systems that meet the national objectives for which they were undertaken—national security and the peaceful uses of space. Moreover, this approach has produced a revolution in American technology with significant national economic benefits: new industries, new jobs, new insights.

It seems clear that the systems approach can also be a vital ingredient in achieving what Francis Keppel calls "the necessary revolution in American education." The revolution in education is not motivated merely by an idealistic vision, as some may think. Instead, it is dictated by hard economics. As Commissioner of Education, Mr. Keppel made this abundantly clear. He said:

The "systems" approach is an "economic" approach to education in the best sense of that word. It provides a rational method of using a given set of resources to produce a system capable of achieving a given set of objectives. Unfortunately, we have not fully crystallized our national objectives in education and probably never will. But as existing systems are analyzed and new systems are designed, we can hope to clarify these objectives.

A rational, systematic approach to education, I believe, can promote greater innovation because it produces continuous, dynamic modifications. And it will produce greater efficiency, because the precision, care, and attention

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to each step in the process is controlled and measured to produce that efficiency.

The educational field in the United States is constantly expanding. In his book, *A Necessary Revolution in American Education*, Francis Keppel writes:

> A necessary revolution in American education implies continuing education. No longer can individuals talk of completing their education. For those who move to college and graduate school and into the professions there is a constant need to keep up to date. . . . So too, in business and industry, faced by the technological progress of automation, workers need frequent retraining if their skills are not to become obsolescent and if they themselves are not to become unemployable. . . . With the trend toward earlier retirement and longevity there is need also for adult education to bring new dimensions of meaning to the lives of older persons. . . .

This changing picture of American education creates new challenges and new opportunities for private industry. New educational markets are developing in business, government, and the professions, not just in the schools. Meeting the requirements of these markets will require a major technological effort.

WITH enormous expenditures for space we have succeeded in achieving incredibly high quality and reliability—but in low quantities. In education we are striving for quality on a massive scale. Our ability to reconcile the needs for quality in education with the quantity of resources for filling those needs may well rest with a single product of recent technological progress—the computer. We have hardly begun to explore its possibilities, but I can foresee four major activities for the computer in the educational system of today and tomorrow.

► First, the computer can play a vital role in the administration of education. Not only can all the conventional business data processing functions be delegated to the computer but computers can also help educational administrators in making more efficient use of their present resources. Preparation of examinations, grading, and reporting can easily be handled by a computer when subjective factors do not play a part. Achievement profiles, for example, can be made available at the flick of a switch. The computer, too, can help solve logistical and scheduling problems involving teachers, students, and school facilities. In the process of computerizing educational administration, teachers, guidance counselors, curriculum specialists—and students, too—will gain valuable time for the more creative and substantive aspects of their work.

► Second, the computer can play an important role in research. Over the years, as computer systems became more complex, a thick layer of technologists, or programmers, settled between the user and the machine. Today there are new direct-access systems designed to be used by the man seeking solutions to his research problems. Working alone or in collective research efforts, the researcher can begin to exploit the computer's extraordinary speeds and problem-solving capabilities.

► Third, with continued progress in computerized information technology, it is steadily becoming cheaper to store, transmit, manipulate, and display information in any of several different media. From multi-media "libraries" specific requests can be made for information from prestored memories: bibliographies on research topics; audio reproductions of music, speeches, or plays; and visual reproductions of film strips, movies, closed circuit telecasts, and kinescopes. Such "libraries" may eventually be interconnected with high-speed data transmission lines, sharing their stored information resources with scholars across the nation.

► Finally—and this is by far the most exciting innovation of all—computers can substantially enhance the learning process. As the computer's potential for learning is realized, it has been claimed that the teacher's role in the educational process will become less important. Experience teaches us that this will not be the case. On the contrary, computer-based systems will strengthen the teacher-learner relationship. Teachers will operate as managers, with a complex network of learning resources available and the means for deploying them flexibly. They will have a ready record of each student's performance and a ready access to the information the student needs during each stage of his progress. Teachers will be able to devote more time to slow learners and will have the means for challenging fast learners to even greater accomplishments. Slow learners will see a merciful reduction, possibly the disappearance, of pressures from their peer groups. Tutorial and even dialogue systems employing computers will allow the fast student to explore subjects in greater depth, or the slow student to catch up with his peers through extra effort. Teachers will be developers of human beings—not mere dispensers of facts or keepers of records.

The challenge facing us today in American education is formidable, but I believe that the "systems" approach, aided by the new computer technology, can master this challenge. But it will require a major national investment. Of an estimated $60 billion expenditure for education in 1967, at least $3 billion will be spent for the products of the new educational technology. The business community, then, has an important stake in the educational system of tomorrow—but it has the responsibility to bring innovation, efficiency, and excellence to that system.

—Bob Serating.

NYU language laboratory—"The 'systems' approach . . . provides a rational method of using given resources to [achieve] given objectives."

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TOMORROW'S TEACHER

By ROALD F. CAMPBELL

TEACHERS represent a significant labor force and one that is bound to increase as school enrollments grow and new institutions are formed. By 1970 we may expect the total labor force of elementary and secondary school teachers to exceed 2,000,000. What will teachers and teaching be like in the future?

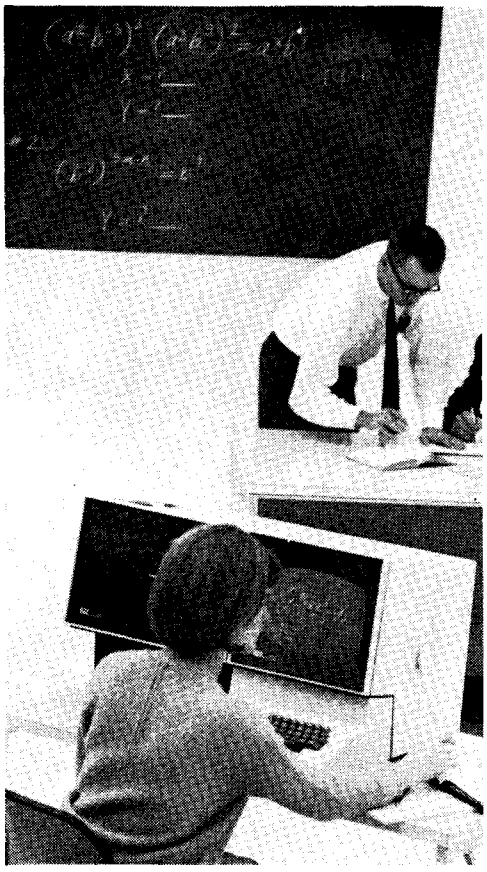
Before we project into the future, suppose we look at the situation today.

About two-thirds of the nation's teachers are women. At the high school level 50 per cent are women; at the elementary level 88 per cent are women. The average age of male teachers is thirty-five; the average age of female teachers is forty-one. Teaching salaries are relatively attractive to women, but they are relatively unattractive to men, particularly men with families to support. The male teacher in the public schools appears to have the following alternatives: seek an administrative post in the schools, take a part-time job, or leave the teaching field. Thus teaching becomes either a part-time or a temporary occupation.

Almost all female teachers expect to marry, and most of them do. Three-fourths of the women now teaching are married. But there are still thousands who leave teaching for marriage who never return. Moreover, for many of the married women in the classroom teaching is merely a means of supplementing their husbands' income. While great numbers of men and women who teach for only a few years render signal service, teaching as a temporary or ancillary occupation does have its consequences.

FOR years teachers were thought to come chiefly from the middle class of American society. But a nationwide survey by Ward S. Mason shows that 36 per cent of the fathers of beginning teachers are in the blue-collar occupations, and 18 per cent are in farming. While the fathers of beginning male teachers are predominantly blue-collar workers, the fathers of beginning female teachers are predominantly white-collar workers. These differences indicate that in describing teachers we have tended to ignore the most important factor: their sex. The career pattern for women can be understood in terms of our cultural norms for women as homemakers, whereas for men the explanation is obviously in terms of economic forces.

The picture changes somewhat if we confine our examination to teachers in the large cities. There is some evidence to suggest that the majority—particularly among younger teachers—come from families where the father is a blue-collar worker. In view of the continuing urbanization of our society this shift is likely to continue.



—*Leigh Wiener.*

Electronic teaching station—"With . . . instructional machines of the future, teachers can pay more attention to their relationships with students."

—*Wide World.*

Long Island teachers strike—"Teacher militancy, a recent phenomenon most clearly seen in industrial communities, will . . . become more widespread."

From depth interviews with elementary teachers, Dan C. Lortie finds that they work in relative isolation from other adults. The autonomy of the teacher in his own classroom, the infrequency and diffuse nature of supervision, the heavy schedule of pupil contacts, and for many the part-time nature of the job all contribute to relative isolation of the teacher from his peers. This tendency is apparently reinforced by teachers' attitudes toward the rewards of their career. Lortie classifies these rewards as extrinsic (salary), ancillary (time for travel), and intrinsic (the opportunity to reach students). He finds that teachers, when speaking of their satisfactions, by a ratio of nine to one speak of intrinsic rewards. For most teachers, at least in the elementary school, rewards are neither money nor security but rather the interpersonal relationships of teachers with their students. It may be that salaries and employment conditions have become so standardized as to be taken for granted. Thus, the chief remaining variable is the relationship between student and teacher. These conclusions can be drawn only for teachers in the elementary school, where most teachers are women.

A study by John H. M. Andrews of the University of Chicago shows that

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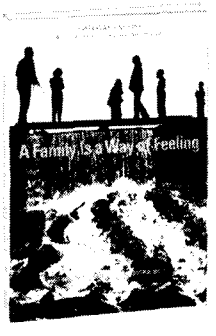

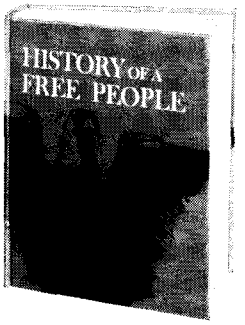

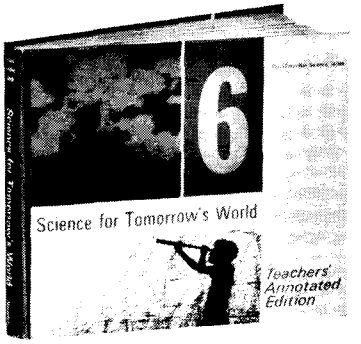

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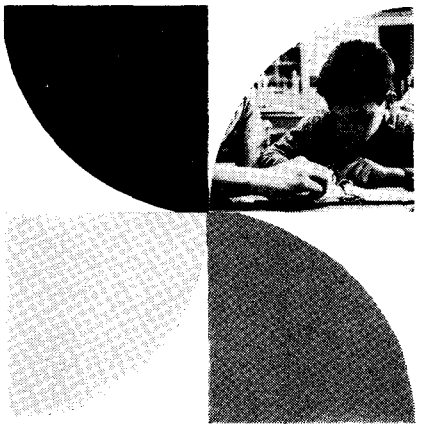

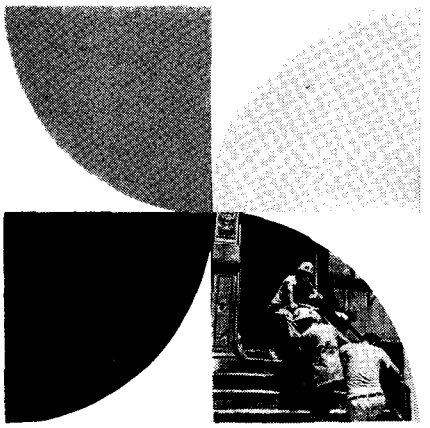

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subject matter taught determines differences among high school teachers. Mathematics and science teachers, for example, appear to be more content-oriented and less pupil-oriented than English and social studies teachers. This may suggest that peer satisfaction, at least for some high school teachers, is more prevalent than for elementary school teachers.

WHERE do teachers receive their training, and what is the nature of that training? More than half of our 2,200 institutions of higher education prepare elementary and secondary teachers. About one-third of the new teachers each year are graduates of schools of education in some 160 major universities; another one-third are graduates of some 190 institutions devoted chiefly to the preparation of teachers; and the remaining one-third are graduates of some 900 liberal arts colleges with departments of education. (Even the specialized teacher-education institutions have tended to become liberal arts colleges and now often are called state colleges or even state universities.)

In forty-five states four years of college are required for the elementary teaching certificate, and all states require at least four years of college for the secondary teaching certificate. In 1964-65 more than 90 per cent of public school teachers had bachelor's degrees, and 24 per cent had master's degrees. Despite these standards, most states have to issue temporary certificates or provide probationary status for some teachers. For the nation as a whole this may not include more than 5 per cent of the teaching force, but for large cities the percentage is much higher. In fact, most cities have established a category called "permanent substitutes" and many teachers in slum schools are in that classification.

Consideration of the values and cognitive abilities of teachers is also revealing. A study on values by J.W. Getzels and P. W. Jackson shows that teachers tend to be higher than the general population in social concerns and lower in economic concerns. In cognitive abilities as measured on intelligence tests, students going into teaching tend to rank appreciably higher than does the general population but lower than students going into most other professions.

What of the future?

Enrollments will increase at the elementary and secondary school levels, particularly the latter. Demand will also be affected by expanding college enrollments, particularly at the junior college level, and by the growth of preschool and adult programs. Moreover, as the inner-city receives more attention, there will probably be an attempt to saturate slum schools with more teachers, teach-

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er-social workers, and teaching assistants. All of this suggests not only the need for more teachers but also greater differentiation among teaching roles.

About 70 per cent of our population now lives in urban areas, and this concentration will continue. While the growth will be chiefly in suburbia, the populations of central cities will probably not be reduced appreciably in the near future. Moreover, some steps have been taken to bring the central city and its suburbs into closer relationships, including metropolitan government at least for some purposes.

As a result of more urbanism and the increasing concern over the problems of the central cities, teachers will probably come in greater numbers from the working classes than in the past. Since Negroes are over-represented in these classes, more Negroes will probably become teachers. This shift in the composition of the teaching force, already apparent in our large cities, probably means that teachers will be more sympathetic to union membership or to membership in organizations similar to unions. Thus, teacher militancy, a recent phenomenon most clearly seen in industrial communities, will become more widespread. The paternalism toward teachers prevalent among some suburban and rural school boards and administrators will become even less effective.

Concurrent with these developments is the acceleration of the rate of discovery of new knowledge. In the sciences a body of knowledge can become obsolete in ten to fifteen years; in the social sciences and the humanities, the obsolescence rate though lower, still is rapid.

Because of the continuation of our national curriculum programs in physics, chemistry, biology, geography, and other subjects, scholars in the basic disciplines will be required to give help in the development of school subjects. As a result, the joining of professors in the disciplines with teachers in the schools will become even more necessary. A new breed of professors with one foot in a discipline and one foot in pedagogy will probably increase.

Increased knowledge also will require greater specialization by teachers. Departmental organization, already largely characteristic of high schools, probably will be extended to the middle grades of the elementary school; many small high schools probably will be eliminated in order to provide schools large enough to demand teachers with more and more specialized competence; and team teaching and departmental teaching will encourage collaboration in planning, which may do much to break down the isolation of teachers.

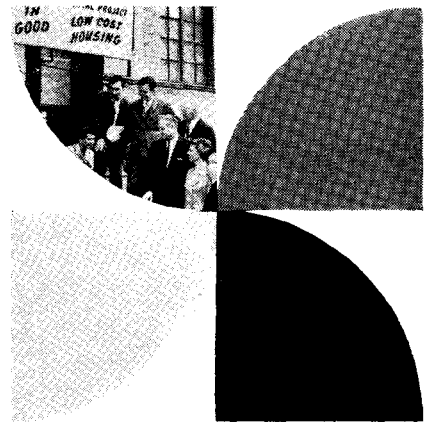
With acquisition of knowledge in the content areas and in the learning process accelerating, in-service programs will be organized to keep teachers abreast of these developments; in-service programs probably will become much more a part of the regular work expectation of most teachers. Research in education, which has grown in large part due to federal assistance during the past decade, also will expand, and augment the body of knowledge available to teachers throughout the nation. With increased knowledge, increased specialization of roles within teaching, and salary supplements for additional training, teaching is likely to acquire greater professional status. The increased militancy of teachers could have a positive effect on the status of teachers. It could supplement this growing professionalism by giving teachers more autonomy in the areas of their own competence. Or, it could emphasize seniority, uniform pay scales, and other benefits which may have little to do with a teacher's professional stature. Still another influence in the years ahead, of course, will be the growing role of technology discussed by other articles in this supplement.

A number of curriculum problems remain with us. As curriculum develop-

Teacher Trends

	Teachers in U.S. elementary and secondary schools	*Ratio of male teachers to total*	*Average salary (men and women)*	*Average salary, highest state*	*Average salary, lowest state*
1956-57	1,190,865	25.9%	$4,239	$5,550 (N.Y.)	$2,380 (Ark.)
1961-62	1,457,964	29.9%	$5,515	$6,691 (Calif.)	$3,545 (Miss.)
1966-67	1,759,236	31.6%	$6,821	$8,450 (Calif.)	$4,650 (Miss.)

—National Education Association.



This Land Was Theirs
A Study of the North American Indian
By WENDELL H. OSWALT. The dynamic account of ten Indian tribes' confrontation with civilization. The results are traced to the tribe's extinction or to the present. $9.95.

Studies in Cognitive Growth
By JEROME S. BRUNER, ROSE R. OLVER, *and* PATRICIA M. GREENFIELD, *et al.* Examines how intellectual growth is best understood, and how it depends on a child's participation in a culture. $7.95.

INDUSTRY

Multivariate Statistics for Personnel Classification
By PHILLIP J. RULON, DAVID V. TIEDEMAN, MAURICE M. TATSUOKA *and* CHARLES R. LANGMUIR. Shows how to assess the value and implications of psychological tests in personnel classification. *Prob. $12.95.*

Effective Writing
For Engineers • Managers • Scientists
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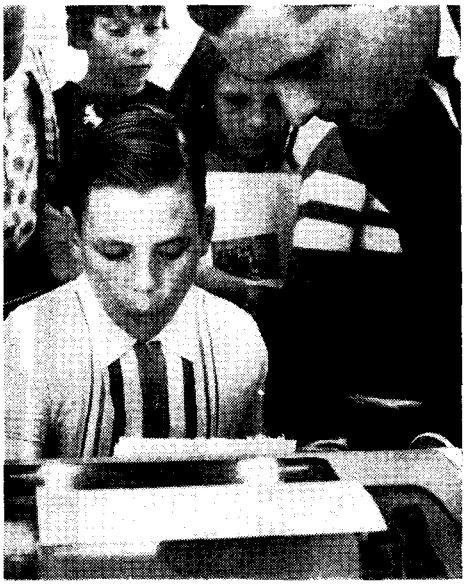

—General Electric Company.

"Teachers in a world of expanding knowledge and developing technologies need . . . in-service or continuing education."

ment has gone forward in each separate field, little attention has been paid to the question of balance among the fields. How should the student divide his time among his school subjects? Should we develop new school subjects based on disciplines which have not been well represented in the past, such as sociology and economics? If so, how much time should they have in an already overcrowded curriculum?

IN matters of value judgment, technology has little to offer. But technology, with diverse and effective tools of communication, can carry some of the communication burden traditionally borne by teachers and free them for functions which the machines are ill-equipped to perform. The supportive role of the teacher may be fully as important as the managerial one. With much of the communication load ascribed to the instructional machines of the future, teachers can pay a great deal more attention to their relationships with students. Some movements in this direction are already on the horizon, such as Herbert A. Thelen's proposal of compatibility grouping of teachers and pupils for instructional purposes. Implied in much of this discussion is the need to improve the selection and training of teachers. If, indeed, further study should confirm the relationship between certain personal characteristics of teachers and effectiveness in teaching, we shall probably develop ways of improving the screening of candidates for teacher education programs.

Emerging changes in teacher education may be clearer than emerging changes in the selection of teaching candidates. A study by Richard W. Saxe, of thirty-nine institutions where master of arts in teaching programs were established with Ford Foundation sponsorship, shows that such programs stressed a strong background in liberal education, extended field experience or internships, participation of the entire institution in the program, emphasis on subject matter mastery, and a close relationship between the work in education and the internship. Perhaps the most notable influence of the Ford Foundation on teacher education has been the emphasis upon the all-university nature of the program. This was the basis of controversy in and about the National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education, which led to a special study of the Council and to a number of modifications in its practices, including participation of scholars from many fields in its governing body.

ALL of this seems to suggest that teacher education programs of the future will be thoughtfully planned, that scholars in and out of education will have some part in the planning and implementation of such programs, and that more adequate resources will be made available to prospective teachers. These will probably include scholarships, more generous use of instructional materials including technological devices of all kinds, and a variety of laboratories where the neophyte can practice with students. All of this will be needed if people from the lower income groups in our society are to be turned into competent teachers.

None of these developments is inexorable; All are subject to human intervention. Where might we most profitably intervene?

First, in elementary and secondary schools we might encourage differentiation of pay scales. Recently I was told that one large city school district could not hold its school psychologists, apparently because school psychologists were paid on the same salary scale as teachers, while in suburban districts psychologists enjoyed separate classification and higher pay. Obviously, psychologists are expected to obtain specialized training and to perform a specialized function, but in this instance an overdose of egalitarianism had prevented appropriate adjustments.

If teaching is to become more specialized, such specialization must be recognized in work classification and in salary. It may be, for instance, that the chairmanship of a teaching team ought to be a post requiring special competence and therefore one deserving a new classification and better salary. We might be able to make more of such categories as beginning teacher, regular teacher, and career teacher than we do now.

(*Continued on page* 73)

—Hays (Monkmeyer).

Team teaching—"This and departmental teaching will . . . do much to break down the isolation of teachers. Teaching is likely to acquire greater professional status."

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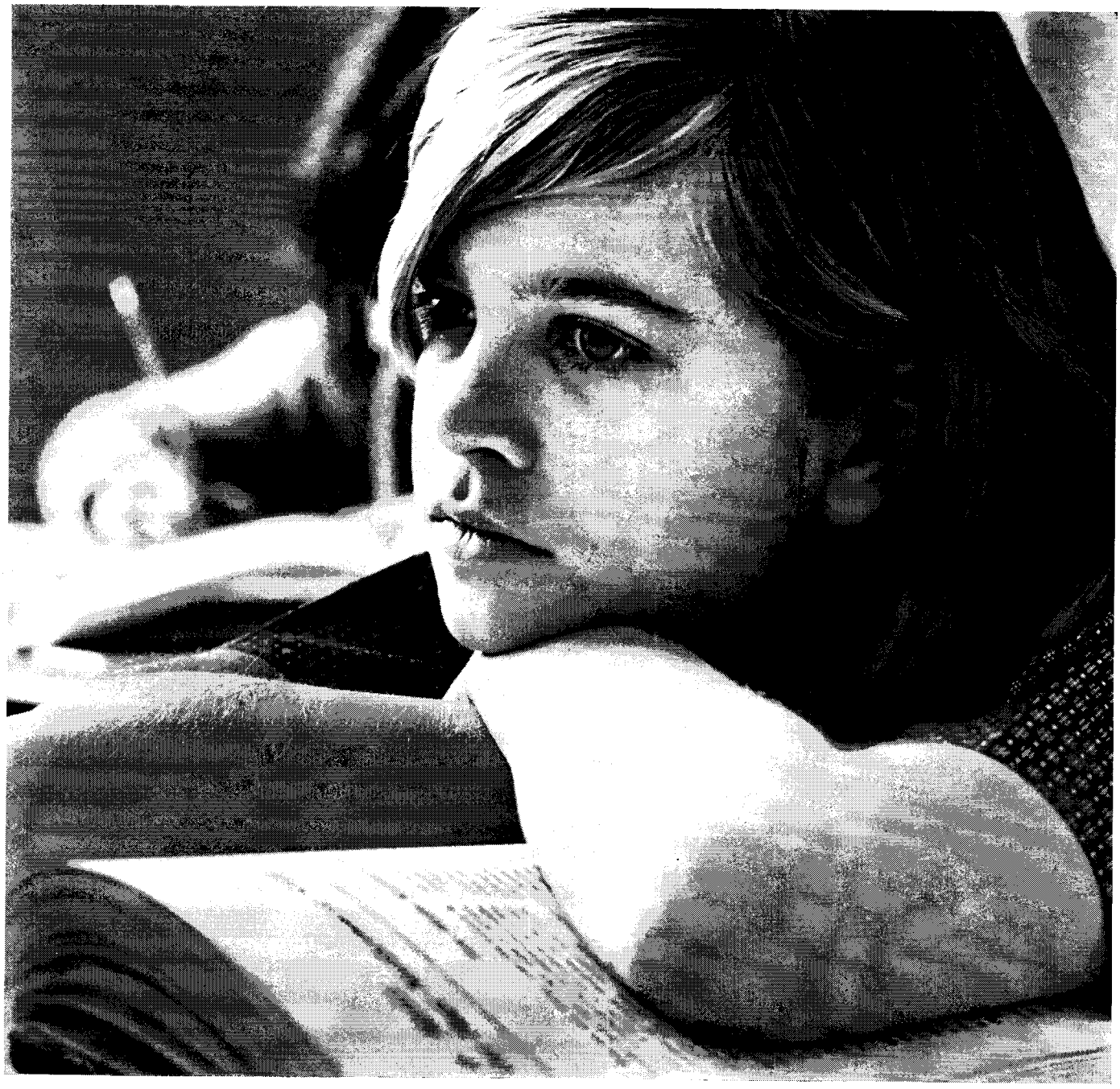

Playing hooky again!

She might as well be a million miles away—her thoughts are!

This young student and thousands like her are playing hooky every day right under the gaze of their teachers. Such students can't seem to concentrate, grow restless and lapse into daydreams.

All too often, the cause of such "truancy" is a lack of good eating habits.

Many children do not achieve all they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished. It's a fact that one out of every five school children starts the day with an inadequate breakfast. About one-half of all adults, two-thirds of all teen-age girls and one-third of all teen-age boys skimp breakfast or skip it altogether.

Make sure you're giving your family all the nourishment they need by planning each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups. Get a *free* copy of "Family Feeding For Fitness and Fun," which describes the Basic Four Food Groups and explains how to use them to create more nutritious meals.

Write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

A "Kid-Pleasin' Meals" promotion, sponsored by the American Dairy Association, is appearing in supermarkets right now. Its purpose is to help you plan thrifty, well-balanced meals that appeal to children as well as the whole family. Look for "Kid-Pleasin' Meal" ideas at food stores near you or ask your dairy routeman.

a message from dairy farmer members of **american dairy association**

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Scrooge and the Students

IN RECENT MONTHS my work and lectures have brought me into contact with business executives and college students. I doubt whether any two groups in the country—including management and labor, farmers and city-dwellers, or even Negroes and whites—could be more lacking in mutual rapport, respect, and understanding. Nor does any other gap have more serious implications for the long-range success of our economy.

Businessmen too often dismiss the student as an alienated radical, a rebellious nonconformist at best and an unstable misfit at worst. Although many corporate leaders have expressed genuine concern over polls revealing the disdain in which business careers are held by prospective graduates, they attribute this simply to ignorance, ingratitude, or immaturity.

Students too often dismiss the businessman as a selfish profiteer, a mindless right-winger at worst and a narrow organization man at best. Although many students are able to attend and complete their college courses only with the help of corporate donations and scholarships, they tend to attribute this largesse simply to the donor's desire for power, glory, or tax deductions.

Unfortunately, there is some truth in these distorted viewpoints. Too many students refuse to exercise the reason with which their education has supposedly endowed them and dogmatically embrace in the name of dissent every neosophist deviation from the ideal, the practical, and the traditional. And too many businessmen refuse to recognize their obligations to the community and country which nutured their enterprises, and doggedly pursue their private profits without concern for the public interest. But these are hopefully a small minority in both cases; and on the whole these depressing and demeaning pictures are wildly inaccurate and sadly underestimate the breadth and brainpower on both sides.

Students, for the most part, would not seem to be concerned about how they appear to the business community. But businessmen are rightly concerned about the growing difficulty of attracting into corporate careers the college students—even the business-college majors—from whose ranks most future entrepreneurs must come. The number of dropouts in high corporate positions today is testimony to the determination and industry of those individuals; but it is not a refutation of the fact that business leadership increasingly requires the formal talents that our institutions of higher learning can best provide.

WHAT is the remedy? Patient silence on the part of business is not likely to improve the situation; but angry denunciations of student distortions can only worsen it. The obvious answer is improved communication between the corporate and academic communities—and it is the content, not the mode or frequency of that communication, that matters most.

A recent business seminar which I attended recommended that more businessmen talk to more students about property rights, technological progress, and the social function of profits. These are all honorable values—but today's brightest student is more likely to be concerned about human rights, the ill effects of automation, and the faltering war on poverty.

He wonders whether a business career offers any outlet for his idealism, his creativity, and his concern for the individual and mankind. He is interested in a prospective employer's efforts to eliminate discrimination and pollution and blight. He seeks assurance that the pricing, labor relations, overseas development, and other policies of a particular corporation are compatible with his own. Perhaps these are the concerns of a dreamer or "do-gooder" but American business would not have achieved the levels it enjoys today without a considerable number of dreamers and do-gooders.

Merely propagandizing our college campuses along these lines, however, will not work unless the story that is told is true. Increasingly it is true. Increasingly the modern corporation is a modern, if not always model, citizen—with a concern for its community and a compassion for its neighbors going far beyond the profit motive. Today government and the professions, contrary to these recent student surveys, are not the only channels of broad-scale challenge and commitment. Business offers them as well.

TO be sure, more—much more—remains to be done before businessmen can consistently and persuasively convey to the college student an interest in the student's values and views. The overspecialization of today's business executive too often interferes with his contribution to the causes and cultural trends which interest the college student. But, as the Christmas season in which this is written reminds us, even Ebenezer Scrooge discovered that it is never too late to learn. Terrified by Marley's ghost, by his tale of ceaseless wandering, and by the chain of ledger books and cash boxes which bound his legs, Scrooge cried out: "But you were always a good man of business, Jacob!" And the ghost replied:

> Business? Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business. Charity, mercy, forbearance were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business.

The corporate executive of today can voice that same message to the college student of today—and to the extent that he means it and lives up to it, the understanding which can grow between them will serve both groups beneficially.

—Theodore C. Sorensen.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

China's Foreign Policy

THE ARTICLE by Hugo Portisch, "China: Behind the Upheaval" [*SR*, Dec. 10], is fascinating. Its information is impressive, but the conclusions less so. True, China will be unable to improve its foreign relations by military means for some time; does this mean that "the Chinese leadership is trying to escape the problems of foreign policy" and that "their actions might be even more cautious in the future"?

Dr. Portisch says, "China has been puzzled by the world around it." Puzzled it may have been, or, more accurately, self-deceived, in the past, but is it still puzzled or deceived? Modern Chinese have more reason to know the West than the West has to know them, and they seem to understand that the world listens most to the nations that brandish the most bombs. They seem, thus, to be trying not to "escape the problems of foreign policy," but to prepare to solve them much as Western nations do.

BAYARD LYON.

Washington, D.C.

The Whys of Vietnam

I FOUND the editorial, "Report From Vietnam," by Atlee Beechy [*SR*, Dec. 3], to be most interesting as it strikes upon one of the most disturbing aspects of the Vietnam debacle.

A great many of us have simply submitted to the age of consensus and have ignored the basic ideological question of *why*: Why did we create and support an unpopular and despotic Diem; why did we acquiesce in South Vietnam's refusal to hold the national Vietnamese elections in 1956; why was the American aid program in South Vietnam in the 1950s, especially the Michigan State University project, essentially a military enforcement of a tyrannical regime; why can't we realize as has been proved in Burma, Indonesia, and Malaysia—among other places—that a nationally popular regime can withstand the presence of a Communist insurrection?

I hope we are not becoming as narrowly ideological as the Communists.

EDWARD N. SCHOR,
Franklin and Marshall College.

Lancaster, Pa.

IT IS SAID that the vast majority of Americans support the war in Vietnam. I suspect that "accept" would describe more accurately the attitude of a great many, as, for a long time, it did mine—until, in fact, quite recently, when increasing doubts began to assail me as the situation seemed to become more and more hopeless.

I have never before publicly expressed these doubts for a reason which, I suspect, affects many other people: I do not know how to express disapproval of the war without seeming to approve of the premises, attitudes, and convictions of the majority of those who are vocal on the subject.

I am not a doctrinaire pacifist, and I am what some would call fanatically anti-Communist. I do not accept as a simple *a priori* principle that "we have no business in Asia." Considered in abstract and purely theoretical terms, we might be said to have as much business in Asia as we had, or have, in Europe. To me the question is a practical one. I do not think it probable that the war there will accomplish its possibly legitimate purposes, and I think that the willingness of those conducting it to use cruel methods indicates their hopelessness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

Tucson, Ariz.

"As soon as they enter the house, Ziggie will flash three short and two long—that's the signal for you to remove the left fuse. Then, I bring in the cake and we all sing, 'Happy Birthday'."

For Pacific Protest

IN HIS REPLY in this column on December 17 to Theodore Sorensen's editorial, "The Importance of Being Civil" [*SR*, Nov. 26], Charles Hill seems to suggest that the methods of protest used by pacifists are irrevelant as long as their cause is just. May I suggest that one of the things about United States policy in Vietnam that seems to distress many is the wide gap between the announced ends of that policy and the means taken to achieve those ends? Unfortunately, this same discrepancy is sometimes apparent in the acts of some pacifists.

Although incivility may be a source of gratification to certain pacifists by providing an outlet for their "righteous anger," it is condemnable because it does not further the cause of pacifism, and may harm it.

RAYMOND F. SMITH.

Evanston, Ill.

Who's Intellectual?

WHATEVER happened to Kenneth Rexroth of *Classics Revisited*? On December 3 it was Dostoyevsky and then he begins his visit to Ben Jonson [*SR*, Dec. 17] by the simply preposterous remark that "Poets and playwrights are seldom intellectuals in the English-speaking world," and then that "Shaw was the only exception."

I praise Mr. Rexroth's fondness for Shaw, but what about Whitman, Yeats, Arthur Miller, e. e. cummings, Eugene O'Neill, and —perhaps the worst deletion—T. S. Eliot? Are these men, among others, to be classified as "seldom" intellectuals?

STEVE WINFIELD,
Indiana University.

Bloomington, Ind.

Modern Fiction

THANK YOU for publishing that very sound article by Orville Prescott, "What's Happening to Fiction?" [*SR*, Nov. 26]. It is heartening and refreshing to hear someone say with conviction and authority that much of the "new morality" is just absence of morality, that much modern fiction does "glorify depravity . . . of every sort," and that nearly all novels of this sort are "crashing bores."

DONALD F. MORTLAND,
Unity Institute of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Unity, Me.

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THIS MAN IS NOT SMILING

The headline you've just read is information-less. It tells you nothing you haven't already learned from looking at the picture.

If someone tells you your own name, he again transmits no information: you already know it. He doesn't resolve any uncertainty for you.

This idea—that whatever resolves uncertainty is information—was used by Dr. Claude E. Shannon during his years at Bell Telephone Laboratories to define and measure information for the first time in a way that was usable to scientists. Starting from such basic concepts, Shannon built a theory which has many applications to problems in communication and in other fields. In 1948, he published his classic paper, "A Mathematical Theory of Communication."

Before this there was no universal way of measuring the complexities of messages or the capabilities of circuits to transmit them. Shannon gave us a mathematical way of making such measurements in terms of simple yes-or-no choices—conveniently represented by binary digits, which Dr. John W. Tukey of Bell Labs and Princeton University named "bits."

As a result, we now have a benchmark. We know how much information a business machine, for example, can theoretically produce. We have a means for comparing this with the information of a telephone call or a television program. We have tools to help us design for high quality and high efficiency at the lowest possible cost.

Shannon's quantitative measurement of information is not only invaluable to the Bell System but to scientists and engineers the world over. It is exciting much interest among psychologists and workers in other fields in which information handling is so vital.

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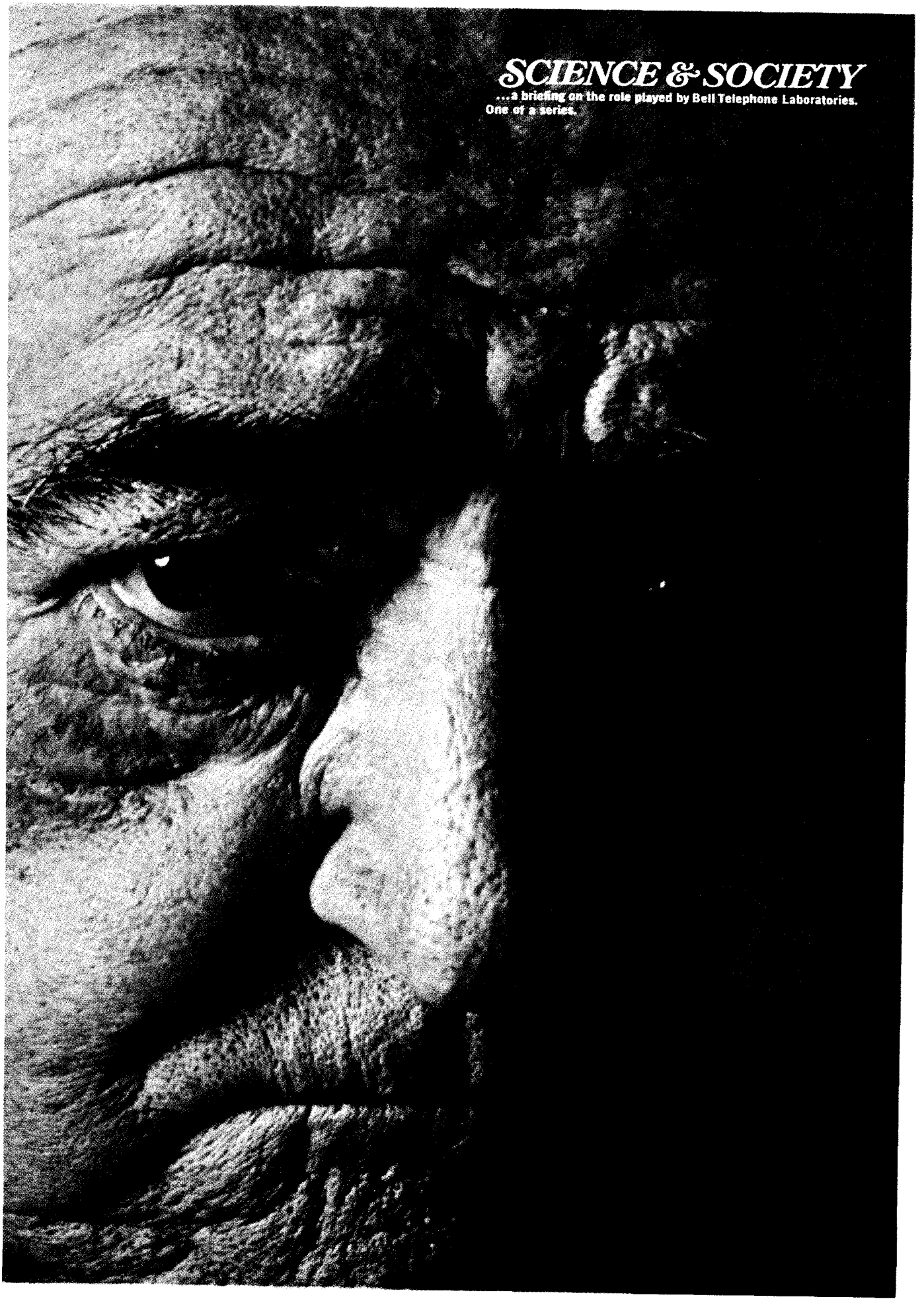

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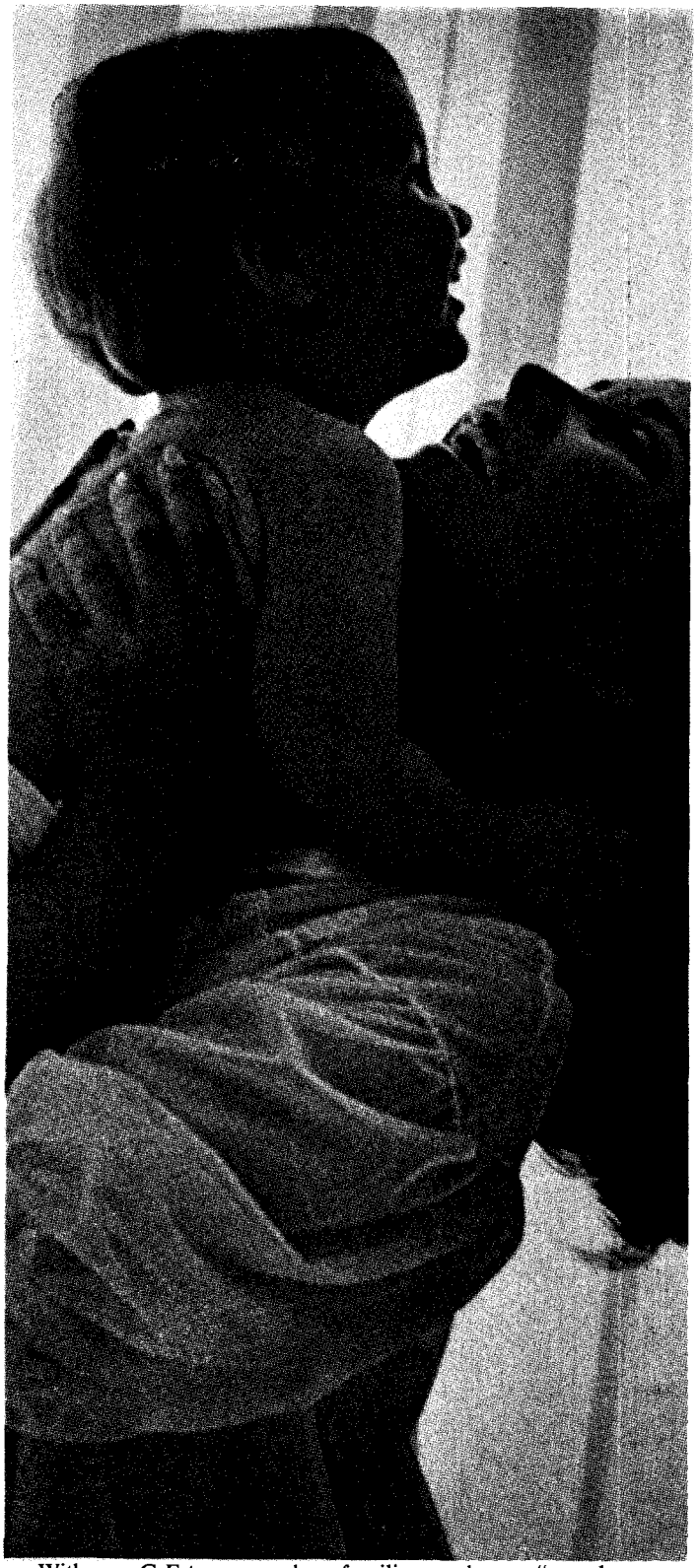
First words.
Who cares if you hear them again?



With new G-E tape recorders, families can keep a "sound scrapbook" of memorable moments from nursery to Golden Anniversary. Other G-E breakthroughs in low-cost, high-value electronics include portable color TV for under $270.

First dinner.
Who cares if it's a success?

Today's foods are made more appetizing by—of all things—computers. G-E computers figure exact moment to pick and freeze vegetables, control cake-mix formulas, improve cattle breeding for better meat. And G-E kitchen appliances help put perfect results on the table.

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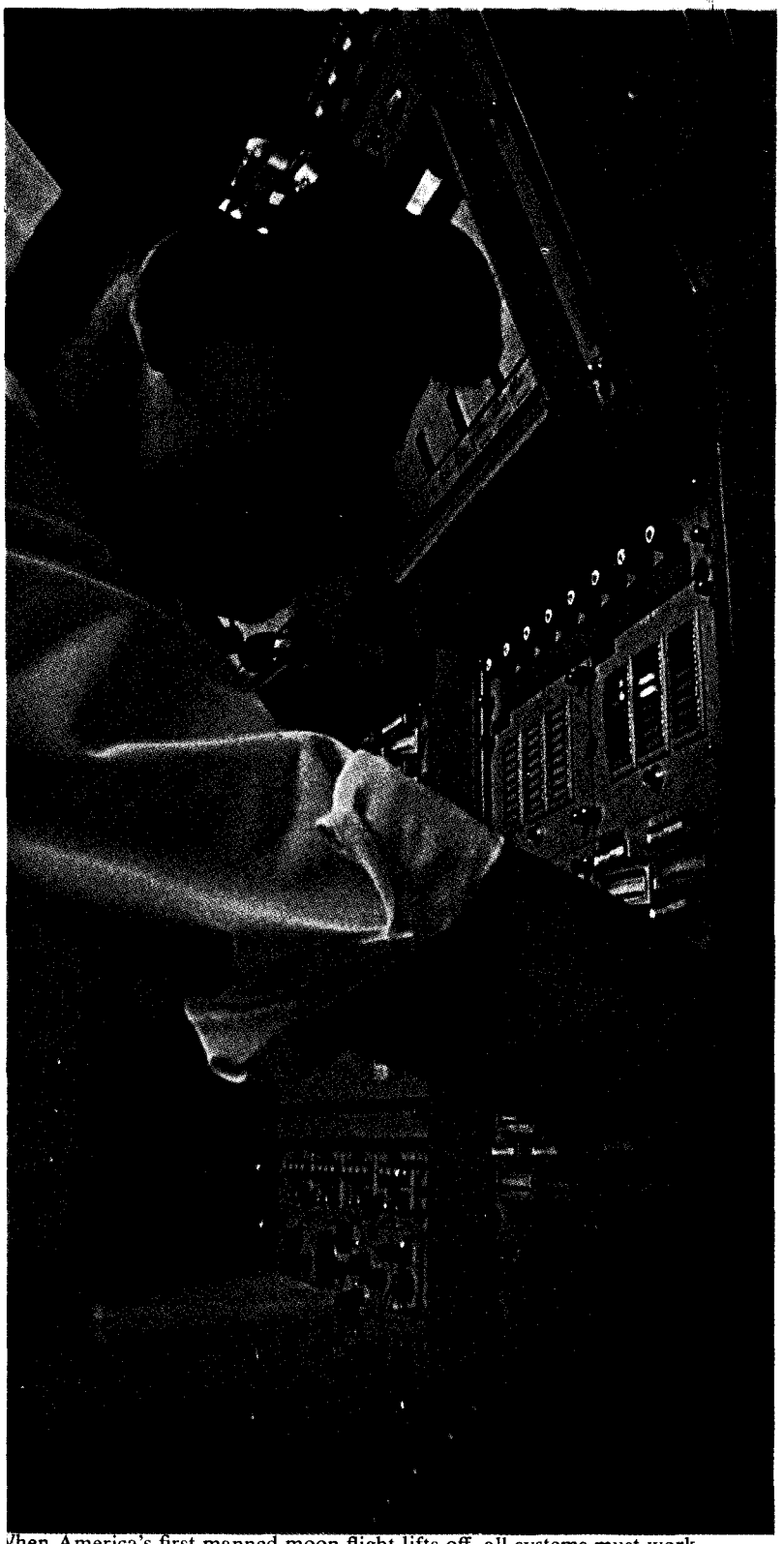
First flight.
Who cares if it reaches the moon?



When America's first manned moon flight lifts off, all systems must work perfectly. One of G. E.'s jobs is to help see that they do. Sophisticated electronic gear built by G. E. is being used by NASA to check all Apollo systems from giant rockets to compact lunar landing vehicle.

General Electric cares

(and we're finding many new ways for electronics to serve you)

You don't hear "Gee whiz!" much these days.

It's getting harder to amaze people, even the kids. Two-way wrist radios? Shirt-pocket TV sets? Yawn. The unusual is losing its "un." Why? Electronics is a big part of the answer.

Ever since the pioneering days of electronics, a lot of that answer has come from General Electric. Recent G-E developments are at left. Here are more:

In America's space effort, G-E electronic guidance systems have controlled over 400 successful rocket launches.

G-E electronics are keeping a heartbeat steady, sniffing the air for bacteria and pollution, piloting supersonic planes.

Now we've developed electronics a hundred times smaller than conventional types — and ten times more reliable. Called microelectronics, this new advance makes possible many remarkable products. Example: a rechargeable portable radio guaranteed for three years instead of the usual three months.

Frankly, we do keep trying to amaze you. But if a replacement is needed for "Gee whiz!" . . . how about "G. E."?

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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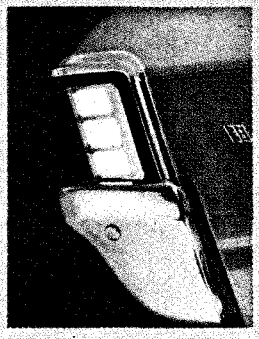
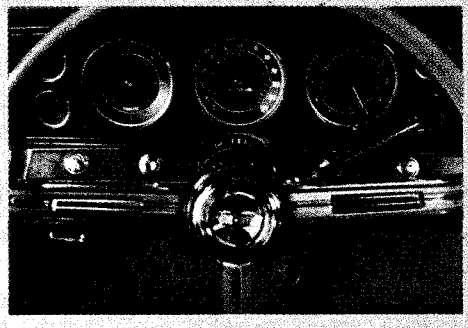
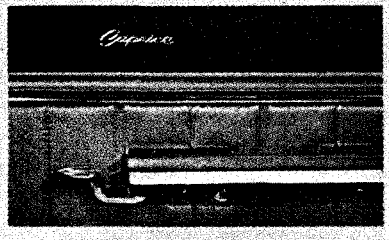
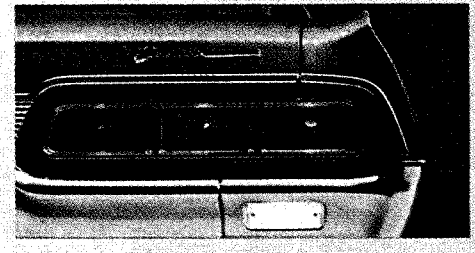
CAPRICE

The Grand Chevrolet









Looking for your next move-up car? Consider the Caprice Custom Sedan. Why? For its extra-special extras that don't *cost* extra. Distinctive wraparound front fender lights. Triple taillights and bumper backup lights. You'll be seen better, coming and going!

Inside? A swing down armrest for comfort. The look of walnut paneling for warmth. An ash tray that slides on ball bearings. (To keep tempers calm.) And an oval steering wheel for a touch of class. Caprice. The extra-special car with the no-cost extras!

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

When you buy a Caprice without extras, look at all you get.

get that sure feeling CHEVROLET

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Continued from page 64

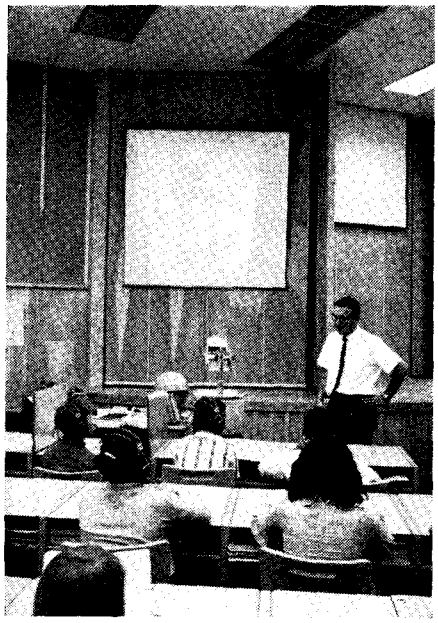
After three or four years, in most states, beginning teachers acquire tenure. The process leading to tenure classification could become a time for careful evaluation of teaching performance and, if tenure be granted, could carry with it a major salary increment.

We should also develop ways of recognizing the career teacher as one who gives leadership to the organization beyond the usual teaching performance. The career teacher may work on a year-round basis and, therefore, deserves a different classification from the regular teacher employed for nine months, who during that period may be burdened with family responsibilities or a second job.

MOST teacher organizations oppose merit provisions in the pay scale. An indirect approach to merit might be through a classification system; teachers might also be willing to consider a more direct approach to merit – which they have a part in developing and operating. Surely ways must be found to compensate our best teachers more adequately.

Second, we must recognize that equal compensation for men and women in teaching is not realistic. If we expect to hold able men in teaching positions, we shall have to show more awareness of their economic situation. Basic to this problem is the assumption that we do not wish to turn over the schools to women. I suspect the elementary schools are already feminized more than we would like, and to permit the same condition to develop in the high school seems unthinkable. Further classification of teaching positions might permit some men to remain in teaching at adequate salaries. Perhaps we shall have to pay more attention to the market than we have done up to now. If we really wish to retain married men with families in teaching positions, we may have to find ways of paying them more than we pay women who do not have families to support. Any salary plan based on such a position might be an interim one. (If salary levels were high enough and if merit were the chief criterion for placement on the salary scale, an interim solution would probably be unnecessary. For instance, we have no problem attracting able men to most university teaching posts where these two conditions more nearly prevail.)

Third, I am convinced that most teachers could use one or two assistants effectively. It is doubtful that we can ever afford fully qualified teachers for all the small group and individual contacts required to deal with pupils who need remedial help, especially in our slum schools. With the use of teaching assistants, we may have a chance of coping with such situations. The use of



—Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

Men teachers, a minority—"We shall have to show more awareness of their economic situation."

such assistants will also encourage role differentiation in the school. Decisions regarding the role of the teacher and that of the assistant will at times be painful, but in the long run such decisions will help us determine what teaching is and even contribute to the development of criteria of teaching effectiveness. This whole process can do much to enhance the professional role of the teacher.

Fourth, teachers in a world of expanding knowledge and developing technologies need frequent and substantial periods for in-service or continuing education. The year-long and summer institutes funded by the National Science Foundation and the U.S. Office of Education may foreshadow the future. These institutes provide a substantial block of time for furthering the education of teachers. They have competent staffs, and attendance is subsidized. Further, they have demonstrated that teacher education is desirably an all-university function. While a university department or school of education may be responsible for organizing such institutes and may supply much of the talent to staff them, talent from other departments of the university and from organizations beyond the university may also be needed. Teachers can hardly be brought abreast of new developments in science, for instance, without help from scientists.

THE work conditions of the teacher must also be improved. Physical facilities in many cases are quite adequate, but heavy pupil contact loads—twenty-five to thirty hours per week—can make teaching a dull, repetitive affair. With more time, a teacher can think about what he is doing. He might meet with one or two assistants and help them plan their work. He might even have an office hour for conferences with individual pupils. In other words, he might begin to act like a professional instead of a machine operator.

Any such reduction of teaching load would probably increase school budgets by 50 to 100 per cent. Even that increase might be fully justified, if teaching were made more effective or if a greater proportion of the gifted teachers could be kept in the profession. But with the use of teaching assistants, technological improvements, and a willingness to innovate, we may find other less expensive ways for doing many traditional tasks now assigned to teachers.

If we expect teaching to improve our society, we must expect society to improve our teaching.

—Vernon L. Smith.

Briefing teaching aides—"Most teachers could use one or two assistants effectively."

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SR's BUSINESSMAN OF THE YEAR

THOMAS J. WATSON, JR.

Man Over the Machine
In League with the Future

A COMPUTER has no conscience. It feels no passion. It has no life of its own, nor any sense of values. It is neither poet nor philosopher. A computer, in short, is a machine, not a man; a tool, not a tyrant.

Few if any men are more profoundly aware of these basic truths about the remarkable cybernetic machine that promises to extend the reach of man's mind a millionfold than Thomas J. Watson, Jr., board chairman and chief executive officer of the largest computer manufacturing enterprise in the world, the International Business Machines Corporation. IBM, now a $20.7 billion enterprise, has built and installed about 70 per cent of the more than 35,000 machines—some $11 billion worth—now functioning world-wide.

In these days of the information explosion and communications revolution, many scholars and humanists—instinctive foes of any machine that has such far-reaching social consequences—cry out darkly that computers will one day inherit the earth, technologically enslaving in conformist societies the very men who created this formidable tool. One man who deeply deplores such fatalistic forecasts is IBM's Watson:

"As a manufacturer of computers, I feel both shocked and alarmed whenever I hear the prediction—and I hear it often—that one day 'the machines will take over' and give us the answers to everything. A computer is a machine and a machine is a tool—a means to an end—and nothing more. To be sure, the tools of today will far outstrip those of the past. We live in an age when machines can do things they have never done before. . . . But whatever we teach computers to do, the machines will still be only a means."

As a major custodian of the computer, Watson is keenly concerned about the social impact of this instrument that competent authorities believe will ultimately leave no area of human life untouched. One of the most basic management tenets at IBM is respect for the individual. As Watson says, "In the long run I have faith in two things: One is the beneficence of machines; the other is the perfectibility of human beings."

Therefore he feels IBM and all corporations installing computers must be responsible for alleviating the social burdens such technical change can impose on individuals, including the loss of jobs, obsolescence of skills, the need for retraining and re-education, transfers to other jobs in other cities, and a haunting sense of technological displacement. "Man's basic fear is unemployment, caused by machines or anything else," Watson comments.

This awareness and his strong sense of corporate obligation have involved Watson in major assignments in government and education—assignments which have reflected his personal belief that public service is not only a duty an enlightened executive owes his country but also a civic contribution essential to the health of private enterprise. He is an active member of President Johnson's Advisory Committee on Labor Management Policy; a member of the corporation of Brown University, from which he graduated in 1937, and of the California Institute of Technology, as well as a trustee of Sarah Lawrence College, of The Rockefeller Foundation, of Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc., and of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research; and he is also serving his third term as president of the Boy Scouts of America.

Special assignments have included service with such groups as the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, and only last month he joined with other business leaders to cooperate in a plan of Senator Robert F. Kennedy's for redeveloping New York City's troubled Bedford-Stuyvesant area, the Negro and Puerto Rican ghetto in the heart of Brooklyn. This mustering of private enterprise to deal with a public community problem is indicative of Watson's practical streak.

Watson, who was fifty-three years old earlier this month, personifies *SR*'s conviction that in our complex socio-economic system the modern executive must embody a personal commitment to the good society as well as to a sound economy in order to make that system work. Out of this conviction, *SR* established its annual Businessman of the Year award. The 1967 citation goes to Thomas J. Watson, Jr.

So formidable are the present and future implications of computers through

(*Continued on page* 76)

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automation of the most intricate processes of government, industry, science, education, and communications that this technological development has been soberly judged to mark a turning point in human history [see "The New Computerized Age," *SR*, July 23, 1966]. In an economic democracy of the size, complexity, and sensitivity of the United States, the computer is a sociological as well as technological phenomenon.

RECOGNIZING this fundamental fact, Watson was a prime mover in IBM's 1964 decision to give Harvard University a grant of $5,000,000 for a ten-year study of the social impact of technological innovation, particularly automation, on man and his institutions. In announcing the grant—separate from IBM's regular gifts to education of about $5,000,000 a year—Watson expressed his personal and corporate aspirations this way:

"This independent study will be useful in identifying and analyzing the effect of technological change and automation on individuals, the economy, and government. . . . Technology creates extraordinary possibilities for conquering disease and poverty, for raising living standards and increasing leisure. At the same time it confronts us with problems of considerable magnitude. Hopefully, this work will help to generate the understanding and ideas our country needs to get the full benefits of technology while minimizing disruptions and hardship."

Early last year, as a member of the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress Watson was an eloquent champion of the group's much debated recommendations to President Johnson.

The commission, comprising representatives of labor, education, and business, endorsed automation as a technological advance fundamental to the growth of the U.S. economy, but also advocated a number of specific measures to cope with unemployment resulting from technological change and to create jobs for the 93,000,000 people expected to form our national work force in 1975. These measures included renewed commitments to national economic growth and full employment; universal education through high school, plus two years of free public education in a trade school or community college and "realistic access" to university education for "all qualified students"; government-created jobs when there was not sufficient employment to go around; and a negative income tax to permit an individual on welfare to work without corresponding loss of income and at the same time to help to reduce the $40 billion hodgepodge of government payments now handed out every year to beef up substandard incomes.

Discussing the commission's report at a management conference at the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business, Watson said:

"For a decade and more, many people have feared, with some justification, that technological change in our time is going so fast that it threatens a great many jobs while it eases the work burden of the vast majority. If you want evidence, just look at Detroit. In 1955, 9,000,000 motor vehicles were made with 746,000 production workers. In 1965, 11,000,000 were made with only 667,000 workers. In other words, car production went up by two million—more than 20 per cent—and the work force dropped by 79,000—about 10 per cent. This was great for you and me. We got better cars, and they were less expensive than they would have been if there had been 10 per cent more workers in the motor work force.

"But it was absolutely devastating to those thousands of workers ground out of the force if they did not have the aptitude or education to be promptly employed elsewhere. And the same thing has happened in lots of other industries. From all these facts, many people jumped to a quick conclusion: The new machines were the villains. . . .

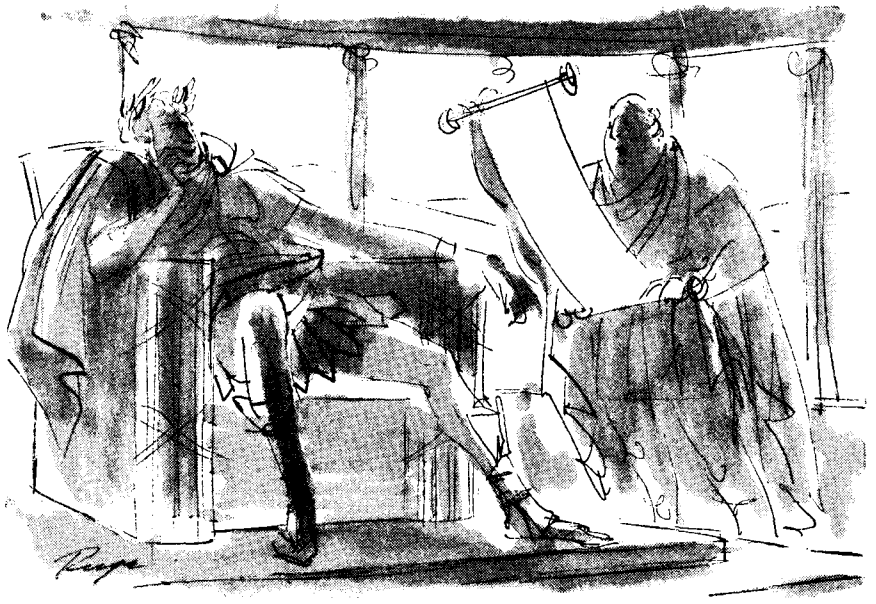
"Underlying all the commission's subjects of inquiry, I believe, was this basic question: Do automation and technological advance represent a major threat to employment in the decade ahead and therefore require inhibiting controls or other action by the federal government or by someone else? As you can imagine it was not a simple question to resolve. . . .

"Despite a frank recognition of the problems of technological change, the answer to the question of controlling technology in one way or another was no. . . . And that answer, I submit, is the heart and center of the report's significance—significance to business, significance to labor, significance to the nation as a whole.

"Ever since the Luddite riots in England in the early nineteenth century, when angry workers destroyed the new textile machines which were putting them out of work and lowering their wages, some people have wanted to hobble automation and technological change by some sort of licensing or control process. Most of us in industry instinctively oppose such a process, believing it would put a brake on our national economy and perhaps destroy the magic ingredient that makes America the leading industrial nation of the world. As a matter of fact, most of us must automate or die, because our customers are demanding and getting better and better products at ever lower prices.

"So we believe automation is good. . . . And its validity is reinforced by the fact that in the past twelve months, with automation proceeding apace, unemployment at long last has fallen from its 5 per cent plateau, and now appears about to break the barrier of 4 per cent."

Possibly the best evidence that automation creates employment is IBM itself, under the direction of Watson. In 1946, at the start of the postwar era, the company had gross revenues of $115,000,000, a work force of 17,000 employees, and a relatively modest overseas operation. As 1967 opens the company looks back on the biggest year



"The report ends with a few minor budgetary details, and the usual petition against air-pollution signed by five hundred and sixty-six citizens of Pompeii."

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since it was founded by Thomas J. Watson, Sr., fifty-three years ago.

During 1966 IBM had gross revenues of about $4.2 billion, had 200,000 employees, a market value of about $20.7 billion, was the ninth largest corporation in the United States, and earned a net profit of about $521 million for 327,000 stockholders. This vast enterprise included 75,000 employees at work in sales offices, manufacturing plants, engineering laboratories, service bureaus, and other facilities in 102 countries, earning a gross income of well over $1 billion. Of the estimated 23,000 computers now on order in this country or abroad, 81 per cent will be procured from IBM.

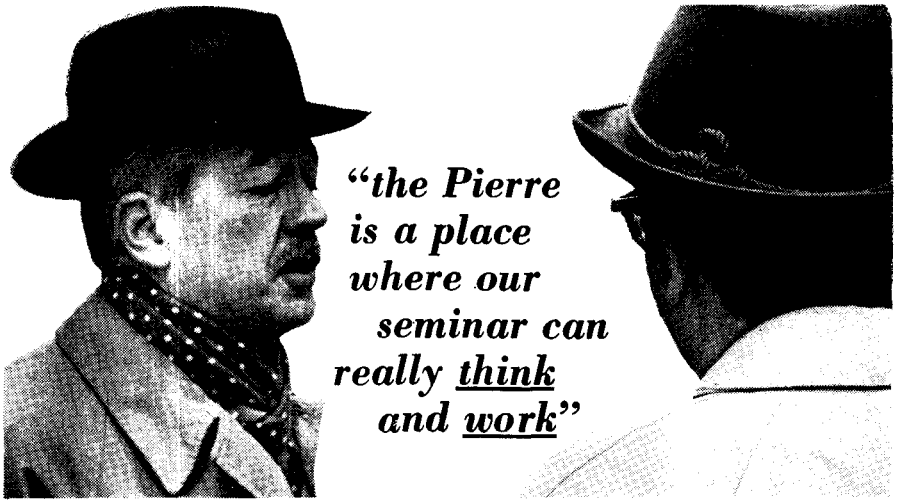
This unprecedented dominance of an industry was consolidated in the decisive, dramatic decade of growth since 1956 when Thomas J. Watson, Jr., succeeded his father as chief executive and assumed full control of an enterprise ready for change and expansion. The celebrated centralized monolithic management of the founder was no longer suited to the modern tempo of a company changing from electro-mechanical calculators to electronic computers and also diversifying the rest of its product line, including typewriters, dictating equipment, modern learning materials for schools and colleges, and data processing supplies.

WATSON, typically, moved boldly to restructure the corporation. Between the spring and fall of 1956 he met with two senior colleagues to develop a new corporate blueprint. They ended up with a management chart with 110 empty boxes in it. They then selected from within the company the candidates to fill these boxes, and in a single, three-day session with the startled executives at Williamsburg, Virginia, turned the monolith at one stroke into what Watson describes as a "modern, reasonably decentralized organization, with divisions, with profit responsibility, and clear lines of authority." There was confusion for about six months, Watson recalls, but then things got better and have been getting better ever since.

It was with similar sweeping boldness that IBM designed and introduced in 1964 an entire new family of computers, the famous 360s, that not only made all of IBM's own equipment obsolete but was so revolutionary in the concept of total integration that it turned the entire computer market upside down and greatly reinforced IBM's leadership.

An expert skier, sailor, and pilot—he served in the U.S. Air Force for five years during World War II—Watson applies himself to the direction of IBM with the same sort of trained skill, vigor, and concentration these sports require. The core philosophy of IBM is superiority—

(*Continued on page* 95)



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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Expression of the Negro Experience

HERE we have three books concerned with the Negro in American literature. *Black on White* (Grossman, $4.50) is a compact study by David Littlejohn, a young (born 1937) scholar and critic, of what American Negroes have written. The strength of the book, it seems to me, comes from the fact that Littlejohn has been able to examine a mass of work with an unspoiled and unweary eye. This is not an easy thing to do, for much Negro writing is painful in more ways than one. "A white reader," he says, "is saddened, then burdened, then numbed by the deadly sameness, the bleak wooden round of ugly emotions and ugly situations; the same small frustrated dreams, the same issues and charges and formulas and events repeated over and over, in book after book." Not many Negro authors have been artists enough to breathe life into this sad and sodden material.

The author sees little Negro writing of literary importance before the publication of Richard Wright's *Native Son* in 1940. He gives Paul Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson, Charles Chesnutt, and W. E. B. Du Bois their due, but does not exaggerate their importance. He says one thing that needs saying: "William Edward Burghardt Du Bois has had the posthumous ill fortune to be memorialized since his death (in 1963, at ninety-five) for only the final and possibly least reputable stage of an epically long and various career. Only in his last years, in unhappy African exile, did he accept the relatively doctrinaire Marxist position the Du Bois Clubs represent." Littlejohn also takes a skeptical but not hostile look at the writers—Alain Locke, Claude McKay, Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer, and others—who contributed to what was so cheerfully hailed in the Twenties as the Harlem Renaissance.

In discussing postwar literature he talks about LeRoi Jones and a few other dramatists and such poets as Gwendolyn Brooks and Robert Hayden. But chiefly he is concerned with Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, and James Baldwin — "three very large men, painfully different and independent, each sick and atypical in his own American way." He sums Wright up in two remarkable sentences: "He is gigantic, unlovable, unequivocal, humorless and artless, monolithic; and necessary. His voice was and is a *necessary* voice, crude and unpleasant like a siren." Ellison's *Invisible Man* he admires greatly, as do I and many other readers; but he finds the second half, about the Brotherhood (*i.e.*, the Communist Party), dull: "All this dates, it dries, it cracks." I disagree, but that may be a matter of age. As for Baldwin, Littlejohn describes accurately the compulsions that drive him, and he sees the power in *Another Country* as well as the faults. He also points out that Baldwin is "the most powerful and important American essayist of the postwar period, perhaps of the century."

Most other Negro novelists of the past twenty-five years Littlejohn finds inept, though he praises work by Owen Dodson, Gwendolyn Brooks, and especially Ann Petry. In the end he warns us against taking at face value such phrases as "the Negro experience" and "the Negro writer." Yet he recognizes that there is some unity underlying the diversities, and he makes his own conjectures, not too pessimistic, as to what "the Negro experience" may in the future contribute to American literature.

Images of the Negro in American Literature, edited by Seymour L. Gross and John Edward Hardy (University of Chicago Press, $6.50), covers more territory than the Littlejohn book—literature about as well as by American Negroes. It contains fifteen essays, most of which have already appeared in books or in periodicals. In considering literature by Negroes, the volume, like Littlejohn's, passes rather quickly over earlier writers to concentrate on Wright, Ellison, and Baldwin. The chapter on Wright is James Baldwin's "Many Thousands Gone," one of several pieces in which he tried to come to terms with a man who had had a great influence on him. Robert Bone, writing on Baldwin, makes some interesting comments on the relationship between Wright and the younger man, but his discussion of *Another Country* is superficial in comparison with Littlejohn's.

The more impressive part of the book concerns the treatment of Negroes in fiction by non-Negroes. For the early years of our literary history the record is dismal indeed, evidence not merely of prejudice but of blindness. One of the first writers of stature to try to see Negroes clearly was Herman Melville, and Sidney Kaplan offers a careful analysis of his work from *Typee* to *Moby Dick*. After *Moby Dick*, Kaplan argues—and, I am afraid, argues convincingly—Melville reverted to conventional views. Mark Twain is another crucial case, and the volume contains not only a suggestive passage from Leslie Fiedler's *Love and Death in the American Novel* but also an examination by James M. Cox of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. There is a brilliant chapter, both just and generous,

79 "Black on White," by David Littlejohn; "Images of the Negro in American Literature," edited by Seymour L. Gross and John Edward Hardy; "American Negro Short Stories," edited by John Henrik Clarke
81 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey
82 "History of My Life," by Giacomo Casanova
83 "Héloïse," by Elizabeth Hamilton
84 "The Journals of David E. Lilienthal: Vol. III, Venturesome Years 1950-1955"
85 "The Man Who Grew Younger and Other Stories," by Jerome Charyn
86 "King of the Two Lands," by Jacquetta Hawkes
87 "Notes of a Hypocrite," by Christiane Singer
87 "The Collected Works of Jane Bowles"
88 "Africa Addio," by John Cohen
90 "The Politics of Conservation," by Frank E. Smith
92 "The Secret Rulers," by Fred J. Cook
93 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

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from Irving Howe's critical biography of Faulkner, and there is an essay on Eudora Welty's Negroes by John Edward Hardy, one of the editors of the collection.

American Negro Short Stories, edited by John Henrik Clarke (Hill & Wang, $5.95), contains thirty-one stories, going back to Paul Dunbar and Charles Chesnutt and coming down to LeRoi Jones and Ernest Gaines. About a third of the stories center in conflict between Negroes and whites, sometimes violent, sometimes not. Of these the strongest is Richard Wright's "Bright and Morning Star," crude but powerful. Another third emphasize the hardships of the Negro people in both South and North. I have been touched by several of these, particularly Arna Bontemps's "A Summer Tragedy" and Ernest Gaines's "The Sky Is Gray." If there are few stories of distinction, there are not very many that fall below what we think of as the general level of short-story writing today.

In his summing up David Littlejohn says: "The Negro writer has, in addition to every writer's burden of mother, father, frustrations, nightmares, and shames, burdens all his own, imposed by America, that he has to deal with or be dishonest—which is to say, or not be a writer. (All things considered, it is astonishing not that there are so *few* Negro writers in the United States, but so many.)" There are more than most of us know about, and if some of them seem compelled to tell the old story over and over again, others are finding new things to say and new ways of saying them. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1223

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1223 will be found in the next issue.

GFMHCF UP HJJ FRSFCKCELFL

SYHS CFXAECF RFM OJUSYFL.

—SYUCFHA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1222

For an idea to be fashionable is ominous, since it must afterward be always old-fashioned. —Santayana.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Prenatal Research

Rabbi Weisberg's dissent [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Dec. 24] from my review of Cardinal Bea's *The Church and the Jewish People* [*SR*, Dec. 3] illustrates vividly the difficulties in the way of dialogue. He closes his letter with the charge that Cardinal Bea is "apologetic and less than honest," this on the basis of the elapsed time between Father Eckert's inquiry into the matter of Blessed Little Simon "published in *Studi Trentini di Scienze*, No. 44; 1915" and the Church cancellation of the observance in 1965. Rabbi Weisberg allows no possibility for 1915 being a mere typographical error, or else an allusion to a folio page or paragraph; abstaining from first ascertaining the facts, he speaks sarcastically of the "mere fifty years," that is, the interval between 1915 and 1965. But Father Eckert was born in 1926, the date given in his and Ehrlich's *Judenhass—Schuld der Christen?*, published in Essen in 1964. (Father Eckert gave me a copy this past summer.) Rabbi Weisberg has here done Cardinal Bea an injustice.

Rabbi Weisberg is indignant that Cardinal Bea does not recapitulate the history of persecution. Does Rabbi Weisberg not know who Cardinal Bea is? Must every book on Christian-Jewish relations go over this ground again? Did he not note the passage (p. 8): "The sole purpose of this little book is to offer a succinct statement of the document," that is, the Vatican II Declaration on the Jews?

Samuel Sandmel.

Cincinnati, O.

Conversion from Conviction

As a Jew turned Unitarian, I find it difficult to accept the analogy which Harry Schwartz draws in his review of *The Jews of Silence* [*SR*, Nov. 26] between what I have done and what he deems "hiding" on the part of Russian Jews. . . . Certainly I would assure Mr. Schwartz that I am not hiding my Judaism. I have seen fit to become a Unitarian out of a deep commitment to a way of religious thinking and to principles and concerns which are espoused by Unitarianism Universalism. I think Mr. Schwartz's implication that Unitarians who come out of the Jewish tradition are seeking to escape into conformity with a Christian society misses completely the lack of such conformity which Unitarianism Universalism has in American society historically or at present.

Robert Edward Green.

Boston, Mass.

Source Original Tablets?

Harry M. Orlinsky commends the recently retranslated *Jerusalem Bible* [*SR*, Dec. 3] as having been made "directly from the original text." It would have been enlightening for this "original text" to have been identified. Perhaps, a tablet or two etched by the finger of God!

Robert B. Keyes.

New York, N.Y.

Professor Harry M. Orlinsky is "not happy with the scarcely correct rendering of parts of the first verses of the Bible: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' . . . Moreover, there is considerable evidence to indicate that it was a powerful 'wind,' rather than a 'spirit' that moved over the watery chaos."

The Hebrew phrase is *Ruah Elohim*. Interestingly, all other passages in the Pentateuch mentioning *Ruah Elohim* (Gen. 41:38; Ex. 31:3; Ex. 35:31, Numbers, 24-:2) refer to Spirit and not *wind*. On the other hand, in the instances of the locust plague (Ex. 10:13) or the quail (Numbers 11:13) we do not find the phrase *Ruah Elohim*, but "God *drove* an east wind" or "a wind *went forth* from God."

One should perhaps also take into consideration Professor W. R. Albright's remark in his *Archaeology of Palestine*, p. 235: "Sometimes the new evidence supports time-honored interpretation against modern conjectural innovations. Thus in Gen. 1, 2, the words "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" have been taken by some modern scholars to mean that a mightly wind (literally "wind of God") blew over the water of the primordial ocean, while other scholars, taking their cue from Phoenician mythology, have rendered "And the Spirit of God brooded (like a nesting fowl) on the water" (hatching life from chaos). Several passages in the Aqhat Epic neatly confirm the meaning suggested by Deut. XXXII, II, "to soar over like an eagle (vulture)"; it thus becomes certain that we must render Gen. 1, 2 "And the Spirit of God was soaring over the surface of the water."

Sidney B. Hoenig,
Professor of Jewish History,
Yeshiva University.

New York, N.Y.

Poet with Honors in Hartford

I write to correct the statement in the review of *Letters of Wallace Stevens* [*SR*, Nov. 19] that the poet died "loaded with honors and degrees from everywhere but Hartford." On June 9, 1955, Hartt College of Music, then situated in Hartford, granted Mr. Stevens the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities. . . . In spite of illness, Mr. Stevens felt so strongly the appropriateness of recognition by a college of music that he insisted on attending the commencement to receive the degree in person.

Moshe Paranov.

W. Hartford, Conn.

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New Look for the Campus Bookshop

"WHERE are the books?" a freshman at San Jose State College, California, asked manager Harry Wineroth as he stepped into the Spartan Bookstore for the first time, surveyed the profusion of merchandise, and wondered what had become of J. D. Salinger. Indeed, where were they? For the record, Spartan sells more than a million dollars' worth of books a year, by no means all of them texts. It stocks upwards of 8,000 trade paperbacks, best-sellers, even children's books. But Joseph College ('69), son of Joe College ('37), had a hard time finding them. What he saw was curled horsehair (stocked for a course in upholstery), insignia-laden beer mugs, pennants, stuffed animals, leotards, and sweatshirts.

Manager Wineroth has since seen the error of his ways. Today he tours the country under the auspices of the National Association of College Stores, preaching the gospel of the book. With NACS President Edward Howard, from Montana State College, and Doubleday's Anchor Books editor Pyke Johnson, Jr., who is known on the team as the anchor man, Wineroth lectures to gatherings of college store managers on the importance of being academic.

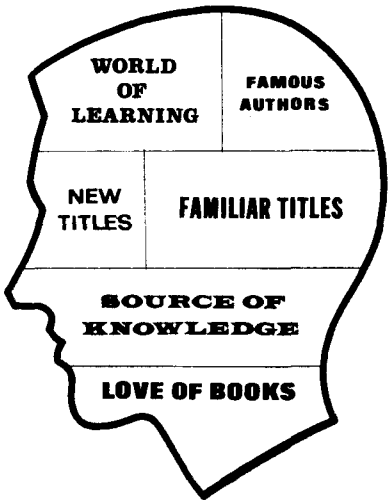
And well he might. Until the Harvard Co-op opened its new, four-story annex, its books fought for floor space with trusses and bicycles. Today, under its own roof, the book department stocks more than 40,000 titles, boasts air conditioning, escalators, and a hundred employees. Many campus stores now segregate text from trade books in an effort to lure students into a selling area that carries twice the profit margin. Down at the University of Miami, for example, the entire second floor of the college store is set aside for browsing. A thick pile carpet deadens extraneous sound, and students are invited to take off their shoes, sit on the floor, and read.

If one excludes religious bookstores from the total, college outlets today sell more books at retail than all other shops put together—about $250 million worth in 1965, an increase of 83 per cent in five years. (College enrollment during the same period jumped 56 per cent.) A large proportion of this total sale is in trade or "quality" paperbacks, and store managers are discovering that the non-required titles make the difference in their business.

"It's precisely the fact that a choice exists that gives us the extra leverage," one of them reported. "Seventy-five per cent of our sales volume in this category is accounted for by only 25 per cent of our trade book stock. But we need the non-movers to create the proper atmosphere." Add to these the "recommended" and "supplementary" lists given to students by professors, and the choice is truly staggering. The books may not be as visible as they could be, but they account for two-thirds of all merchandise sold in campus stores. This is a lesson that trade publishers are beginning to take seriously.

"Browsing appears to be a major influence on purchase decisions," the magazine *Moderator* discovered in a buying-habit survey of its subscribers. (*Moderator* goes to the top-ranking, or egghead, students.) The average student in the sample bought twenty books during the academic year, including texts. Of these, twelve were not related to his courses of study, and eight of these twelve were paperbacks. "Browsing and free-choice purchases account for some 40 per cent of the [college book] market," *Moderator* concludes.

WHAT the student picks, in terms of titles, is a clue to his interests—and a key to his future tastes. Not surprisingly, Ian Fleming has been the most bought author on campuses recently, although Albert Camus is big with the "in" group. Ayn Rand, who is popular with the new campus conservatives, works out to half of Fleming and two-thirds of Camus, while Truman Capote ranks with Bel Kaufman quite a bit down the line. Capote was just one-third as popular as Fleming in the *Moderator* survey, but this was before he gave his party at the Plaza.



College egghead, *circa* 1967.

"Imagine a turnstile in Blackwells!" Dr. Henry Steele Commager told a convention of college store managers last year. "The students would burn it down." (For the benefit of nonbibliophiles, Blackwells is the famous bookstore in Oxford, England.) Not at all. A good deal of the new look in bookstores is in their adaptation to American "convenience merchandising": self-service, gift-wrapping, piped-in music to soothe the buying reflex—and turnstiles. Some twenty-six college stores currently sell more than a million dollars' worth of books a year, and all of them are supermarkets at heart.

The National Association of College Stores would like to see this dollar figure boosted; but they plead the case for stocking books rather than less essential items. The problem here is not always with the store manager, but with the college business office, which is concerned with a different set of books. Yet the old image of the campus store as simply a depository for texts, or a place where the student can load up with insignia, is passing. You no longer speak of the basement store, but the "lower cultural level." Stores are achieving individuality—the Igor Beaver Book Shop at the American River Junior College, in Sacramento, California; the Pirate's Den at Orange County College farther south. The Nebraska Bookstore in Lincoln provides free campus bus service to its front door. And publishers are abetting the fight for culture with some gimmicks of their own. As part of its Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective series, the William B. Eerdmans Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan, sells 18"x 24" "pin-ups" of Hemingway, Flannery O'Connor, T. S. Eliot, Peter DeVries, and Robert Frost. "Let the intellectual compete with the Batman crowd" is the Eerdmans cry.

The Gothic Bookshop at Duke University is completely separate from the college store, and does not even handle textbooks. When the shop was opened ten years ago fumed oak paneling was installed and an antiquarian bookman brought over from England to run it. Manager Jeremy North auctions books (sometimes at a loss) as a means of making collectors out of Duke students.

The store is a solid addition to the cultural life of the campus, yet for all its charm it is probably not the college store of the future. Americans tend to be uncomfortable in "bookish" surroundings and the bookstore of the future may be modeled after the wild cultural détente that is taking place in the campus supermarkets. In which case Joseph College will feel right at home.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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All Europe Was His Seraglio

History of My Life, *by Giacomo Casanova, translated from the Italian by Willard R. Trask (Harcourt, Brace & World. Vol. I, 349 pp. Vol. II, 330 pp. $7.50), is the first installment of an ambitious new Englishing of the famous memoirs based on the manuscripts that the Venetian adventurer left in his family's possession. Robert J. Clements is vice president of the International Association for the Study of Italian Language and Literature, whose secretariat is located in Casanova's home-town.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

GIACOMO CASANOVA de Seingalt (1725-98) had many talents proper to the eighteenth-century man of distinction. With his diamond knee buckles and immaculately powdered wig, he commanded attention and silence on entering a crowded salon. He argued with great men of the Enlightenment on such varied topics as Voltaire, Hobbes, the *Pandects*, and the theater. His glance or his tongue could deflate bullies, swindlers, upstarts, clerics, and husbands. He knew instinctively on seeing a woman for the first time, as a current subway advertisement for hair dye puts it, "Does she or doesn't she?" If his insight came up with a negative answer, this only whetted his appetite the more, and his lust for maidens was famous even in the infamous age of Sade. His scanning of potential female partners penetrated external appearances. Never was this better demonstrated than by his unquenchable flame for a Venetian castrato named Bellino. Doggedly suspecting that Bellino must actually be a female, he pressed his suit at the risk of experiencing pederasty. However, his intuition had not let him down. When he finally bedded Bellino, the castrato turned out to be a lovely girl quicker than a transformation in a fairy tale by his neighbor Gozzi.

Casanova's memoirs will fill more than 4,000 pages when this newest English version of them is completed. At the rate of one liaison every score of pages or so, this would promise about 100 to be recorded. What drove Giacomo on? None of the usual psychiatric explanations of satyriasis seems to fit his case. Perhaps it was a desire to excel, as other clever men in his age wished to be its principal astronomer, encyclopedist, or slave-trader. Perhaps it was conformism in a period when promiscuity was, in La Chaussée's phrase, a *préjugé à la mode,* victimizing Casanova as it did that lesser rake mentioned in his memoirs who "has a mistress, but only for form's sake, as he is very fond of his wife."

Perhaps the simplest explanation is that Casanova was in love with love. He could write, "Alas for those who think that the pleasure of Venus is worth anything unless it comes from two hearts which love each other and which are in perfect concord." With this conviction, he was fortunate to find women seriatim with whom he believed himself in love and achieving that perfect accord. On many of these occasions there was mention by him of marriage—*presto* rather than *sostenuto*. This thunderclap of love was mutually experienced by the procession of ladies he encountered, quick to abandon mothers, governesses, husbands, and lovers to dart like guppies (Dr. Kinsey's metaphor) into Casanova's silken net.

Granted his charisma and even his stamina, Casanova's vaunted seductions strain our belief. Are we reading fiction, a novel for which Giacomo could find no better hero than himself? Or are we really reading an autobiography? Do philanderers get into as many scrapes and fantastic situations as Casanova? Did Giacomo actually once find himself unknowingly playing footie with his own teen-aged daughter? Our skepticism is reinforced by the coincidence that eighteenth-century fiction so often took the form of first-person picaresque novels whose structure and substance resembled closely those of these alleged memoirs. One remembers that the Inquisition of Venice accused Casanova of "getting the better of the credulous." Are these pages then merely a convincing fiction by a worthy rival of Crébillon *fils*, Choderlos de Laclos, La Morlière, and Restif de la Bretonne?

—*Beltmann Archive.*

Casanova—"with taste and a flair."

One harbors a grudging admiration for a beloved rogue who created such happiness for so many women. It was all done with taste and a flair. No Hogarthian swilling, no sadistic whips and needles, no betrayals of a Don Juan, and no spider-weaving of a Laclos. With a touch of envy we share the life of this boudoir sportsman who gets along by his wits, wanders about the Continent enjoying its pastimes, is welcomed by lofty noblemen and prelates, and in Voltaire's phrase gorges on "the whipped cream of Europe."

Casanova planned to favor us with his life story until 1797, but death prevented the fulfillment of this plan, and his lively chronicle closes with the summer of 1774. The manuscript had almost as many vicissitudes as its composer. The memoirs were kept intact by his younger sister's grandson until 1820. The latter then offered them to the German publisher Brockhaus, who issued a twelve-volume edition in German (1822-28). The first edition in the original French was plagued by censorship, coming out gradually in Leipzig, Paris, and Brussels. Alterations and faulty editing distorted this version. After an American bomb endangered the manuscript in Brockhaus's underground bunker, the whole project was begun *da capo*. In 1960-62 Brockhaus and Plon published jointly the original autographs Willard Trask has now put into English. Trask's translation is animated and his notes are excellent. The reader may await the five additional double-volumes, sure of not being disappointed as he follows Casanova's flamboyant career into Poland, Bohemia, Spain, and elsewhere. After all, did not Giacomo acknowledge that all Europe seems to be "a seraglio maintained for my pleasure"?

With Fingering Hand

By John Frederick Nims

TEN thousand cigarettes from now,
As many drinks away,
I may forget—"O honey, hush!
Let sleeping lovers lay."
Let sleeping lovers *lie*, my dear,
"I know as well as you.
But here's a love that's out of rhyme.
Can't even that be true?"

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All for Love of Abelard

Héloïse, *by Elizabeth Hamilton (Doubleday. 234 pp. $4.95), interprets and analyzes the ideas and behavior of the participants in a classic romance. Now retired, Orville Prescott was for many years book critic on the New York Times.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

HELOISE and Abelard's may be one of the most famous of all love stories and one of those most often told. Nevertheless, few cultivated readers know much about that brilliant and grievously unhappy couple. There are two reasons for this. The majority of the books about them, with the exception of Helen Waddell's excellent novel, *Peter Abelard,* are not only long since forgotten but they never were notably attractive. Moreover, in spite of Abelard's books, and the pair's eloquent letters written in Latin, reliable facts are scanty. So there should be a place for Elizabeth Hamilton's scholarly and well-written biography, *Héloïse.*

This is a good book, but an oddly personal one. Miss Hamilton has plunged deeply into the strange world of medieval scholastic philosophy and canon law and has visited every site associated with either Héloïse or Abelard. She writes with authority. But some of her accounts of her own journeys and of present conditions in various places in France seem almost irrelevant. Her long, involved speculations about her doomed lovers go beyond commenting on their ideas and behavior; they are theoretical elaborations, critical analyses, and guesses about implications.

Some of this interpretation is obviously necessary. Héloïse and Abelard lived according to concepts and customs unknown to most of us today. They were both brilliant students of the classic literature then available. They were philosophers and deeply devout. Consequently, when they use a particular Latin phrase it may have a meaning that needs pointing out. When they defend an idea there may be all sorts of possible reasons which are not immediately apparent. Miss Hamilton is quite eloquent in her commentary, but methinks she doth comment too much. Some of the facts require nothing more to be said. Parts of Héloïse's letters are so eloquent or so passionate they can stand alone.

Abelard, who was vain, proud, boastful, and insufferably egoistic, did not really deserve to be loved by a woman as nobly generous and self-sacrificing in her devotion as Héloïse. Abelard was a great and original religious thinker. But he did not understand human nature or much care about anyone except himself. Héloïse cared only about Abelard. She wrote:

> A woman should know that she is selling herself, who marries a rich man more readily than one who is poor; and who desires in her husband anything other than himself.
>
> It was not a vocation to the religious life but your bidding alone which made me submit as a young girl to the austerities of the cloister. If from you I deserve nothing, then my labor is indeed vain. For I can expect in return no reward from God, since it is certain that to this day I have done nothing for love of him.

Héloïse as the abbess of a convent founded by Abelard could not and did not want to forget her love: "When I ought to be lamenting what I have done, I sigh for what I have lost. . . . I am young and passionate and I have known the most intense pleasures of love—and the attacks directed against me are the fiercer in that my nature is frail."

She was a good and much admired abbess. She played her role as a nun ably and conscientiously, but she did not change: "At every stage of my life (God knows this) up to the present time I have feared to offend you rather than God, sought to please you rather than Him." Since Héloïse believed profoundly in God and in rewards and punishments after death such a declaration is still enormously moving nearly 800 years later. No wonder that Héloïse's love for Abelard has never been forgotten. Miss Hamilton's book by its emphasis on the nature of the intellectual world in which Héloïse lived makes her love seem greater than ever.

—Bettmann Archive.

Héloïse and Abelard—"philosophers and deeply devout."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

HARK! HARK!

Peggy Kelbley of Zanesville, Ohio, reminds us that some of the greatest lyrics of the language are embedded in Shakespeare's plays. Here are the first lines of fifteen lyrics that she thinks will be a lark for you to assign to their respective plays. Check your inspirations on page 88.

When daisies pied and violets blue ( )
The ousel-cock, so black of hue ( )
Tell me where is fancy bred? ( )
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ( )
O mistress mine! Where are you roaming? ( )
Take, oh, take those lips away ( )
When daffodils begin to peer ( )
Where the bee sucks, there suck I ( )
Fear no more the heat o' the sun ( )
Blow, blow, thou winter wind ( )
Fie on sinful fantasy! ( )
Love, love, nothing but love, still more! ( )
In youth, when I did love, did love ( )
Who is Silvia? what is she? ( )
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree ( )

1. *As You Like It*
2. *Cymbeline*
3. *Hamlet*
4. *Love's Labour's Lost*
5. *Measure for Measure*
6. *The Merchant of Venice*
7. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*
8. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
9. *Much Ado About Nothing*
10. *Othello*
11. *The Tempest*
12. *Troilus and Cressida*
13. *Twelfth Night*
14. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*
15. *The Winter's Tale*

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From Capitol Hill to Capital Gains

The Journals of David E. Lilienthal. Vol. III. Venturesome Years 1950-1955 *(Harper & Row. 647 pp. $11.95), carries the former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission's memoirs through his initiation and success in the world of big business. Richard D. Heffner, a historian and communications consultant, is professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University.*

By RICHARD D. HEFFNER

AFTER a long and brilliantly successful career in public service—capped by a historic tenure as chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority and then of the Atomic Energy Commission—David E. Lilienthal at midcentury and midlife decided to resign from the government and to make a new career for himself in the world of business. This gentle, persuasive man's account of rebirth and self-discovery is quite as readable, as pungent, and as quotable as his earlier record of the TVA and AEC. To the professional historian it is perhaps not so important, for this extraordinary man's odyssey into the Land of Capital Gains can't quite be made to rank with his former battles for the Public Weal.

And yet, even when they do not immediately touch upon public events, the inner thoughts, musings, feelings of guilt and aspirations, the personal conflicts and confusions, the flights of fancy and rationalizations of great men do ultimately comprise the very stuff of history, as does this Journal.

> Although the particular events of these years were unique to me [Mr. Lilienthal writes], the emotional crisis I underwent is not unique; indeed it is a human experience shared by many men: the need to make a new beginning in their lives.
>
> When I left the AEC in 1950, I faced the necessity of reconstituting my life. Most men encounter this problem sooner or later. Their lives are radically altered, by their choice or by chance. They are plunged into new circumstances. For a young man, adjustment is natural and sometimes easy, and of course many young men actively seek such changes. For older men, the experience is often a disaster. They do not "adjust." Their creativity is ended. They cease to function.

In 1950 Lilienthal was neither young nor old; and, far from being predetermined, his path was more to be broken than revealed. Nor was his success or his choice of business—indeed, Wall Street business—accomplished without frequent pangs, whether of conscience or of intellect, although his rise from bureaucratic "rags" to capital gains riches was incredibly rapid.

In December 1950 he wrote: "Am I unhappy and restless about not being 'in the government' when so much is going on and so few people have my experience, etc.? At moments, yes. Sometimes I read about the names in the news and I have an unworthy flutter. But most of the time I'm relieved, relieved that I don't have to go through that agony and yet am out of it honorably, with service stripes that justify my being on the sidelines." More importantly, there was the painful self-questioning about serving Mammon. "Great doubts came over me. 'What am I doing here?' Thoughts of alternatives. Mental pictures of . . . telling them all what they could do with this clay."

But the answer is here, too, though accepting it is admittedly a matter of faith:

> My purpose in this . . . venture is, of course, to make a good deal of money. But there is another purpose, and one that really induced me to try the role of businessman before I really believed any such opportuntiy as this one was more than a come-on.
>
> The real reason, or a chief reason, is a feeling that my life wouldn't be complete, living in a *business* period—that is, a time dominated by the business of business—unless I had been active in that area . . .
>
> Perhaps part of the answer is in the picture I have of myself as wanting to interpret my times. That is the kind of "memoir" I'd like to write. And to do this, about a time when business is so important, and an understanding of men of business so essential, the thought seems to be that you must associate with them, get to know all kinds of the species, and yourself share the life, or what you say won't be authentic.

Coolidge had said that "the business of America is business," and Lilienthal set out to participate in it and to learn it. But there is more to this perceptive diarist's notes by far, much to cull from them about the events and people of recent times. One recalls here—almost with a physical sense of surprise and disbelief—the enormous psychological impact and burden of the Korean War, and the intense fear of Armageddon it engendered in many of us, so clearly did it appear to be the harbinger of World War III. Nor are Lilienthal's own reactions to the war without relevance today. His entry for 28 November 1950 reads: "For weeks I've been fuming about these bitterly partisan bastards in the Republican camp who have been pushing our sons into a ten-year war with China . . . the news now begins to look as if they have ruined our last chance of avoiding a war with China. It makes me sick clear down to my lowest gut. It is a sad wretched ugly picture. . . ." Shortly before that he had written: "Can't help thinking of David [his son]—and a lot of

(*Continued on page* 94)

"While stalking wild animals be as silent and cautious as you'd be before announcing a two-for-one common stock split."

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A Good Place to Grow Up Absurd

The Man Who Grew Younger and Other Stories, *by Jerome Charyn (Harper & Row. 193 pp. $4.95), tells of the traumata of childhood in the Bronx during the Second World War. Samuel I. Bellman, who writes frequently on contemporary literature, is professor of Language Arts at California State Polytechnic College in Pomona.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

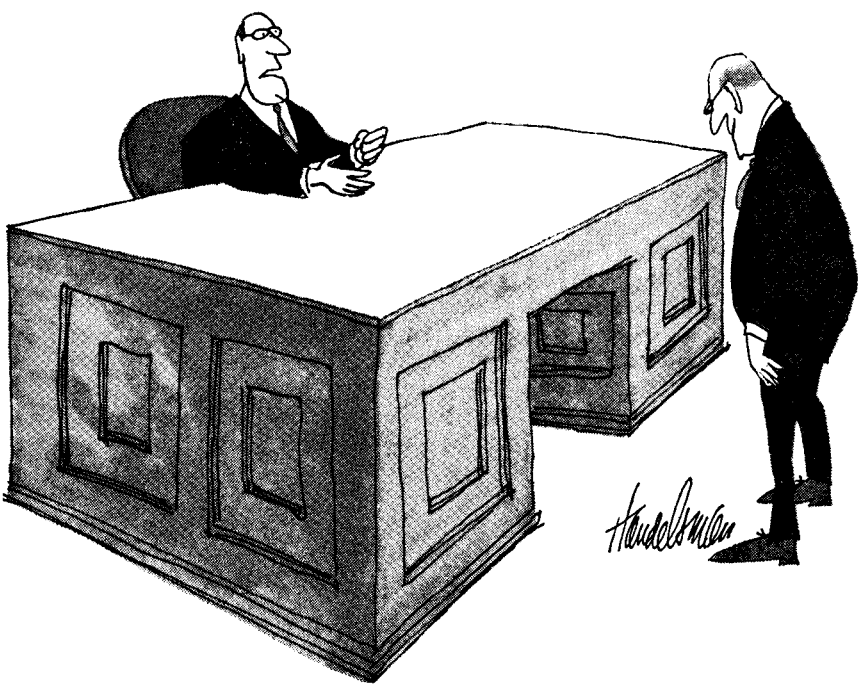
RHYTHM is one important key to the enormous effectiveness of these seven glimpses into the lost world of the Bronx in the early 1940s, rhythm lashed on by fury and graced by all manner of strange delights. Jerome Charyn's New York, which is conveniently sketched in a two-page map at the beginning of the book, is filled with hardened Dead End Kids, bewildered parents, hazardous streets and parks, and a brooding sense of doom. A good place to grow up absurd, perverse, traumatized, and somehow resilient enough to withstand the blows of adult life—if only one can survive. There is a freshness and yet a face-slapping impact in these stories that one won't find in most slick or academic magazines, and it is also this quality of differentness that makes Charyn's collection unusually forceful and artistically successful.

By far the best story is the long "opener," a war memoir called "1944." From his rich and rare fund of childhood memory (Blake's "When the voices of children are heard on the green" is the book's epigraph) Charyn has fashioned a hair-raising tale of two little boys, aged seven and nine, who are able to withstand every outrage the nightmare world uses to try to destroy them. Their father is recently dead, killed in the South Pacific. Their frantic mother works long hours in an impossible sweatshop. Their uncle Max, who appears periodically to torment the boys, is a sadistic bully masquerading as a righteously indignant shopkeeper. The neighborhood kids, sensitive to ethnic and social bonds, are in most cases ready to do violence to the brothers, unless some talismanic name is involved for protection. Nine-year-old Lippy, reacting in his own way to his father's death, becomes a thief and a truant. What redeems the whole situation from cataclysm is the never-say-die resourcefulness of the two boys, the deep love they have for their mother, and the shrewdness and hypnotic gusto of their aged grandfather, who dances black gloom into inexplicable happiness. Old Chassidic dancing songs and parodies give rhythm and meaning to his ceremonial capers, and to the bleak life of the bereaved family. Somehow, then, things are not as bad as they seem. The story ends with a love feast: "*Essen, mir gayen essen . . .*" Surely, "1944" is one of the very finest stories of 1966, deserving a first or at least a second prize in the upcoming annual awards collections.

Next best is "Imberman," which deals with an imbecilic but gifted weight-lifter in the Crotona Y. Building his story on the neighborhood rivalry of the Jewish and Catholic boys in the Bronx, the author uses as his narrator Siggie, a Catholic boy who was oddly drawn to the Jews, and particularly Imberman (the same device was used in Charyn's second novel, *On the Darkening Green*). Years after Imberman has been mentor and guide to Siggie, the Imberman influence persists. "In my dreams he always appeared at a moment of crisis and managed to save me from all sorts of disasters." Finally Imberman turns up in an Adult Center English class Siggie is teaching. He wants to be a writer, and he leaves with Siggie a fantastic pile of manuscript (nearly 2,000 pages) full of almost unreadable gibberish. Later it is brought home to Siggie, and to the reader, that this morass of pencilings contains a remarkable kind of poetic wisdom and revelation. "'Evry Age nedes a Robin Hoode.'" "'A bad Dream is worse then the Fluu. You never really recover.'" "'The Devil is lonelie sometiMes Too.'"

"Faigele the Idiotke" is a moving story about a retarded girl lured to her death by sadistic neighborhood boys, who taunt her (her name means little bird) to fly off the tenement roof in pursuit of a pigeon. "Farewell! . . . Farewell! . . ." presents the impasse of a returned war veteran with combat fatigue who is rejected by his kid brother for coming home cracked up instead of being a big war hero. He solves the cul-de-sac in the only way open to him, by taking his life. "Sing, Shaindele, Sing" is about an Irish songstress who becomes "the Molly Picon of East Broadway." Ravished and exploited by all manner of men, she yearns for her former protector, Notte, to save her from further misery. Over a hundred notes to Notte, but he never comes to the rescue. "Most of the letters come back."

Charyn's New York is land of horror, brutality, and lurking evil. There is a strange forlorn quality to his stories, which seem like realistic representations of the lower depths of a cruel, teeming metropolis. Redemption comes, if at all, only through a fierce determination to survive, a rhythm of resistance, and a passion to communicate one's fears and wants. Perhaps someone who is not an enemy may be listening after all, and may even be able to do some good.



"You know what hurts, Parvin? It's not that you've been selling secrets to our competitors; it's the sneaky way you've made us all believe you were stupid."

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The Dreams of a Man-God

King of the Two Lands, *by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random House. 288 pp. $4.95), reconstructs in fiction the life of Egypt's iconoclastic pharaoh Akhenaten and his beautiful queen, Nefertiti. Nicholas Samstag's books include "Come and See My Shining Palace" and "Bamboozled."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

THE HERO of this book was once the navel of the world to his priests, to his people (who spread themselves across a sea and into two continents), and to himself. "We must look back upon him," says J. H. Breasted, "not only as the world's first idealist and the world's first individual but also as the earliest monotheist and the first prophet of internationalism—the most remarkable figure of the ancient world before the Hebrews."

Amenophis IV, later and more famously called Akhenaten, seems to have been all of that; but he was also narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and pot-bellied. In Jacquetta Hawkes's novel he is a sick and unhappy man and, at the end, a lonely and defeated one. As a self-worshiping man-god, cursed or gifted with a vaulting intelligence, he is doomed to frustration and sorrow. In *King of the Two Lands* he believes so fully in his own godhead that he drives from him one of the most beautiful women of ancient times, the exquisite Nefertiti (whose sculptured head is among the loveliest to survive from antiquity). Her one sin is to love her lord as a man when he demands also to be adored as a god. Aside from his conviction of his own divinity, Akhenaten is the very soul of realism, dedicated to *Ma'at,* described by Breasted as "a sincere acceptance of the daily facts of living in a simple and unconventional manner . . ." and the first patron in history to encourage that manner in art.

It is hard to believe that Akhenaten died before he was thirty years old, so deeply did he carve his cartouche into the all-too-friable stones of history, religion, and the arts. But Jacquetta Hawkes suffuses the opening pages of her historical romance with the premonition of his early death, a personal death against a great world background of death—for the empire of Egypt was then a land in fief to Osiris and to the dark, animal-headed gods of the underworld. The youthful Amenophis goes through three macabre experiences: not only is he forced to play the noxious lead as Pharaoh's heir apparent in the beastly, underground ceremony of Min, but he is also seized by a hallucinatory attack during which, jerking and yammering, he communes in a disc of blazing light with Aten, the sun god; finally, he visits the funerary city of Abydos, where he is shocked and infuriated to discover how the mourning families of the dead are being plundered by the priests.

The author, who is J. B. Priestley's wife, has written nine books of her own and collaborated on another with her husband. Her interests are largely historical and archeological although one of her books is a novel set on a mythical Pacific island. This, her second novel, is almost successful, a sort of near-myth.

It certainly tells the story, describes the setting, evokes the mood of its period. With Amenophis we meet and are enchanted by the ivory child, Nefertiti, and we even suspend our disbelief over her portrayal of an ethereal early relationship between these divine cousins. We wonder at the courage and originality of the iconoclastic pharaoh and at the vastness of his plans as he challenges the vicious Ipy and his priesthood of Amon. We appreciate the boldness of Akhenaten's attempt to establish a universal solar monolatry and we marvel at his dream city of Akhetaten, financed by the revenues of the whole empire from Syria to Nubia and beautified in the new, naturalistic way by the art of Bak, Dhutmose, and many others. We even witness the petulancies of the god without losing respect for the man. And when our Lord of the Sun is defeated by destiny in his desperate, almost successful attempt to turn the great Suppiluliuma, King of the Hittites, back from his conquests of Egypt's peripheral possessions, we grieve for Akhenaten and for the subsequent tragic decline of all his hopes and achievements. We are even a little sympathetic when he turns spiteful and directs his minions to chisel the name of Nefertiti out of his temple walls.

But we are involved largely because this is a great story, told truly and in a straight line (as a historian *should* tell a story), rather than because the characterizations catch us up and take us within themselves. Unfortunately, as someone else has said about something else, many of the people in *King of the Two Lands* are rather like pulpits waltzing, especially the royal people. In their great moments they speak pieces as if they were on stilts and wore masks; and there are too many encapsulated lessons in theology too thinly disguised as conversation, too many little lectures on the customs, fauna, and economy of Egypt and her neighbors. And the minor characters too often sound either like bogus Shakespearean grave-diggers and lackeys or like the prattlers in detergent commercials.

Jacquetta Hawkes—"a great story, told truly, and in a straight line."

The descriptive writing is by far the best part of the book: a new-born infant is "exquisite and hideous"; the Princess Tadukhipa's arrival from Mittania to be the golden-brown baroque pearl of the harem is like something by Tchaikovsky; Akhenaten is made to say to the leonine Suppiluliuma, "Why should men emulate lions? They may have a vain pride like the kings who admire them, but I have never heard that they do more than make an ugly din and grow an excess of hair on their necks."

In short, the tale of Akhenaten, Nefertiti, their seven daughters, and the evils that surround them forms a pretty romance and a weird cliffhanger combined, which, for all its dire ending, can bear a lot of retelling. We, the Amalgamated Buffs of Ancient Egypt, are delighted to welcome another and, on the whole, a rather affecting exhibit to the club library.

Santa Fe

By Ernest Kroll

WHILE iron cast in Spain
Rings Christ across the plain,
Dry bells of pepper pods
Whisper of other gods.

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Memories and Fantasies

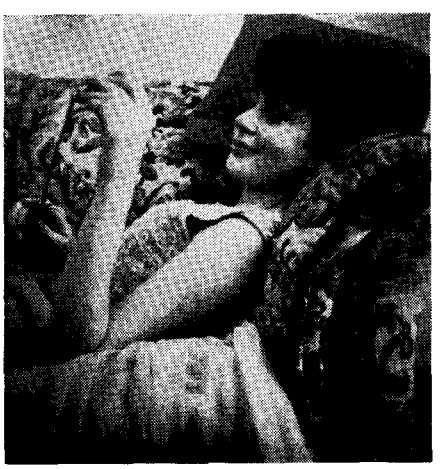
Notes of a Hypocrite, *by Christiane Singer, translated from the French by Robert Baldick (Dutton. 120 pp. $3.95), invites the reader to guess which of the youthful author's reminiscenses and portraits are real and which are imaginary. Laurent LeSage teaches French at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

"NOTES of a hypocrite"? Let's say, rather, notes of some fay-like young novelist making faces and assuming poses in front of a mirror. Is it real what the narrator tells us about herself: her relationships with women, her love affair, her childhood and adolescence? Or is she making believe? Her accounts are so airy that much of them is surely improvisation. Probably she did know Madame d'U, the woman with the "decomposite past"; Mary, who one day leaned out of the window to spit on a gentleman's hat; Zenta; and the lovely girl she calls her sister. But Poune, in the gallery of portraits, is frankly painted from hearsay, and all the others seem more or less victims of the author's little machine. There are machines, she tells us, into which you thrust a pig, and out come sausages; she pushes her friends in and words come out, words that mockingly distort the subjects.

This teasing young author invites us to guess how much of what she says is real. Not that it actually matters. Perhaps she never did give a full package of cigarettes to a tramp hunting butts or her corsage to a street-walker—the gestures, even if only imaginary, are charming. The family house in the Carpathians with the winter and the wolves is admittedly a fabrication. (But can we trust her either when she announces she is fibbing?) Her grandfather's desertion of his family is a felicitous final stroke to the group picture, not to be believed, perhaps, any more than her uncle's suicide, which closes the account of her childhood days on a farm in Austria. All her memories of this time are at least half-lies. Doubtless there was a Russian soldier who remained on after the war, because of love for the innkeeper's daughter. But the author did not really see this poor woman run screaming through the streets, her great mane of hair on fire. She merely remembers how women who collaborated were punished at the Liberation.

How bored our narrator seems, alone in her room with just her mirror and her word-machine to entertain her! If only out of indulgence towards such a pretty girl, we allow ourselves to be spoofed, look impressed when she affects attitudes of worldly wisdom, marvel at the extraordinary words, the images, paradoxes, and apothegms that pour out of the little machine. Often we are honestly impressed. Yet it all becomes a little wearing and, even though the image of a whimsical creature no longer a child but not yet a woman is always appealing, and girlish confidences, from the *Sarashina Diary* to Françoise Sagan, are hard to resist, we may be just as glad that this nonchalant narrator mislaid the "tailpiece" she had set aside to end her novel and stops quite abruptly.



Christiane Singer—a mirror and a little word machine.

Women Out of This World

The Collected Works of Jane Bowles *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 431 pp. $6.95), contains all the published writings of an author who deals principally with women separated from the mainstream of existence. Patricia MacManus is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By PATRICIA MACMANUS

IN HIS introduction to Jane Bowles's collected writings Truman Capote speaks of "the never-realized relationships between her people," and, to my mind, this is about as close to a central issue as one can get in attempting an over-all view of this writer's hauntingly —sometimes tantalizingly—oblique art. Her characters drift into one another's orbits, their lives fugitively overlapping but rarely joined in even an illusory permanence; singleness and separation from the mainstream of existence seem, ultimately, to be their natural condition. Given the off-center world created by Mrs. Bowles, I wouldn't know whether or not she's making a personal "statement" about life—and I don't really care, because the particular illumination she sheds takes its light from the how of her highly personal vision much more than from the what of its content. It is a vision that brims with a truly original sensibility and a wonderfully eccentric humor, wedded to a style that dazzles by its artful ingenuousness.

All of Jane Bowles's published work is brought together in this volume, and it's astonishing how self-perpetuating a reputation she has won with so limited an output: a novel, a play, seven short stories. But perhaps not so astonishing in terms of her artistry at its best, which is most of the time. Of the stories, to get rid of the debit side, two are disappointingly negligible, and a third, "A Quarreling Pair," strikes me as almost a stylistic self-parody. The remaining four reach an apex of excellence in "Camp Cataract," a long tale which is spun out, filament by filament with the phantasmal quality of a spider's web. Here, as in all of Mrs. Bowles's writings, women are the pivot of attention; in this instance, however, as in several others, not just as women but as females whose credo is manlessness and whose way of life is defensively asexual (though with hints of the homosexual).

The principals are two middle-aged sisters whose intertwined lives have been stranded on a reef of neuroses, and who are as dolorously comic as they are pitiably eerie. One of them, through some atavistic impulse, secretly schemes to move towards "the outside world" by taking fleeting vacations in a mountain resort, not in order "to make an unseemly dash for freedom," as she explains to her mannish waitress-friend at Camp Cataract, but in the expectation that

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she'll come to feel. "Camp Cataract is *habit*, Camp Cataract is life, Camp Cataract is not escape. Escape is unladylike, habit isn't." The sister left at home, sensing and fearing a subversion of their insulated existence, makes a desperate visit to the camp, triggering a hallucinatory experience of tragic outcome and thus rounding out a living ghost story.

The naturalistically surrealist overtones that permeate Jane Bowles's work come to full flower in her play and her novel, in both of which reality and the absurd meet head on and the most banal actions assume allusively dreamlike connotations. Themes merge, then re-emerge to glide off in varying directions with scarcely a nod over the shoulder. So you could say that *In the Summer House* is a play about a love-hate dependency between a mother and daughter; or you could also say that it's about a group of psychological drifters; or about the nameless fears that impel an uneasy kinship among people who exist peripherally. Again, the message seems less important than the artistry that manages to translate cryptic relationships into a poetic drama of the emotions and the wryly comic.

The element of the absurd is everywhere present in *Two Serious Ladies*,

and so is the comic; in fact, it's a very funny novel—a kind of daymare about two eminently respectable women who, each on her own, break loose from long-fixed patterns of living and plunge into bizarre experiences which they see as epitomizing the rich, full life. Their odysseys, which have only the most tenuous connection, involve brothels and bars, one abandoned companion, one abandoned husband, one found boy-friend, one found girl-friend, and a grabbag of further assorted capers too numerous—and mystifying—to mention. What it's all meant to signify I haven't a clue; but it's funny as a crutch and twice as supportive for the falling-down blues.

Whatever you're about, Jane Bowles, why don't you write more?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4, 8, 6, 9, 13, 5, 15, 11, 2, 1, 7, 12, 3, 14, 10.

Dark Side of the Dark Continent

Africa Addio, *by John Cohen (Ballantine. 320 pp. Paperback, 95¢), based on the film of the same name, conveys not only the outbreaks of savage violence in the emerging nations but the shortsightedness and cruelty on the part of colonial powers that made it inevitable. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer who specializes in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

LAST July, when I returned from my annual business-pleasure visit to East Africa, I ran into the usual group of otherwise knowledgeable friends who expressed their astonishment that I had somehow contrived to come back in one piece. It must have taken real spunk, they told me, to have made that safari (a word which evidently strikes them as carrying a fittingly venturesome ring).

No less vain than the next person, I find it rather fun to bask in my image as a latter-day Allan Quartermain, although I make no effort whatever to nourish or even encourage the hilarious notion. But it's a singularly tough one to dispel, because what has put it into my friends' minds in the first place is the reputation enjoyed (or rather endured) by modern Africa as the land where you're never entirely free from the peril of being hacked to pieces by demented savages. This idea first took hold with Mau Mau in the early 1950s, gained added respectability when the Congo caught fire, and by now has achieved the lofty stature of Common Knowledge. Certainly one would be hard put to disprove that many parts of Africa have been wracked by nightmarish convulsions over the past few years. That most of the continent happens to be as safe and as tranquil as Bronxville on a Sunday morning (and infinitely more friendly) is something we tend to lose sight of, if we ever knew it at all, thanks to the heart-of-darkness identity which events—with an overzealous assist from news media and popular fiction—have thrust on that anything but wretched land.

This notoriety, I think, is likely to become even more firmly imbedded in the public mind with the forthcoming release of a wide-screen spectacular called *Africa Addio*. I have just come from a sneak preview of the movie and am pleased to report that the producers, Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi, have lost none of their touch as masters of the morbid since they gave us the revoltingly delightful *Mondo Cane* several years ago. For *Africa Addio* is a real blast, a curious compound of the glorious, grisly, and goofy. (It includes, among other things, the sickest "Italian joke" I have ever heard—all the more grotesque because it actually happened.) The ostensible purpose of the picture is to show that the Africa we all once knew and loved as the personal playground of Tarzan and Trader Horn is dead, and that the continent is now writhing in the agony of a political rebirth unimaginably excruciating in its brutality. In selling this idea, the movie drew a protest from the young lady who accompanied me. "It makes you hate all Africans and all whites," she said. *Africa Addio* also oversimplifies outrageously and often misleads (in one or two places I found it downright fraudulent). Yet despite all this, the thing somehow comes off—stunningly—and anyone who fails to see it will miss one of the genuinely superior documentary films in motion picture history.

Why? Go see it and find out. I'm not supposed to be writing about a movie, and I haven't yet mentioned another *Africa Addio*—the book written to help promote the picture—which is also an eye-opener. Especially if you fancy reading about things like the removal and disposal of human genitalia during live dismemberments, to mention just one of the book's innumerable detailed elaborations on the art of making people uncomfortable before they depart this vale of tears. In other words, not exactly bedtime reading for Junior and Sis. But if *Africa Addio* were simply an endless recital of bestialities, published to swell box-office receipts by stimulating the relish for sadism that purportedly lies dormant within all of us, I wouldn't be troubling to review it. (Hell, I wouldn't even have finished it.) As it happens, author John Cohen has managed to do more than fulfill his obligation to the producers by strewing limbs and entrails across the book's 317 pages. He has also come up with a conscientious and very useful examination of Africa's present-day turbulence that struck me as superb narrative journalism.

Cohen draws a broad diagram rather than a fastidious blueprint, retracing several centuries of shortsightedness and iron-fisted cruelty on the part of several

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"master races"—not excluding Africans—which made virtually inevitable the excesses of mindless vengeance perpetrated when millions of long-oppressed black peoples suddenly found themselves "liberated." But past misdeeds on the Dark Continent are hardly news, regardless of how readably set forth. I think *Africa Addio*'s real contribution is its less than subtly implied contention that many of the most frightful outbreaks could have been contained and perhaps even averted had it not been for the all but Olympian stupidity of the Western ruling powers. One or two items might help to illustrate this viewpoint. Describing a high-level meeting of African nations in 1960, Cohen mentions "a full minute of absolute, shocked silence" when the conferees learned that Belgium, in her panicked abdication of responsibility in the Congo, had announced immediate independence for that colony—without having trained a single Congolese for any administrative post above the level of clerk. The dirtiest war this side of Vietnam might not have taken place, he suggests, if Portugal had refrained from trying to relieve her own population pressures by sending 120,000 white racist farmers into Angola between 1950 and 1961. "It was this sudden influx of whites," says Cohen, "that gave the last critical impetus to the African rebellion, for the Africans suffered every time a new white entered the country."

In the chapter on Britain's presence in Kenya there is the weird episode in which Captain Richard Meinertzhagen predicted Mau Mau with dreadful accuracy, fifty years ahead of time; there is an astounding sequel in which an ostensibly enlightened colonial government laughed off the same officer's warning (Meinertzhagen was by then a colonel) even after the atrocities had commenced. Hardly less dense was British behavior on Zanzibar in 1963. Fully aware that the island's overwhelmingly African population was seething with revolt as a consequence of having been tricked out of any valid political voice, Britain nonetheless handed Zanzibar over to an Arab-dominated minority party. This faction managed to hold precarious sway for thirty-three days, at the end of which a full-scale massacre of Arabs raised the curtain on a revolution that has since produced one of the most uncompromisingly Draconian police states in the world. (Zanzibar's "union" with Tanganyika, forming the republic of Tanzania, would be an uproarious political farce if it weren't so tragic.)

Blame for Zanzibar's emergence as the Cuba of Africa, incidentally, isn't laid exclusively on the doormat at No. 10 Downing Street, and Cohen is to be commended for the lambasting he gives U.S. policy for its sorry role in this af-

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fair. "Zanzibar may now be a Communist stronghold. [May be!] If so, this is largely the fault of the British and the Americans. Karume [one of the more restrained leaders of the revolt] requested British recognition immediately after he took over the presidency. It did not come; neither did American recognition. Karume asked again several times . . . after the majority of the population had clearly evidenced the revolutionary government's popularity. Still it didn't come. . . . This lack of support from the very nations that Karume needed to assert a moderate influence . . . certainly made it easier for the Communists to take over." Zanzibar, to be sure, is a flyspeck as islands go, and our leisurely pace in recognizing its newly formed government (we eventually got around to it) isn't likely to touch off World War III. But, when considered alongside our historically—and perilously—myopic willingness to permit an ever-growing fanatical extremism in Red China simply because we won't acknowledge that country's formal existence, Cohen's account of the State Department mentality in action on the East African coast becomes a bit chilling, to put it mildly. The book's most worthwhile service may well be the light it throws on our generally flaccid and hypocritical African policy; this comes across with particular impact in the chapter on South Africa.

Africa Addio isn't quite all politics. Worth the price of the book in itself is the chapter that describes how a vast poaching industry is threatening the last of Africa's wild game with imminent extinction. (Poaching in Africa represents one of those rare evils against which the force of world-wide indignation might actually be effective.) But for the most part the power struggle dominates the action: all its chicanery and savagery—and not infrequent episodes of honor—are unfolded in the swiftly-paced style of a top-flight professional reporter.

Weaknesses? Yes, indeed. Many names of people and places are appallingly misspelled, and haste in getting the book out is no excuse. As in the film, Cohen tends to portray whites and Africans alike as exaggeratedly ogreish. And of course there is that overweening preoccupation with violence—by far the most serious defect. Granted, it would be juvenile to imagine that accounts of burgeoning industrial, agricultural, educational, and health programs and similar dreary activities would help to sell tickets to the movie, and selling tickets, after all, is the book's *raison d'être*. However, in failing to make even token acknowledgment of admittedly slow but nonetheless impressive economic and social progress everywhere on the continent, Cohen tells only half the story. But, like the picture, the book is warmly recommended despite its faults.

Legislating to Save the Land

The Politics of Conservation, *by Frank E. Smith (Pantheon. 338 pp. $5.95), recapitulates the boondoggles and deals and pork barrel legislation that have led to reclamation of our ravaged and neglected land. Conservation is one of Wallace Stegner's principal concerns as a Saturday Review editor-at-large.*

By WALLACE STEGNER

"THE LAND was ours before we were the land's," begins Robert Frost's acute poem; and because we controlled it without the guidance of any "land ethic" developed through generations of living with the same earth, and because we thought its bounty infinite, we raided it ruthlessly for more than 300 years. In an important sense the history of the United States is the history of how American attitudes toward the land have changed, or begun to change, from exploitation to management, from ruthlessness to respect, and from waste to conservation.

That change began early, in the consciences of men who deplored criminal recklessness, and it has been accelerated by accumulating consequences—erosion, floods, deforestation, dust bowls, failing soil productivity, water shortage, pollution, and a pervasive and lamentable ugliness. Jefferson, the Bartrams, Crévecoeur, Audubon, Thoreau, George Perkins Marsh, John Wesley Powell, John Muir, Aldo Leopold, and dozens of other farsighted men contributed the philosophic base for a responsible treatment of our resources. The practical implementation of their ideas precipitated bitter fights, which quickly erupted into politics; thus out of the pork barrel, out of compromise, eventually out of attempts at systematic planning, has come an imperfect, belated, and sometimes contradictory body of legislation.

The Politics of Conservation is the record of that legislation, and of the conflicts and personalities that produced it. In this valuable history and indispensable reference book, Frank E. Smith makes no attempt to formulate or defend the philosophy of conservation. It is a sign of how far we have come that he can take that philosophy, or a substantial part of it, for granted, and concentrate on the practical politics that has brought it gradually into effect.

Beginning with the lighthouse authorized by the first session of Congress in 1789 and ending with the Water Resources Planning Act of 1965, Mr. Smith records how the United States has become more and more involved in public works and public planning. From an initial concern with transportation, the federal government has worked toward a dominant control of our land and water, both in and out of the public domain. Its original single agency, the Corps of Engineers, has proliferated into scores of bureaus, into government corporations of vast significance, such as TVA, and into hundreds of councils and advisory boards, some of them at Cabinet level. Grants in support of highway beautification, improved water quality, desalinization, and a great many other projects that would have appalled any nineteenth-century Congress total hundreds of millions of dollars every year, yet they barely begin the reforms that all agree are needed.

The federal involvement achieved respectability in the Geological Survey and other scientific bureaus stemming from the 1870s and later; it grew during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, with forestry and reclamation legislation; throughout the New Deal it continued to increase, reaching a climax during the 88th and 89th Congresses in the 1960s.

Few reading this history are likely to challenge the necessity of growing federal management. The evidence is all against both states-righters and advocates of unlimited free enterprise. Though there have been major state efforts, such as the Erie Canal built by New York and the water plan currently under construction in California, state

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intervention, in general, has been neither adequate nor sufficiently disinterested. State funds are limited, and state legislatures are easier to dominate than the Congress. Moreover, many problems extend beyond the boundaries of individual states. Thus even the traditionally states-rights commonwealths in the lower Mississippi basin sought federal action to restrain the river's floods; and, one by one, resource interests left unprotected by state law have been brought under control by federal legislation. Water problems in Western states inspired the Newlands Act of 1902, which established the Bureau of Reclamation. Through their greed the timber raiders brought about the system of national forest reserves. The cattle barons were the recognizable but unwilling fathers of the Taylor Grazing Act. All of the major river projects are the work either of the Corps of Engineers or of the Bureau of Reclamation, while the "little water" developments on high tributaries are the province of the Soil Conservation Service.

AS A former Mississippi Congressman who served on the House Public Works Committee, Mr. Smith, director of TVA, favors the course of conservation history, and he is not inclined to boggle at the way much of it was achieved. The Rivers and Harbors Bill, traditionally the instrument of the pork barrel, seems to him to have accomplished a great deal that would not otherwise have been effected. The Corps of Engineers, traditional bureaucratic beneficiary of that bill, seems to him in need of redirection, but not of condemnation. Mr. Smith suggests that much of the change in public attitude and laws has been the product of boondoggle and deal. Getting things even halfway done has made additional improvements easier, and now that federal involvement is accepted without question, the long-range planning that theorists have yearned for may come about. But, he adds, we should be suspicious of attempts to consolidate rival bureaus, lest we get a monolith.

There is validity in the argument. Action is education, a compromise bill is often better than no bill, a local project that smells of pork may nevertheless benefit the whole country, competition does often stimulate bureaus in good ways. And delayed as it is, we are in better shape—perhaps because of the pork barrel—to deal with the future.

Even so, some conservationists will regard Mr. Smith and his book with suspicion. He is project-minded, development-minded, to a degree. The people whom hydraulic engineers and state highway divisions call petunia pickers and barefoot nature lovers may demur at the suggestion that essentially our troubles will be over once responsible government planning matches gov-

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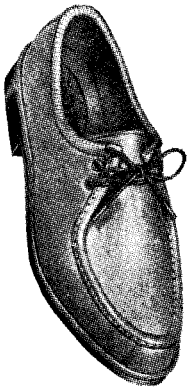

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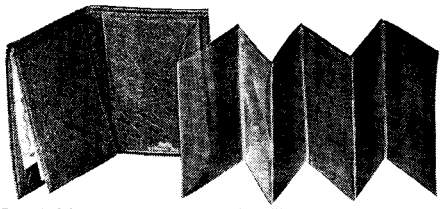

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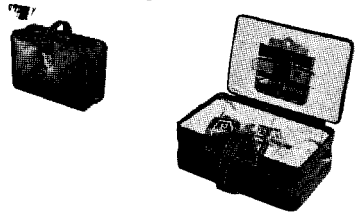

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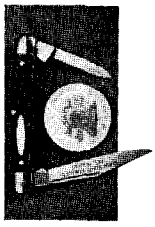

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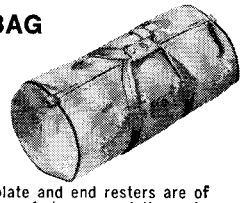

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ernment jurisdiction and concern. In fact, they see as much danger in government "development" as they would see in its private counterpart. They have spent more time in recent years fighting Reclamation and the Engineers than they have fighting private power or the lumbermen. And any of them would assure Mr. Smith that the "preservationists," whom he patronizes, have had a major role in forcing the American public to adopt a more responsible attitude toward land and water. It is not inconceivable that in future disputes over projects, these preservationists could find themselves opposing Mr. Smith.

Nevertheless this is an important book, and one that all conservationists and legislators should read carefully. If the author fails to admit that, having pushed the old car to start it up a hill, we have the obligation to steer and even to stop it, he describes with authority and clarity how we got it going.

The Business and Politics of Crime

The Secret Rulers, *by Fred J. Cook (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 373 pp. $6.95), documents the growth and corruptive influence of organized crime in the United States. Joseph Haas is an editor and staff writer for Panorama magazine of the Chicago Daily News.*

By JOSEPH HAAS

WITH his earlier study, *The FBI Nobody Knows*, Fred J. Cook performed admirably a long-overdue public service. After reading his exposé, only the most blind fanatics of the extreme Right would still be able to maintain the fiction that J. Edgar Hoover is a sort of third person in a new trinity of Americanism, just below God and Columbia. Because no one else had dared attempt it before, Cook's was an essential book, presenting much new evidence. The author made significant use of known facts: the arrogance, autocracy, and incredible bureaucracy of Mr. Hoover and of the agents who are indoctrinated to worship him in a dangerous personality cult.

Unfortunately, these virtues cannot be found in Mr. Cook's latest reportorial effort, *The Secret Rulers*. While this is a thorough history of the crime syndicate's operations in New York and New Jersey, with side trips to Youngstown, Ohio, and other points west, the book doesn't advance our knowledge of organized crime.

It is not completely just to fault Mr. Cook because he was unable to turn up startling new information about the Mafia as he was about the FBI. For one thing, it has been open season on the Mafia for generations, and just about anything that is written on it, fact or fiction, is published. For another, an Abe Reles or a Joe Valachi seldom comes along to try to tell all he knows about the Combination's operations. The Mafia frowns on informers, over the muzzles of .38-caliber revolvers or the din of dynamite blasts.

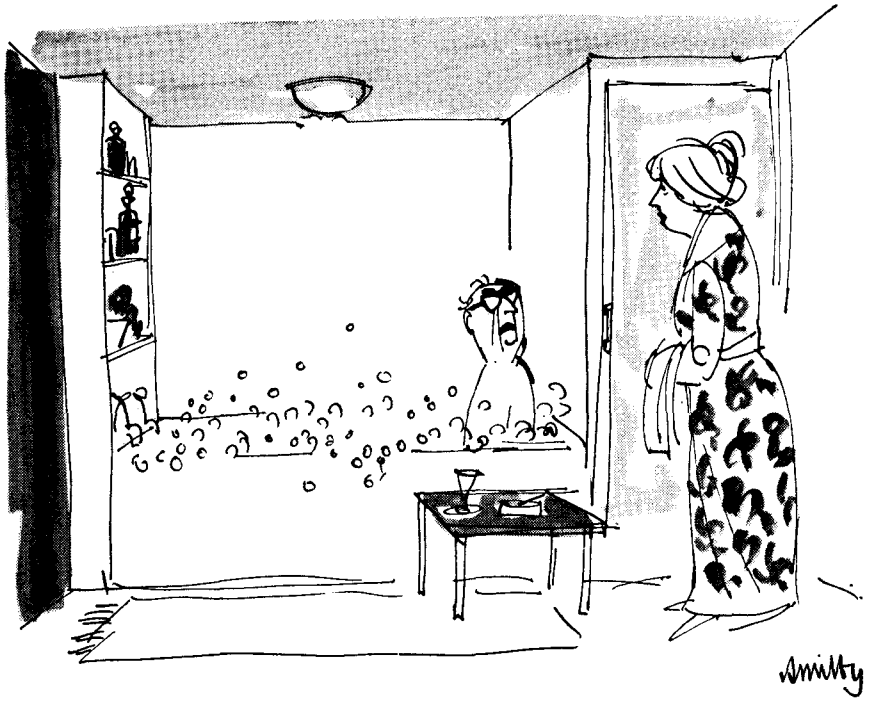
But, to justify another book on organized crime, Mr. Cook should have furthered our understanding of it somehow. And what does he tell us, beyond the cruel facts of the Mafia's history? That by utilizing perhaps half of its $9 billion to $11 billion annual take for bribery payoffs it corrupts thousands of public officials. That it is systematic, savage, often immune from justice.

What does Mr. Cook recommend to combat it? Stiffer penalties for bribes and removal of the statute of limitations on this offense; regular, mandatory income tax investigations of public officials; reform in political campaign financing. All certainly needed, and suggested for years by honest anti-crime agencies, but, because politicians make the laws, never significantly put into effect.

The book's organization and prose are competent; perhaps workmanlike would be a better word. As journalism *The Secret Rulers* is excellent except for Mr. Cook's frequent lapses into some of the crime reporter's weaknesses: Reles is described as a "squat, repulsive thug" but a photograph shows him as just another face in the crowd; Mr. Cook keeps speaking of the "enormity" of the syndicate's take when he means the "enormousness," and every ranking underling is some Mafia leader's "right bower" or his "right arm"; "quid pro quo" pops up everywhere to mean almost anything. Then, too, in this kind of work an index is essential if the book is to have continuing utility.

TO be sure, if you have not yet read a history of organized crime in the United States, Mr. Cook's book would provide a good starting point. Everyone should know how the syndicate works, how its moneyed tentacles reach into governors' offices, the courts, police departments, and city administrations. In this colorful, violent story one may follow the machinations of such figures as Lucky Luciano, Frank Costello, Joe Adonis, Vito Genovese, and other Mafiosi in the continuing struggle for power.

But if you have kept reasonably informed through earlier accounts of the business of crime and through revelations by Joe Valachi, Abe Reles and others before investigatory bodies, Mr. Cook offers little. It's a pity that a reporter with his skill as an investigator cannot find the backing to give him a real shot at attempting to bring members of the Mafia to justice.



"No it isn't a bubble bath—that's the way it came out of the tap."

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The Week's New Books

Anthropology

LAW AND WARFARE: Studies in the Anthropology of Conflict. Edited by Paul J. Bohannan. Natural History Press/Doubleday. $2.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE CRIMSHAW MEMORANDUM. By Lionel White. Dutton. $3.95.

HEDGEROW. By Florence Engel Randall. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

THE 9TH DIRECTIVE. By Adam Hall. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

SMILING THE BOY FELL DEAD. By Michael Delving. Scribners. $3.95.

TAKE MY LIFE. By Winston Graham. Doubleday. $3.95.

Economics

THE ECONOMICS OF POVERTY. By Thomas Balogh. Macmillan. $7.95.

Fiction

BELINDA. By Katherine Blake. Reynal. $3.95.

A CERTAIN ISLAND. By Robert Murphy. Evans. $4.95.

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE. By Ben Stoltzfus. Viking. $4.50.

RAKOSSY. By Cecelia Holland. Atheneum. $5.75.

THE SCORPIONS. By Robert Kelly. Doubleday. $3.95.

STORY TELLER. By MacKinlay Kantor. Doubleday. $5.95.

WHEREVER SHE GOES. By Richard Scowcroft. Lippincott. $4.95.

Government

LAWMAKERS IN A CHANGING WORLD. Edited by Elke Frank. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

History

THE COLONIAL EMPIRES: A Comparative Survey from the Eighteenth Century. By D. K. Fieldhouse. Delacorte. $8.

KASSERINE PASS. By Martin Blumenson. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

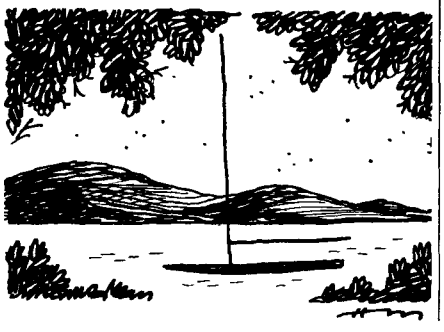
THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND JAPAN. By Raymond A. Esthus. Univ. of Washington Press. $7.95.

Miscellany

THE INVENTOR'S PATENT HANDBOOK. By Stacy V. Jones. Dial. $5.

READER'S DIGEST 1967 ALMANAC AND

(*Continued on page* 94)



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YEARBOOK. By the editors of *Reader's Digest*. Little, Brown. $2.50.

VICTORIAN JEWELRY. By Margaret Flower. Barnes. $15.

Personal History

A CHILD WIDOW'S STORY. By Monica Felton. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

RED AUERBACH. By Arnold Red Auerbach and Paul Sann. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Religion

AMERICAN BISHOP AT THE VATICAN COUNCIL. By Bishop Robert E. Tracy. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

THE CHURCHES' WAR ON POVERTY. By Lyle E. Schaller. Abingdon. Paper, $1.95.

NO OTHER GOD. By Gabriel Vahanian. Braziller. $4.

Science Fiction

COLOSSUS. By D. F. Jones. Putnam. $4.95.

WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN? By Clifford D. Simak. Doubleday. $3.95.

Sociology

EMPLOYMENT, RACE, AND POVERTY. By Arthur M. Ross and Herbert Hill. Harcourt, Brace & World. $7.50.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL TRADITION. By Robert A. Nisbet. Basic Books. $7.95.

Theater

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. By Denis Bablet. Theatre Arts Books. $7.75.

SEASON IN SEASON OUT 1965-1966. By Jack Gaver. Hawthorn. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 12

and he spoke up: "To me," he said—and as no one else happened to be talking at the time he had the attention of the entire table—"to me, being an American Consul in a place like this is a confession of failure—like being a ship's surgeon."

His friend nudged him, nodding his head toward the gentleman who sat at the further end of the table, and whispered, "Our host is the American Consul."

Kirby shook his head in the memory of that moment and laughed wryly. I joined him in laughter and said, "Rollin, you certainly can put your foot in it."

"Yes, Rollin," Bogart agreed, "yes. My father was a ship's surgeon."

—HOWARD LINDSAY.

Box Report

IT HAS BEEN a good season but not a great one for breakfast cereal boxes.

To dispose of worst things first, a recent issue of *Cheerios* (General Mills, 35¢) devotes its whole back panel to one of those special offers "only 35¢ and 2 Cheerios Boxtops." True, the premium is a "National Parks Coloring Book & Stamp Album," starring Tennessee Tuxedo and Chumley (sic) the Walrus. But this appeal to the already sufficiently cultivated acquisitive instincts of today's young people can hardly be said to show that enlightened sense of responsibility to which we should like the mass media to become accustomed. As for the box's major side panel (which is headed, WHY NOT TONIGHT?), the less said the better.

The new *Frosted Sugar Stars* (Kellogg's, 37¢) at least provides the reader with something to do besides sending in money. It effectively uses dotted lines to indicate where to cut out "Famous Folklore Folks" to "make your own folklore storybook." On the box reviewed, Johnny Appleseed and a dog are pictured in several colors. "Actual spoons are about 6" long," notes the well-subordinated premium copy.

The text of *Wackies* (General Mills, 37¢) includes "wacky" songs to such tunes as "London Bridge"! "That's the way the bird bath goes/My Kerblooey!" Surely these words bear a developmental relationship to "London bridges falling up, falling up, falling up,/London bridges falling up,/My fair pickle." The latter verses are not from a cereal box at all but from *The Silly Book*, by Stoo Hample. One need not be familiar with Hample, however, to recognize "Wackies" as the best new entertainment buy in the breakfast food department.

On the more serious side, *total* (General Mills, 37¢) would get my vote if there were a National Box Award in nonfiction. The lower-case title seems to me a harmless affectation. And most of the back panel is solid information on "the food you'll eat" in the future. "At this very moment, huge patches of microscopic plants and animals called *plankton* are drifting across the surface of the oceans," we are excitingly told. And: "When strained from the water, plankton has the marvelous flavor of lobster or shrimp." While some of us may have known such things before, seldom have they been presented in just this way.

Having dealt with only a few specifics of the season, I am prepared for the inevitable question from the casual visitor to a box reviewer's office: "Do you really read all these boxes?" Or its hilarious variation: "Read any good boxes lately?"

The familiar short answer is that one need not eat a whole rotten egg to know that it is bad. Once a box is selected for review, however, I read it all the way around. —RODERICK NORDELL.

Lilienthal

Continued from page 84

other Davids—spending ten years chasing Asiatic Communists all over, and being chased."

Lilienthal quotes General MacArthur's prescient comments on the Chinese when, some months later, he visited the Supreme Commander's headquarters:

> I am not one of those who believe that everything that is happening in China today is the result of Soviet villainy. That simply isn't true, and any policy of ours based on that notion will fail. China today can't be explained by saying it is a pawn of Russia, though of course some of the present leaders of the movement are just that, were trained in Russia, and all that. What is happening there today is the culmination of a long history, a long effort to unify China. The present regime has done that, and having done that they will prevail. They will stay with Russia only as long as Chinese interests, the interests of united China, coincide with the interests of Russia, and no longer.

There is a lighter side, too, to the Journals, and innumerable personal likes and dislikes are expressed. Dean Acheson is admired, more than most men; so, too, is General Sarnoff. Ed Murrow is adored, though a critical note about newsmen creeps in where appropriate. And for his television entertainment Sid Caesar's *Show of Shows* gets honorable mention, demonstrating the author's impeccable taste! Harry Truman is liked, albeit indulgently. And yet harsh memory is jogged by a Journal entry for 9 December 1950, where we read: "The President has done a terrible thing—sending another one of these inexcusably coarse and ill-tempered personal letters—this time, of all things, to a music critic who said Margaret isn't a great singer. Makes me sick, and makes it harder and harder to stand up for him as a man who has far more to offer as a statesman than appears on the surface. I worry that one of these days that badly controlled temper might set off World War III." There are other intriguing personal notes, too, such as "*à la* Nelson Rockefeller, the Eager Beaver to end all EBs"—and, after dinner, at Twenty One Club, "J. Edgar Hoover sneaked in, looking neither to right nor left, from a side entrance, going to a 'very private party,' as the headwaiter told me. It would be interesting to total the time the foe of juvenile delinquency and betting puts in at night clubs and race tracks."

But this is gossip only, hardly needed to spice one's appetite for the next volume and then the next of David E. Lilienthal's Journals.

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Businessman of Year

Continued from page 77

of people, of products, of service to customers.

Watson, a tall, graceful man of easy bearing and congenial manner, is deeply interested in education because he is convinced that the advance of automation will both demand and stimulate a rise in the educational level of the American work force. "I have seen it myself at IBM," he says. "In our domestic plants and sales force and headquarters, one person in three has graduated from college. One out of two has either a college degree or some college credits. In the past five years, the number of college graduates has gone up 87 per cent. And it is going to keep on that way."

HE also sees electronic machines entering American classrooms on a grand scale, relieving teachers of the drudgery of daily repetition, enabling students to learn at their own pace. Central banks of medical records for the use of doctors will speed up and improve patient diagnosis and care. The decision-making process in business will involve the computer not only in the keeping of records, but in handling current data on operations and on trends in the market. The computer—and through it, IBM—will become a basic tool in the daily operations of all businesses, and thus IBM will have to have teams of highly educated experts capable of programing computers to handle the most complex and specialized problems of any industry or corporation. With the mounting speed of the computer in storing, processing, and transmitting information, the shared-time concept will become an increasingly valuable aid to scholars (already a network offers the power of a central computer complex at MIT to scholars at fifty-one other universities throughout New England). Watson comments:

"From an industrial economy, in which most people work at producing goods, through our present service economy, producing services, we shall more and more become—the first in the world's history—a knowledge economy, with 50 per cent or more of our work force involved in the production of information."

This prospect brings out the humanist philosopher in Watson:

"Considering the industrial revolution of the West or the current industrial revolution of the East, can one not draw the conclusion that to give as many menial tasks as possible to machines is to dignify man and contribute to progress in the world? Of course, machines can do fast arithmetic and prodigious feats of memory, or even weave a carpet. With human programing, they will be able to recognize a human voice and to talk back. . . . But I cannot leap from these few facts to a conclusion that the Day of Judgment is at hand, that immortal machines will rule the world, and that people should start planning sanctuaries for the human species, like wildlife refuges.

"A machine could never conceive even the rude elements of the Magna Carta or the Constitution of the United States of America. A machine will never learn to contemplate a sunset, respond as live men and women and even children have responded to Hamlet or a Beethoven symphony, or the promise of a better life. To do these things you have to be human.

"Mankind has not been enslaved, but liberated, by the wheel and the book, the windmill and the saw, by steam, electricity, and the atom. Mankind will be not enslaved, but liberated, by the electronic computer and whatever technological wonders come after it. . . . To me, the great promises of the thing we call automation is that it may help us solve our one overriding global problem.

"Today, nearly one third of the world is hungry. Men still face the age-old problem of scarcity—of a grinding poverty which more and more splits the top half of the globe from the bottom half. . . . In the years ahead of us we've got to figure out some way to bring the power of the new machines into the fight, to wheel the arts of automation into the front lines of the battle against ignorance and scarcity and poverty and disease around the world.

"We cannot build a great society in the United States with a sea of deprivation about us, nor is this the President's intention. My one great hope is that we can unite the two worlds through a sharing of our technology."

WATSON is the kind of businessman-citizen, sensitive to the essential harmony between the public good and the private interest in our economic democracy whom *SR* regards as essential to the progress of our society and to the quality of life in America. On occasion, he quotes Henrik Ibsen: "I hold that man is in the right who is most closely in league with the future." In a time of historic change and challenge for this country, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., is, as he has said of America itself, "in league with a future of bright splendor."

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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Philadelphia Schubert, Met "Meistersinger"

IT WAS like having an extra holiday in the year-end week for "Philadelphia Tuesday" to follow Christmas Monday in Philharmonic Hall. Normally, such Tuesdays are evenly spaced through the fall and winter, but the long dispute about the musicians' working conditions delayed until nearly year's end the first collaboration in Philharmonic Hall of Eugene Ormandy and his peerless personnel (it was another orchestra of the same name which had appeared a few weeks before with guest conductor Lorin Maazel).

If one could speculate on the spirit in which, after an uncommonly warm welcome, Ormandy applied himself to the "Pastoral Symphony" from Handel's *Messiah,* the "Great" C-major of Schubert, and the Rachmaninoff Third Concerto with Emil Gilels as piano soloist. the essence of it might be: "You have got what you want. Now give me what I want." In the serene "Pastoral" it was a lush wash of orchestral colors to highlight Handel's landscape of shepherds and flocks in a way, probably, that the composer never imagined. In the D-minor Concerto it was a display of force, both controlled and unleashed, that one knew the composer himself had approved on the memorable occasion when they collaborated in a grand tour of all Rachmaninoff's works with, and for, orchestra.

But it was in the Schubert, which Ormandy had performed only once previously in New York (a performance I did not hear), that the orchestra under his unremittingly demanding direction produced something that even Schubert himself might not have believed possible —a sounding likeness of every note in that great score, of which, in even the best of circumstances, some must vanish in the gulf between articulation on stage and audibility in the audience. In an alphabet of interpretations, from Argenta to (S) Zell, Ormandy's had a plan of its own, a sonority and sheen decidedly individual; also a Schubertian profile more sharply etched than average, but not without resemblance to the subject.

In the dimension of time rather than line, it was quicker of step, more active of mood than may sometimes be the case. Brilliantly projected as it was, the issue of justice was rather precariously balanced through the first three movements. But the crux of the work remains its tremendous finale, and it can rarely have been performed with the variety, the impetus, and the sheer pleasure in its intricate patterning that Ormandy expressed through responsive personnel.

It is a part of musical lore that the London players with whom Mendelssohn attempted to organize the first English performance of Schubert's masterpiece broke down in laughter at the "interminable" repetitions of a basic rhythmic pattern in this finale. They would have lapsed into silent shame could they have heard the infinite care Ormandy expended on making every strand of its tapestried detail equally apparent, of relating that rhythmic pattern to the turmoil that raged in Schubert's brain, to produce a propulsive force which lasts long after the final chord has sounded. There are other values, of course, to a "complete" performance of the Schubert C-major—something few have ever heard— but this one set a standard in at least one decisive respect.

In most circumstances, anything that followed, even after an intermission, would have been a letdown. But the contrast of styles, from Schubert to Rachmaninoff, was so extreme, the order of effort nevertheless so consistent, that antithesis rather than anticlimax prevailed. Gilels does not have the order of muscular strength to match some other interpreters (Horowitz, of course, then Kapell, and Janis) but within his own limitations it was a performance of enormous fluency, great comprehension of structure, and a kind of inner identity with content which emanates from something deeper than an intellectual faculty. Master of means that he is, Ormandy moderated his own (possible) preferences on behalf of a single-minded purpose too rarely encountered in such literature. In all, it was a superb evening of orchestral effort which did exactly what the conductor intended: It affirmed beyond doubt that whatever delayed this collaboration of men and maestro, once resumed, it remains unique.

EVEN with Giorgio Tozzi unable, because of illness, to perform Hans Sachs for the first time when *Die Meistersinger* returned to the Metropolitan repertory, there was no lack of curiosity and interest as well as warm satisfaction in the present treatment of the company's most beautiful production (by O'Hearn). With Otto Edelmann as Sachs, Sándor Kónya as Walther, and Karl Doench as Beckmesser, there was a firm perimeter of purpose around the first ventures in important parts of three Americans. Of these, Jean Fenn as Eva and Mildred Miller as Magdalene had various kinds of achievements to their prior Metropolitan credit, but for Loren Driscoll as David it was also a debut.

By any standard it was an impressive achievement: by the particular path pursued by Driscoll—university studies, indoctrination at City Center, digression to such musical comedy roles as Freddy in *My Fair Lady,* and hard work abroad —it was an astounding outcome. He is, in the first place, a huskier looking apprentice than the average, quite capable of administering the beating that Beckmesser takes in Act II. The voice has a light *spinto* quality, but as *spinto* also means strong, this word characterizes Driscoll as a rare man-about-secondary-parts. He ascends easily to the A which gives some Davids trouble, looks cheerful and interested about the possibility of a romance with 'Lene, and is every bit a credit to Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, where he was born. His future should be as bright as the sound of his voice.

For my taste, neither Fenn nor Miller measured to the requirements of their roles. The former was as comely a daughter as any Pogner could wish, and as well behaved, but the voice does not stand up to the varied requirements of such a role. She does not support her soft sound too well, and when volume is required it tends to the strident. It is, in short, a product of diligent application to a part which is really not in her voice. She can be praised for the effort, if not admired for the result. Miller used her considerable background to get around another difficult singing problem. But the trimly boyish figure which makes her an ideal Cherubino in *Nozze di Figaro* hardly suits for the governess-type that 'Lene is supposed to be. It is also a tax on credibility when the supposed exchange of identities with Eva produces a pseudo-Magdalene half a foot taller than the real one, but wearing the "same" dress becomingly.

However, with so steady a conductor as Rosenstock to hold the lines firm, and Edelmann (not in best voice), Kónya (perfectly at ease), and Doench (vitriol masquerading as guile) completely in command of their responsibilities, this *Meistersinger* had solidity, mood, even atmosphere. Certainly, one could hardly ask for a better looking group of guildsmen than the one that included Ezio Flagello as Pogner, William Walker as Kothner, and Robert Goodloe as Nachtigall. To raise the order of achievement from creditable to distinguished—as this *Meistersinger* was when new — there would have to be more responsible attention to quality in all the principal roles, a regeneration of Nathaniel Merrill's action, and a larger investment of time in preparation than the Metropolitan is willing, or able, to expend on such projects. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Two Losers and Ten Best

BACK in what middle-aged movie critics like to think of as the good old days—probably because pictures then were rarely more than ninety minutes long—the plot of *Grand Prix* could be expected to turn up every year or so. During the Thirties, James Cagney, Clark Gable, Pat O'Brien, and Robert Taylor all took their turns behind the wheel of those fast little cars that broke women's hearts. The girls really loved their men, see, and the men couldn't understand why their lady friends were taking on so just because they happened to be risking their necks every Memorial Day at Indianapolis or some such speedway. But then something would happen, like best pal Frank McHugh burning alive in Cagney's oil slick, or crusty pit boss Jimmy Gleason getting crushed by a runaway tire. Suddenly, the hero would come to his senses and, after winning that last race at Indianapolis, would retire to a rose-covered cottage and Loretta Young.

True, the picture has not been made lately, and the wide-screen Cinerama process would seem the ideal medium on which to project the thrills of this asphalt jungle. But somehow, even though there are well over three hours of *Grand Prix*, nothing seems to happen. Not that there isn't plenty of story. Instead of one hero, we are saddled with four—James Garner, Yves Montand, Brian Bedford, and Antonio Sabato. All are presented as aces of the track, and all have their domestic problems to contend with. At the moment when one should care most, however—when they are all roaring around a championship course at 150 mph.—one actually cares least. In their fast little cars, they become just another entry in the race—inadequately singled out by the cameras, unidentifiable in the throng.

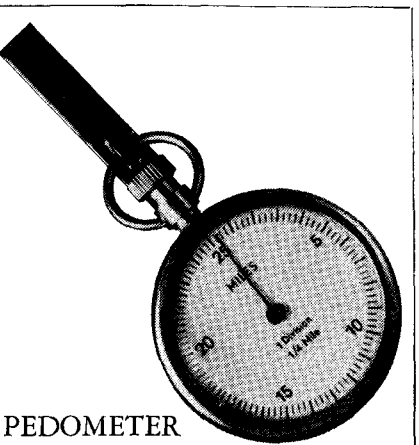
What is even more distressing, the new, single-projector Cinerama system no longer produces the spectacular wrap-around, puts-you-in-the-picture effect; it is merely one more wide screen on which ten times larger than life actors are working out ten times smaller than life emotions. Since the audience is rarely able to identify—much less identify with—the cast, and since the kinetic excitement of being in the driver's seat on nine of the world's fastest and most perilous courses is no longer possible, *Grand Prix* soon degenerates into an exercise in sheer tedium. Nor is it helped by the occasional brilliant shot that suggests what might have been. These remind one all too forcibly of the flatness of the surrounding territory.

Flatness is also the most charitable description of the comedic values in a new Italian movie bearing the improbable title, *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand*. The film stars the redoubtable Marcello Mastroianni, as a Neapolitan artist, and its name derives from his eccentric uncle's penchant for shooting off firecrackers instead of holding a normal conversation—a device hardly calculated to enthrall for a full hundred minutes. Nor is the plot, which has to do with a young man who mistakes his dreams for reality and causes a ruckus in his neighborhood by charging that the people upstairs have done away with a perfectly respectable gangster. A couple of dream sequences, fancifully photographed and set to Nino Rota's haunting music, briefly enliven the proceedings. But it is almost criminal to see Mastroianni wasting his talents on material like this. And Raquel Welch, who in the past year has made more magazine covers than movies, here reveals the probable reason. As Mastroianni's dream girl, she looks great, but in every scene she seems as improbable as her dubbed-in Italian dialogue. And why Raquel Welch in an Italian movie in the first place? Have they run out of pretty girls over there?

DESPITE the inauspicious start of the new year, *SR*'s critics reviewed the product of 1966 with considerable satisfaction—so much so, in fact, that the preparation of the inevitable "ten best" list could be achieved only after a certain amount of compromise, and with an awareness on the part of both parties that it would have to be extended by at least ten more to include all our favorites. But ten remains the magic number and so, in alphabetical order, here they are:

Alfie.
Blow-Up.
Harper.
The Loves of a Blonde.
A Man and a Woman.
A Man for All Seasons.
The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming.
The Shameless Old Lady.
The Shop on Main Street.
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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Aromatic Spirits

IF ONE complains that Neil Simon's new comedy, *The Star-Spangled Girl,* suffers from weakness of plot, one is confounded by the fact that his two previous such efforts, *Barefoot in the Park* and *The Odd Couple*, also had weak plots but somehow turned out to be highly entertaining.

Indeed, the story of *The Star-Spangled Girl* may be more substantial than those of the aforementioned two hits. For it presents us with two earnest young men struggling against both society and financial hardship to publish a small magazine of social protest. Then these difficulties are augmented by a pretty girl of low IQ and high "patriotism" who moves in next door. She is there to demonstrate Mr. Simon's contention that physical attraction will overcome the most belligerent incompatibility. The play proceeds to test his argument to the maximum by inferring that being attracted to the smell of another person can outweigh even a loathsome appearance.

Unfortunately, real words and appearances are more strongly transmitted across the footlights than are mysterious personal aromas. So what we see and hear are two intelligent young men becoming involved with a stupid girl who will make their daily lives unbearable. Again, one might argue that it is Simon's special talent to be able to get fun out of people's reconciliation to incompatible partners, and theoretically there is no reason why we should not laugh at the misery of this new trio. Indeed, we do laugh: Evenly spaced chuckles come at the rate of about two a minute. But too many of them are forced or predictable, and too few are of any consequence.

At the beginning, publisher Andy Hobart staves off an insistent creditor by ingenious vocal tricks on a telephone and a tape recorder. Later he keeps on reluctantly accepting painful and bizarre dates with his landlady in lieu of paying the rent. But being a con man is not Andy's real personality. He is ostensibly a man with a mission to change society, and this Simon does not ridicule.

His defense of his mission could be funny if Simon had chosen to make him an absurd victim, a man willing to make any compromise, no matter how low, on behalf of his high ideal. Instead, Andy, as played by Anthony Perkins, is required to joke away each problem. Since most of the jokes are slight, he must often compound their capriciousness by attempting to make a second and a third joke off the same twig.

Richard Benjamin, as the brilliant but romantically vulnerable editor Norman Cornell, has an easier time because his situation is funnier. However, he, too, finds himself delivering idle quips and repeating minor variations of one comic compulsion. The girl, Sophie Rauschmeyer, is portrayed by Connie Stevens, who must feed the others with such vigorous hostility that she seems unlikable and unconvincing. And because, unlike Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday,* she remains unaffected by the more sophisticated world she enters, she becomes the comedy's undigested lump.

Thus, *The Star-Spangled Girl,* under George Axelrod's direction, emerges as tepid and unflagging wisecrackery, stirring up a laughter less relaxed and less satisfying than that which rescued Simon's previous successes.

On the other hand, a visit with Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, whose *At the Drop of Another Hat* is also a capricious mixture of good and awful jokes, somehow is more satisfactory. Perhaps it is because this special pair conjure up their own unique living room and invite us to enjoy their foibles, most of which turn out also to be our own.

Their monologues and songs are almost entirely new since their appearance here seven seasons ago, and although Mr. Flanders announces it as "The Theater of Kindness" the pair still manage to sneak into the nonsense and nostalgia a certain amount of sting. After leveling de Gaulle and Wilson, for example, he casually devastates LBJ with the phrase, "not to mention your own great President who will be nameless."

In general his dissatisfactions are with the encroachment of the modern way of life on the more civilized, if more old-fashioned, one. There is a nostalgic song about Britain's small, colorfully named railroad stops which are beginning to disappear; a description of the monstrous process air travelers accept between the time of getting ready to leave for the airport and take-off; an acceptance of four-letter-word conversation with an unsure abandonment of "mealy-mouthed hypocrisy which has served us well for so long"; and the puzzled recognition that "all British newspapers are run by Scots-Canadians." Probably the most entertaining bit in this disarming evening is Flanders's imitation of a Neolithic man's critical comments upon viewing the beginning of the construction of Stonehenge. Here he portrays the folly of our obtuseness about the past simultaneously with the past's obtuseness about the future.

He is aided at the piano by Mr. Swann, who is the essence of all that is British and old-fashioned. In coming to terms with this amusing co-performer at the same time that he must deal with the world's equally unrealistic modernity, Flanders creates a delightful comic dilemma which entertains and charms us to such an extent that the silliness all seems part of the wallpaper.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Small Start in Mississippi

THE NEW television film documentary presented recently by National Educational Television (NET), *Head Start in Mississippi*, was born for trouble. The Office of Economic Opportunity began it and abandoned it because it became too controversial. NET, to its credit, picked up the waif program and completed it, despite the fact that the controversy grew sharper as production went along. The program, as finally shown, was a moving but rather guarded report of a Washington hot potato. Perhaps it couldn't have been otherwise.

Project Head Start in Mississippi is the biggest summer nursery-school branch of the War on Poverty in the South. It was launched by the Child Development Group of Mississippi (CDGM) in 1965 with a grant of $1,500,000 for 6,000 children; in 1966 the project was refunded at $5,600,000. A struggle for further refunding ended in a compromise shadowed by charges that the Administration tried to scuttle the project to appease a powerful Southern Senator, lest its entire anti-poverty program be threatened. CDGM enters another fiscal year with $8,000,000 (it had asked for $41,000,000) and with anxiety about reduced effectiveness because what was formerly an all-Negro bootstrap operation now must countenance white supervision.

A cameraman and editor began *Head Start in Mississippi* a year ago for the Office of Economic Opportunity. The government agency cut away from the film when it became apparent that Southern whites were hostile to the project. The film-makers took their exposed footage (about half the completed film) to NET. The new producers were assured by Washington insiders that there had been political dealing over the project, but they couldn't get the insiders to say so on the program. The charges were made in the film by CDGM representatives, but vaguely and in general terms. This viewer, for one, was disconcerted by the feeling that the whole story was not being told. Effectively portrayed, however, was the effort of poor Negroes in rural Mississippi fighting for a break—to help their children gain a better education and to unfold in themselves the capacities for intelligent, organized attack on their depressed circumstances.

The CDGM set up its Head Start nursery schools in eighty communities—an area of "small towns, dusty plantations, and modern feudalism"—where the whites make all the decisions, and where the education of Negro children reinforces their dependency. The leaders fitted out country churches, made them into community centers, and persuaded parents to take into their own hands the responsibility for the preparation of their children for school. The parents were taught by the project leaders to encourage their children, to instill in them feelings of pride and confidence. The adults learned new roles as models for their children. CDGM spokesmen on the program asserted that as soon as the project showed signs of success—as soon as it became apparent that these untutored people could put together a working summer-school nursery operation—then white hostility manifested itself in a school burning, shootings, and threats. The "non-refundability" of the project followed, but the CDGM mounted protest meetings and negotiations with the OEO, and won the support of national church organizations and labor unions. A top Washington official finally stepped in and settled the dispute.

The CDGM got another year of life, but the group had to accept financial accountability to white management consultants and the sharing of policy-making with whites and allegedly "Uncle Tom" Negroes. It had fought and lost against the introduction of white professionals who would inevitably "communicate Negro inferiority." The film, produced by Harry McCarthy, included a short pro and con section in which an OEO executive defended the agency's action against the CDGM argument voiced by Kenneth Clark (who had been a member of an investigating team that cleared the project of charges of inverse segregation and fiscal deficiency). Assuming that the exchange was fairly edited, the OEO spokesman made a weak case. The faults of the Head Start project cannot be so large as to outweigh the clear gains for the adults and children who participate.

THE film offered eloquent and often touching evidence of the awakening of these people to a new sense of dignity and openness to achievement. One mother had learned from television news programs that many whites thought scornfully of black people. "They'll think the same about our children," she said, "if we don't do something for them." Six-year-olds who had never had anything to play with but old tin cans got their hands on building blocks and "raced through years of development." As teachers learned to "challenge the rules of a closed society," children began to smile warmly, express creativity, and to sing "If you're happy and you know it, blow a kiss." "You have to love your world to make it better," was the primer of this nursery school.

One cannot predict what the politics of the next few years hold for Head Start in Mississippi, but this much is certain—the children who have known its guidance will be stronger for the ordeal of their lives. National Educational Television is stronger, too, even if it had to compromise, for its willingness to stepfather a film that had been left without a father.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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In Deepest Java

I HAVE BEEN TELLING a lot about Bali during the December weeks [see *SR*, Dec. 10, 17], and I have no doubt that the road to that enchanted isle is going to be heavily rutted in the days ahead. It needs very little more than the stabilization of the political situation and an improvement of the informal airline arrangements that now exist inside Indonesia. That may be asking a lot, perhaps too much, but everything else is there waiting—the people, the culture, the land, and some very good hotels.

In the headlong rush to Bali that is almost certain to take place, I would hope that the jet group will not overlook Jogjakarta, that fascinating fountainhead of Javanese tradition that in many ways is the Kyoto of its country. For a time, during the postwar revolution against the Dutch, it was also the capital of the nation. The Sultan of Jogjakarta, such a force for freedom in the battle for independence, has derived much of his current political strength from the position he took in those days as well as from his posture as a living symbol of traditional Javanism. Once the head of tourism in Indonesia, he is, with Adam Malik and General Suharto, part of the ruling triumvirate of the nation.

The sultan's work has long since taken him to Jakarta, but his palace, or *kraton*, as it is called, still remains. It, too, lives on, complete with an enormous court of artisans, performers, bearers, and officials. Part of the dusty compound has been leased without fee to the law and political faculties of the Gadjah Mada University, but the rest of the enormous enclosure is available to public inspection each morning from 10 to 12 o'clock. Hours and regulations in these latitudes are subject to some change, and it is wise to have the hotel call the chamberlain for official permission.

The palace's own gamelan orchestra broadcasts from the *kraton* every Sunday and certain of the sultan's treasures are unveiled on special occasion. His finest puppets, for instance, are taken from their boxes twice each month on a specially designated Friday and Tuesday, an official airing which may be viewed. Certain holy or mystical weapons, knives, shields, and, notably, the kris (a wiggly dagger), all passed down from ancestors and considered sacred, are displayed on a platform once each eight years.

A special staff of curators maintains the sultan's collection of carriages and sedan chairs, many of which are used during coronation ceremonies. The present sultan, Hamengku Buwono IX, is descended from a dynasty that started in Jogjakarta in 1755. The carriages were last used in his coronation in 1939. The sedan chairs fetched brides to their wedding ceremonies, and were usually followed by smaller sedan chairs bearing money, jewelry, and other gifts necessary to set up light housekeeping in a royal manner.

It is interesting that the *kraton* was used as well for the swearing-in ceremonies which made Sukarno the first, and so far the only, president of Indonesia. Some of the aura of those hopeful days has been rather dimmed by the president's tarnished tenure, but it is still recalled by the guides that the Parliament first met here and that the hall where it convened, suitably fitted out with fluorescent tubing, is now used for mystical functions which are so much a part of Javanese life.

THE magnificent green countryside around Jogjakarta, terraced and patterned into thousands of irrigated paddies, fairly bristles with carved relics of the Hindu culture which receded with the rush of Islam and finally took refuge on Bali. A temple tower at Prambanan, not far out of town, dedicated to the Hindu trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, forms the floodlit backdrop for the epic dances of the Ramayana, performed on an enormous outdoor stage. With the spires of the tenth-century temple materializing out of the night, the ballet performs the ancient story on the six successive nights of the full moon. No date is specified, but the festival is held during the June to October dry season. The plot is enormously complicated, and the cement seats grow no softer as the evening wears on, but it is altogether an enriching performance full of arresting theatrical effects.

The celebrated temple of Borabudur is an easy twenty-five-mile ride north of the city over fairly good roads. Borabudur is said to mean "monastery on a hill," and indeed it is a series of terraced carvings laid out with patterns of bell-shaped stupas, each of which shelters a statue of Buddha. The galleries are heavily carved, though perhaps not as expertly as one remembers the bas-reliefs of Angkor in Cambodia and those at Khajuraho in India. Most of the Buddha statues have long since been decapitated; one head reposes in a museum in Zurich. It is a steep climb, though hardly as awesome, say, as the Mayan temples in Yucatan. The view of the sweeping fields glinting with waving palms is splendid from the upper terraces, and in the distance palms run the ridgeline like a lacy fringe. The plain of Borabudur was once flooded by the Progo River, and in those times the temple appeared as a lotus flower blooming in the middle of a lake.

There is a certain quaintness to Jogjakarta, where the streets are traversed by tiny carriages pulled by midget-sized horses, and there is little of the traffic of Jakarta. The main street, for some

—*H.S.*

Artisans in Jogjakarta—"The fascinating fountainhead of Javanese tradition is in many ways the Kyoto of its country."

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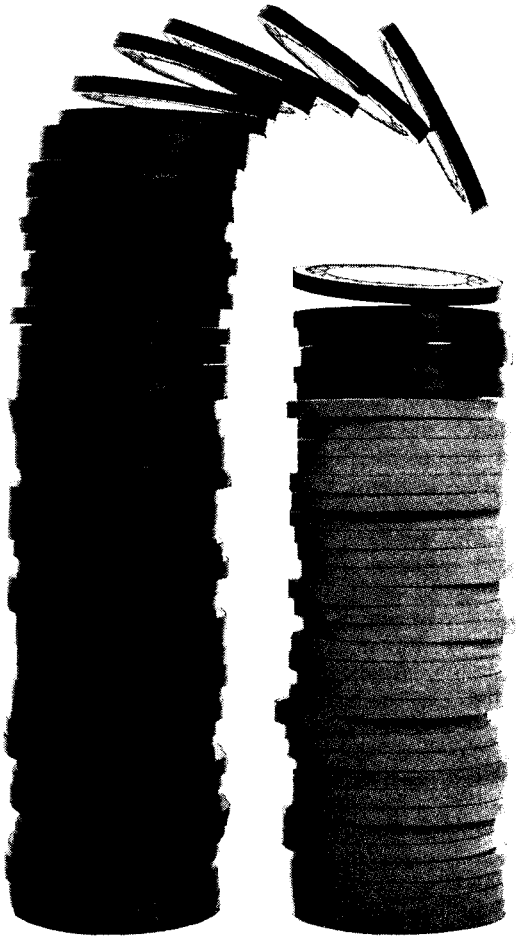

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perplexing reason, is called Malioboro, which is supposed to be a corruption of the British Marlborough. Arts and crafts flourish, as they do in Kyoto. Particularly the making of batik—an art introduced to Java from Egypt and Persia by the Hindus—and silvermaking, whose practitioners are congregated in Kota Gede a few kilometers from town. Shadow-play puppets are made here, too, their intricate designs punched out of leather, then painted and gilded and mounted on bamboo frames.

Inevitably, the artists have come, too. Perhaps the best known is Affandi, who paints in bold, virile, and unkempt strokes, often using colors that are untethered by convention. His house is built on stilts near the new Ambarrukmo Palace Hotel. And there are banana trees shading a pool of carp, both firs and ferns, and a huge spirit house to keep celestial matters in proper orbit. When I was there some weeks back he was finishing a large free-form cement monolith which is to be a museum of his own works.

Sitting in lonely and empty splendor a few steps from Affandi's studio is the new Ambarrukmo Palace, a hotel built with Japanese reparation money and operated with crisp efficiency by the Okura Hotel in Tokyo. It has more appointments than one can rightfully expect in today's Indonesia—a swimming pool for adults and another for children, one-day cleaning and laundry service, large immaculate rooms, air conditioning that doesn't leave icicles on the end of the nose, a Western-style bar with black leather seats and good whiskies, and dining rooms both on the main floor and on an upper floor to vary the venue. It has its own private avenue of shops with unusual batiks, silver work, masks —altogether a staggering assortment of artifacts to tempt the voyager and bulge the baggage.

SO FAR no way has been found to ship anything out of Indonesia. Travelers who admire the handiwork of the natives, and it *is* splendid, have to carry every purchase with them, at least to Singapore or Bangkok. But freight shipments are only the second tourist problem facing Indonesia. The main difficulty is getting a local airline established that will hew to its schedules, and provide a reliable service between Jakarta, Jogjakarta, and Bali. The capital, no rose as cities go, may be eliminated one day, when and if the Bali international airport, presently in a state of half-finished abandonment, is completed. Should it some day open for traffic, Pan American and probably Garuda, the national line, would like to fly from Australia, stop at Bali, and buzz onward to Singapore.

Garuda's internal service is something else again, and the schedules to Jogjakarta are both sparse and fitful. The group with whom I traveled to Jogjakarta from the capital circumvented the problem by chartering its own airplane. It turned out to be a Hercules owned by the Indonesian Air Force and decorated on its Durante nose with a row of parachute stencilings. It was at first rumored that each parachute indicated a passenger who had abandoned ship, but this was later corrected. The Hercules that was carrying foreign travelers, Indonesian commuters, and both freight and baggage on the day I tied myself into its netted seats, had an honorable history of parachute drops dating back to Jakarta's adventures in the great war to liberate the western half of New Guinea and subsequent raids on Borneo in a campaign that once sought to crush Malaysia. For the moment, anyway, in the cheery world of international tourism in which Indonesia is once more involved, such resolute militancy has been abandoned. —HORACE SUTTON.

The Works of Rimbaud

Continued from page 34

position has been brought under cool control. It has, so to speak, entered the period of Plato, Aristotle, or even Aquinas. But behind Plato lies the demonic Socrates, whom nobody could understand, but only systematize. Rimbaud is stout Cortes, not silent on a peak in Darien, but walking into the streets and plazas of Tenochtitlan, into a universe of wonder.

To achieve the dissolution and dissociation of all the elements of poetry, it was necessary for Rimbaud to undertake a forced dissociation of the personality—under the strict control of a powerful will and reason. This is the "reasoned derangement of the senses" which has become a byword of all modern art. In Rimbaud it is commonly accompanied, and always in his best poems, with the phenomena of dissolution of the personality that are found in natural mysticism and in trance states which result from toxins—whether drugs, or the products of fasting, or manipulation of the breath and the nervous system. Cyclones, explosions, blue lights, shattering crystals, colored snow, whirling sparks, shipwrecks, whirlpools, the looming of an alternative reality behind the fiction of the real, the sense of estrangement of the self; "the true life is absent"; "I am another"—it is this vocabulary which is common to St. Hildegarde, Baudelaire, and Mallarmé which has led so many to worship Rimbaud as a diabolic saint, just as it has led so many in our time to confuse the similar affects of hallucinogenic drugs with mystical visions of ultimate reality.

Rimbaud did not see the Absolute, or try to become an angel, or any of the other things his worshippers attribute to him. He very simply tried to take the pretensions of poetry seriously and to re-form art so that henceforth it could alter the meaning of reality. He decided this was a hoax and an activity beneath the dignity of grown men, and he turned to what he considered more interesting activities. However, he almost succeeded, and poetry will never be the same again.

The translations and the books about Rimbaud in English are of doubtful guidance. They are all weakened by adherence to one or the other Rimbaud myths. We badly need a translation of the devastating critique of Etiemble. One best might read two or more *face-en-face* translations and puzzle out the French with a dictionary. Wallace Fowlie's recent critical book is pretty much a repetition of the now very dated pseudo-Thomist criticism of Jacques Maritain. His translation is usually trustworthy, and it is complete.

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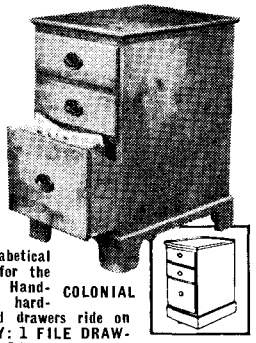

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"Mildred"

WHY DOES a man sit down, at 7 a.m. on a damp gray November morning in 1966, to write about some records that were reissued in 1962? Only, I think, because he wakes up at about 6 a.m. and hears glittering fragments of them in his head. There was, this morning, the tinkly voice, so betrayingly frail and yet so strong in intensity, in gaiety, in pitch, and in perfect balance. These are inadequate words. I doubt that there would be any words that could convey adequately what Mildred Bailey gave us all.

There are three 33's in this Columbia collection, which is called *Mildred Bailey*, and subtitled "Her Greatest Performances." On the cover she is smiling under an Anita Loos hat with what appears to be some sort of boa of ostrich feathers on her left shoulder, and wearing a brooch the size of a Las Vegas cowboy innkeeper's belt buckle, with all sorts of fussy ribbons around her demurely cleavaged black dress. Mildred Bailey was a big woman because she ate as lustily as she sometimes raged. She sang so daintily and tastefully in her time, which mainly was the Thirties, she could have been Shirley Temple. Some people keep coming back to other people. I never will forget my first sight of a Picasso from his Blue Period, the first time I ever heard a Bix Beiderbecke solo on a Whiteman record, or the first time Martha Myers gave me a Hemingway book to read while she was listening to Eddie Condon's record of "Home Cooking." This was in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, circa 1936, possibly 1937. My father was running the record department of a large music store then, and he used to order records for Martha, who had lived in New York for a time, which made her, in my view, somewhat jazzy and special.

Martha was at least twenty years older than I, unmarried, and apparently bemused by the notion of taking an untrained mind and turning it into areas of thought it never before had known. She taught me about Hemingway, Steinbeck, Ellington, and Red McKenzie; she read my short stories and told me that better ones had been written by a man named O'Hara. This was heady stuff for a thirteen-year-old. I must have been in love with her, secretly, for the thought of actually *being* in love with her would have appalled me, although not as much, I daresay, as it would have appalled my parents.

Our relationship went on. We went to the movies together, and we went out on other dates such as to Rocky Springs Park, a local complex of mechanical stunts which sometimes, on Saturday nights, presented big-name bands along with its ferris wheel and roller coaster and whip and bug, not to mention its merry-go-round and caterpillar. One night at Rocky Springs there appeared a band that was billed as Mr. and Mrs. Swing: Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. We went to hear them. We did not dance; it was rather difficult for a small boy to dance with a tall woman, and Martha, with her sensitivity, would not have put me through that. I think, also, that she knew that I would not know how to dip.

I remember Mildred Bailey coming out on that aging and uncomfortable stage. So big was she, the boards creaked beneath her. The tinsel and crepe paper from the last Moose or Masonic Ball still were hanging from the low ceiling and sometimes brushed her face like dying insects. And she was *singing*. Oh, Lord, how she sang! "Ol' Rockin' Chair's Got Me," she sang, and you knew that in her heart she was remembering some old Aunt Harriet of her girlhood. Behind her was Red, as skinny as she was fat, the male member of the most unlikely team that ever could have occurred to the imagination of even the most ambitious professional wrestling promoter. And Red was playing what he always referred to as his "zillophone," softly and tenderly, giving her voice the stimulation needed to carry the audience to zones of tenderness and passion and, if you will permit it, ecstasy that we never had felt before.

Oh, Lord, I repeat, how she sang! Oh, Lord, how wonderful it was to hear such sounds coming out of a chest and larynx so big that one felt that "A-Huggin' And A-Chalkin'" must have been written with Mildred in mind. She sang as though every song was going to be her last; she sang as though there were a thin lady inside her wishing she were not fat. There was a delicacy about her, a lightness of foot, that characterizes some stout people who wish, hopelessly, that they could be thinner.

Perhaps this was what drove her into those rages which have been observed by every writer who set down a line about her: John Hammond, Bing Crosby, Irving Townsend, and Bucklin Moon (in the liner notes to "Her Greatest Performances"), not to mention George Simon, George Frazier, and George Hoefer (why is it that so many jazz writers are named George?). All of them missed a story that Norvo told me one day when I was doing a story about him for a magazine.

"Benny called me up to go fishin'," said Red, referring to a clarinet player. "We went all the way out to Montauk. I said, 'I oughta call Mildred if we're gonna be this far away and not get back.' You know how stingy *he* is. He didn't want to spend the—what was it, fifty cents? He talked me out of it. I didn't call her.

"I got home the next day, and was she *mad!* I had this twenty to thirty-dollars—I don't know how much it cost—Cavanaugh hat, right there in the front-

—*Metronome.*

Mildred Bailey with the "Red" Norvo band—"Oh Lord . . . How she sang. . . ."

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room clothes closet. She went and got it and like threw it into the fireplace, and there it was, blazin'. So I went over and got some ermine furpiece she had and like threw *that* in."

At this point, my memory breaks down. Red did chronicle, at length and in detail, the various items the two of them threw into the fireplace—a French antique desk, a chair or two, etc. It must have been quite a commotion. It was ended by Norvo (who weighed around 140, as opposed to his wife's over-200) crying out, "Make my weight and I'll lick you!"

Red never explained what happened after that Cherokeean domestic diversion. Mildred was mainly Cherokee, although sometimes she claimed she was Choctaw. Who cares what kind of Indian she was? It is true that I seldom have seen a fat Indian, not even in a medicine show, but if Mildred said she was Indian, I certainly was prepared to believe her. Out of respect for my own skull, I didn't want a tomahawk in it.

The story goes that the Count Basie band one night had played a "head arrangement." They had been playing side-by-side with Mr. and Mrs. Swing, each group alternating its sets. The Basie band's arrangement of the "head arrangement" was heard by Ray Noble, a visiting Englishman, who then translated it into terms that his American band—a rather remarkable one, by the way—could communicate with sensibly. The tune called "Cherokee" was inspired, it is said, by Mildred.

I do not know if this is true. I hope it is. It does not matter if it is not. All jazz folksay, like all the anecdotal fragments of our literature, have become part of what we hand on to children and to older human beings who need to be educated or oriented. I prefer to believe that almost anyone is educable, including a stiff, white-tied man like Ray Noble, who sensed the spirit behind "Cherokee" and had the willingness to put it on discs. If it was not dedicated to Mildred, or drawn from her spirit, it should have been.

The Mr. and Mrs. Swing band was small as big bands went in those early Thirties Big Band days. There was Mildred out in front, fat as Blue Boy (the Iowa one, not the Picasso one), with Red behind her at his "zillophone," and usually between eight or ten, or sometimes twelve, swinging men behind them. They ranged around the West and the Midwest and the Pennsylvania area, where I first heard them; I sometimes hitchhiked 500 miles in a day to listen to them. The personnel on the road never was distinguished. It consisted of men whom Red could catch at Local 802 and cajole along.

On the records Mildred made there was quite a cast. The cover of this series of LP's says, "Featuring Bunny Berigan, Chu Berry, Henderson Chambers, Hank D'Amico, The Dorsey Brothers, Roy Eldridge, Ziggy Elman, Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Herbie Haymer, Johnny Hodges, John Kirby, Gene Krupa, Billy Kyle, Eddie Lang, Ellis Larkins, Dick McDonough, Fulton McGrath, Irving Randolph, Eddie Sauter, Charlie Shavers, Artie Shaw, Floyd Smith, Dave Tough, George Wettling, Mary Lou Williams, and Teddy Wilson . . . ." Then it stops. There are many others on its six-part sides, of course.

Bucklin Moon says in the liner notes: "I always felt very close to her, though I never really knew her." Kenneth—Mr. Red—Norvo once said substantially the same thing to me. "Even if she made my weight, I don't think I could have licked her," he said. After I awoke today and made myself some eggs, I went and got this Columbia collection of Mildred's records. There were "Thanks For The Memory," "When Day Is Done," "Someday Sweetheart," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Squeeze Me," "Rock It For Me," and —well, in all, forty-eight tracks. I heard them all. They all held up. This was not just a female singer, I thought, this was a *woman* singing on these records made between 1929 and 1946. I wish she still were around to make some more.

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

A Great Musician at Ninety

DECEMBER 29, 1966, will long be remembered by music lovers as the ninetieth birthday of a notable virtuoso of a string instrument who turned the attention of the world to its long-neglected possibilities, and gave up public performance well before most of his admirers thought it necessary. If this sounds like an old, belated, rehash of all the things that have been said recently about Pablo Casals, be assured it is neither old nor a rehash, though perhaps belated.

For the reference is not to the great Catalan master of the cello but to Lionel Tertis, the great English master of the viola. It was not until a few days before the long awaited anniversary of Casals's birth (see "The Big World of Don Pablo," SR, Dec. 31) that it came to attention that his life-long contemporary and frequent collaborator in chamber music was not merely alive and flourishing, but about to celebrate—within his own circle of friends on one island, as Casals was on another—the ninetieth anniversary of his birth.

What are the chances of two great performers being born on the same day in the same year? Mighty small, considering the talents that must be comprehended within a single being to reach the status of master. For them to pass through one decade after another, share the friendship and esteem of such persons as Kreisler, Ysaye, Huberman, and Bauer, and arrive at the golden age of ninety together, must surely be one of the longest of possible long shots, and a miraculous instance of longevity mutually shared.

Tertis, who was born in West Hartlepool on the same day of 1876 as Casals was in Vendrell, Tarragonna, originally sought a career as a violinist (an instrument that Casals also studied before turning to the cello). He was perhaps the first real specialist on his instrument to attain an international reputation and to stimulate the creation of works by York Bowen, Frank Bridge, Cyril Scott, and Ralph Vaughan Williams, as well as to play the Bach Chaconne in his own transcription, thus pioneering a repertory to reward such later violists as William Primrose, Emanuel Vardi, Lillian Fuchs, the Russian Rudolf Barshai, Milton Thomas, and Walter Trampler—all of whom owe something to the example of Tertis.

Lionel Tertis

In his autobiography, refreshingly entitled *Cinderella No More* (a reference to the newly won esteem of his favorite instrument), Tertis relates a meeting with Casals in the mid-Forties, after a long interval apart. The first words of his Catalan friend were, "Have you played for the soldiers?"—a reference to a journey thirty years before that Tertis had made to Belgium to play for Casals's friends, the King and Queen of Belgium, and visit the front with them. He shared with Casals the chamber music played by the great musicians who were in London during early World War I and defied the blackout to play in Muriel Draper's "cellar." Tertis recalls, most vividly, a partnership in which he and Casals played the Brahms C-minor quartet with Ysaye—the "lusciousness and wealth of sound . . ." that made the experience "glorious." Perhaps the only adequate description of the string playing might come from the "piano player" of that quartet, a fellow named Artur Rubinstein. Says Tertis: "What an experience for me to be associated with such giants!" He wasn't so small himself.

—I. K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Chet Baker: *Groovin' with the Chet Baker Quintet.* Baker, flugelhorn; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Roy Brooks, drums. Prestige 7460. Sonny Stitt: *Pow!* Stitt, alto saxophone; Benny Green, trombone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Ray Brooks, drums. Prestige 7459, mono and stereo, $4.79.	As on Baker's earlier *Smokin'* (Prestige 7449), the honors go to Lightsey and Coleman, although the leader's flugelhorn does not leave the same impression of inadequacy that his trumpet formerly did. The two horns, happier with the brighter tempos and boppish themes of the other numbers, prove unable to sustain the interest on the slow, melancholy "Lonely Star," which runs nearly eight long minutes. The same excellent rhythm section is heard to advantage in the Stitt album. It opens with a fast and furious "I Want to Be Happy," on which Stitt is very exciting. This performance lasts *over* eight minutes and ends too soon. Always "full of fire and ideas," as the notes say, Lightsey constantly seeks to enhance the proceedings, while Green brings off several satisfying solos with admirable tone and phrasing characteristic of the slide trombone.
Harry "Sweets" Edison: *When Lights Are Low.* Edison, trumpet; with strings, woodwinds, and voices conducted and arranged by Julian Lee. Liberty LRP 3484, $3.79; stereo, LST 7484, $4.79.	Edison's laconic trumpet solos have a peculiar, wry charm in front of the slush of strings and doo-dooing female voices, but Lee writes so agreeably for the reed section that it might more profitably have been used throughout. No matter what the accompaniment, however, Edison swings boldly and well—in theme statements and variations. For the benefit of those who regard him as a jazz musician first and foremost, Liberty should have used some of the plentiful blank liner space for pertinent personnel data.
Ella Fitzgerald: *Whisper Not.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal, with 17-piece and 10-piece bands conducted and arranged by Marty Paich. Verve V6-4071, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	This set thoroughly illustrates Miss Fitzgerald's exceptional versatility. It encompasses such great ballads as "Thanks for the Memory," "Lover Man," and "You've Changed," as well as the jazz standards, "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "Whisper Not." The two songs that end the album are examples of the deplorable trend "toward hip, swinging waltzes," and "Old Macdonald" is an unnecessary and childish successor to her original hit, "A-Tisket, A-Tasket." But if the material can be faulted, her treatment of it cannot be; nor can Marty Paich's arrangements, which are tasteful and well executed.
Stan Getz: *Stan Getz Blues.* Getz, tenor saxophone, with quartet, sextet, and nonet. VSP 31, $2.49; stereo, VSPS 31, $2.49.	Another valuable collection in the VSP series, this consists of five rewarding blues recorded by Norman Granz long before Getz found fame outside jazz with *bossa nova.* In fact, Getz is presented here on an equal footing with such fine musicians as Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison, Wardell Gray, Willie Smith, Benny Carter, and Count Basie, all of whom know more than a little about playing the blues. The rhythm sections deserve a special mention, too. On "Apple Jam," Basie, Freddie Greene, John Simmons, and Buddy Rich create a remarkable feeling of momentum, and on three of the other titles Herb Ellis replaces piano with guitar skillfully and sensitively.
Illinois Jacquet: *Go Power!* Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Milt Buckner, organ; Alan Dawson, drums. Cadet LP 773, $4.79; stereo, LPS 773, $4.79.	Recorded live, this album shows better than any before why musicians like Earl Hines consider Alan Dawson a great drummer. The recording—like the performances, which have an impromptu air—is inconsistent, but it often does justice to the wonderful sound he produces from his equipment. When the three musicians settle into a groove, his sound and beat give the music an extraordinary lift. As a former pianist and arranger with Lionel Hampton's big band, Buckner is understandably interested in the organ's orchestral possibilities, and these are best realized in the relatively restrained interpretations of "Robbin's Nest" and "I Want a Little Girl." Jacquet remains a stirring player with presence and a positive, resilient tone.
Oscar Peterson: *Blues Etude.* Peterson, piano; Ray Brown or Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Limelight LM 82039, $4.98; stereo, LS 86039, $5.98.	The first side proves that Peterson has found good replacements for Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen in Jones and Hayes, who previously worked together for five years with Cannonball Adderley. Although the present trio hasn't attained the cohesion of its predecessor, it compensates for this with drive and spirit. The album, in any case, covers a transitional period, for the second side was made five months ahead of the first with the authoritative Brown still on bass. His full tone and definition play a big part in making the up-tempo "If I Were a Bell" the cheerful *tour de force* that it is, and his pretty ballad, "I Know You, Oh, So Well," ends the album fittingly.
Sonny Stitt: *What's New?* Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Illinois Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Eddie Preston or Joe Wilder, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; George Berg, baritone saxophone; Ellis Larkins, piano; Ernie Hayes, organ; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Les Spann, guitar; George Duvivier or Jan Arnet, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Roulette R 25343, $3.79; stereo, SR 25343, $4.79.	This record introduces the Varitone, an electronic device which permits the extension of the alto saxophone's range to that of the baritone, and the tenor's to the lowest note on the bass saxophone. Besides putting adjustable tremolo and echo at the musician's disposal, it enables him to duet with himself in octaves. Neither Stitt nor Jacquet sounds completely at ease with the contraption, and there were obviously problems of balance in recording, but nothing alarming happens, nothing comparable to what the imagination immediately suggests as likely when the Varitone falls into teenage hands. Of the accompanists, pianist Ellis Larkins makes a very valuable contribution.
Muddy Waters: *Muddy, Brass and the Blues.* Waters, vocal and guitar, with big band. Chess LP 1507, $3.79; stereo, LPS 1507, $4.79.	Adding "some of the best jazz horns in Chicago" to Waters's usual group largely destroys the character that has made it so popular. Moreover, the arrangements are unimaginative and the playing by the "horns" undistinguished. Waters, pianist Otis Spann, and the harmonica player frequently rise above the prevailing context, and some of the first choruses—notably that on "Piney Brown Blues"—are very good indeed. Then the values change as an uncomfortable compromise is made between Waters's successful blues formula and the contemporary commercial idiom.
Gerald Wilson: *The Golden Sword.* Wilson, conductor and arranger, with 20-piece band. Pacific Jazz PJ 10111, $4.79; stereo, ST 20111, $5.79.	The liner is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of bullfight posters, indicating—like the music—the fascination Mexico holds for Wilson. On most of the numbers, his crushing use of brass dwarfs the soloists, who lack the individuality of their East Coast counterparts. The shrill effect of piccolo over ensemble is used to excess on the first side, too, but the reverse is better balanced and more interesting. There are two excerpts from Wilson's "Teotihuacan Suite," where jazz and exotic coloring prove more attractive than the martial sounds of the bull ring. Although the playing is everywhere impeccable, it is on a light, sensitive interpretation of "La Mentira," a Mexican song hit, that the band's full potential is most apparent. —STANLEY DANCE.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Wallenstein's Beethoven, Sutherland's "Faust"

LONDON.

SALES STATISTICS of pop records are topics of all-pervading interest, among aficionados no less than to those whose livelihood depends on "a place in the charts," but information concerning the popularity of classical recordings is not easy to come by. It seems a pity, because fashion trends in this field are well worth investigating, as is shown by an analysis of symphonies performed (or about to be performed) during 1966 at the Royal Festival Hall, just published in the *Musical Times*. Last year Brahms led the field, but he has now dropped to fourth place, leaving Beethoven an easy winner with Haydn and Mozart as equal runners-up. As might have been expected, Mahler and Bruckner show the most spectacularly improved form at Nos. 5 and 7. Dvořák, too, is in much greater demand at No. 6, while Tchaikovsky and Schubert have declined —the latter spectacularly, now sharing last place in the list with Shostakovich. Sibelius, well up in the ratings last year, has dropped right out of the Top Ten.

Among individual works, the winner is Beethoven's No. 7, which received eight performances (more than Tchaikovsky's entire total), but I doubt whether any of these provided as satisfying an experience as the one I heard at a recent Sunday evening concert at the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage, when the Royal Philharmonic was conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. Though the orchestra is now but a shadow of the ensemble we knew in its halcyon days under Beecham (many of its finest players left during the crisis, about two years ago, which nearly brought about its disbandment), this was a reading of such purposeful skill and honesty as to restore one's faith in a score so often subjected to meretricious seeking after effects. It may be almost thirty years since Wallenstein gave up his position as principal cellist in the New York Philharmonic in order to concentrate on a conducting career, but the quality of his early "schooling" under Toscanini continues to bear fruit, not only in this splendid Seventh (whose sheer integrity earned it the kind of ovation normally reserved for more flamboyant displays) but also in an all-Brahms program that included the Haydn Variations and the Fourth Symphony, which Wallenstein conducted at short notice in place of the ailing Sir Malcolm Sargent.

Heading the record releases for the New Year is London's much-heralded set of Gounod's *Faust* starring Sutherland, Corelli, and Ghiaurov (Bonynge conducting). I have yet to hear this recording, which has been the subject of an amusing piece of advance publicity (recalling the Karajan *Fledermaus* six years ago, remember "the biggest bat and ball ever put on record"?)—this month's *Gramophone* is full of little messages like "What the devil is Decca up to in January '67?" and "The devil is up to his Decca tricks again in January '67"—and I gather that everyone at Decca House is cock-a-hoop about its prospects. Meanwhile the Solti/Culshaw *Walküre*, like all its companion *Ring* sets, has just landed the major Grand Prix du Disque as the year's outstanding recording.

FROM EMI comes a small but varied assortment which includes an Elgar collection (*Froissart* Overture, the five *Pomp and Circumstance* marches, and two miniatures, *Elegy* and *Sospiri)* performed with devotion and suitable panache by Barbirolli with the New and old Philharmonia; two festive-sounding discs — one full of trumpet music, the other devoted to choral works by Lully, Lalande, and Marc-Antoine Charpentier —in the Baroque Library series; English church music of the present century from Chichester Cathedral; seasonable fare from King's College, Cambridge; Chopin and Liszt Concertos—F minor and E flat, respectively, played with variable success by Charles Rosen with the New Philharmonia under Pritchard; and a Schubert disc by the Juilliard Quartet, whose performances of the A-minor and G-minor Quartets, though technically brilliant, I found grotesquely mannered.

There are also two reissues, both exceedingly welcome: the Beecham set of Mozart's *Entführung*, now on a cheaper label and thus an irresistible bargain, and the second disc in HMV's "Great Instrumentalists" series, which is devoted to Lionel Tertis. On December 29, England's legendary violist celebrated his ninetieth birthday (see page 105), and the present collection of recordings, made between 1928 and 1933, aptly demonstrates the magnetism of an artist often referred to as the "Kreisler of the viola." Included is the famous performance with Albert Sammons and the London Philharmonic, under Harty, of Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante*, which first taught me to know and love this glorious work. The instrumental style may strike present-day listeners as too romantic (and Tertis's own cadenza is an extraordinary concoction that begins with Mozart and ends with Delius!), but the sounds produced by Tertis are quite breathtaking. The collection of shorter pieces which fills the second side is no less fascinating and includes the Handel-Halvorsen Passacaglia (again with Sammons) which Heifetz and Primrose also recorded with such thrilling results some years later. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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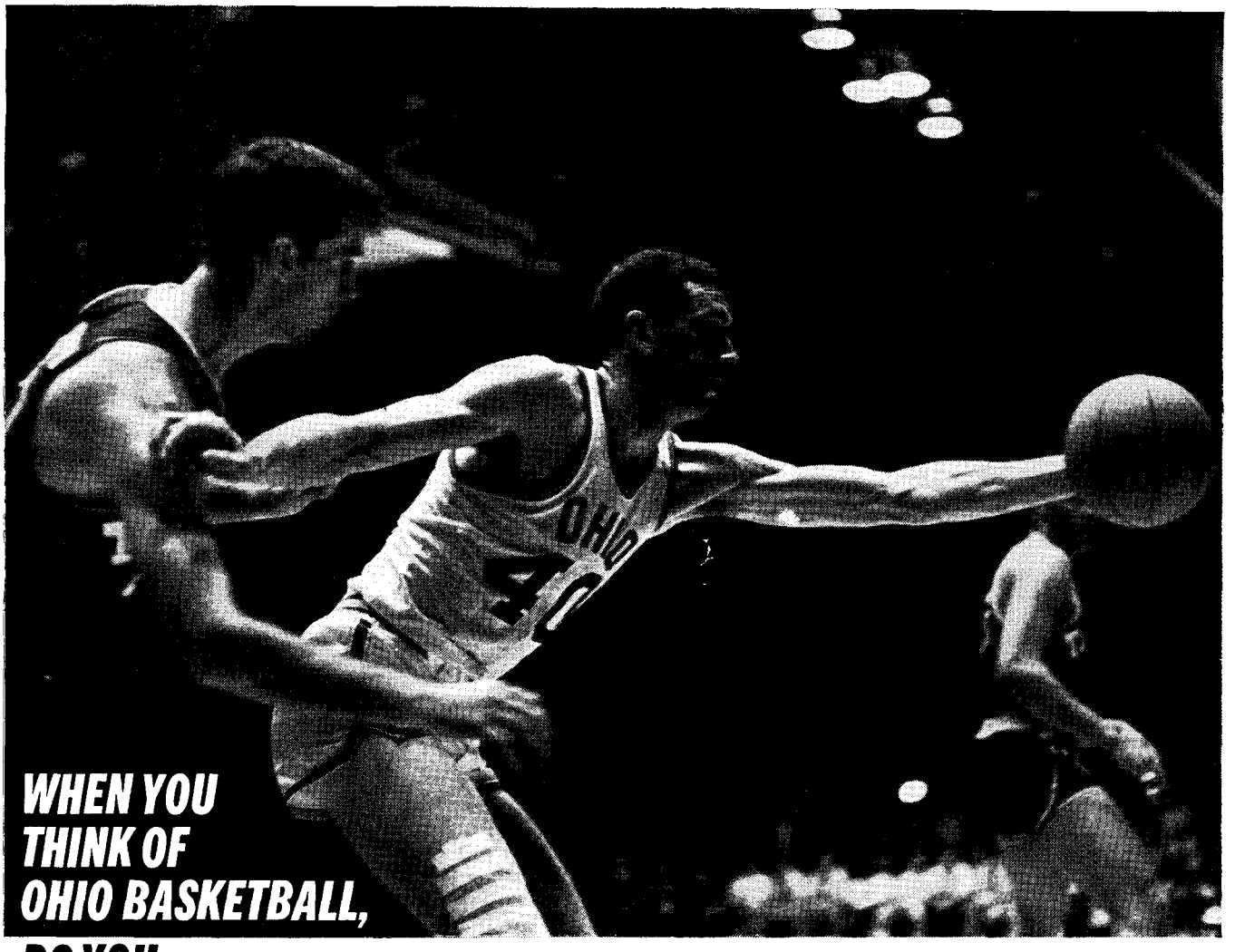

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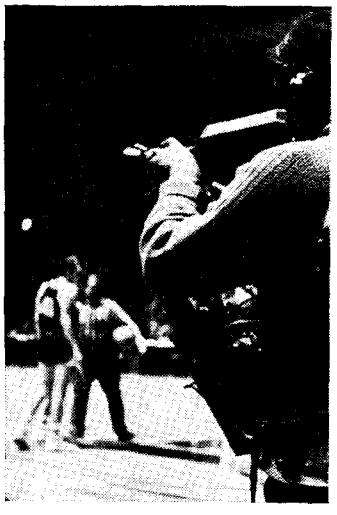

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—ANPA.

The People's Right to Know

LAST MONTH in this space we began a discussion of the tightening tug-of-war between the press and the legal profession and the anomalies embodied in literal simultaneous interpretations of the First and Sixth Amendments to the American Constitution. We talked of the inherent right to a free press on the one hand and an individual's right to a fair trial on the other, and we concluded that the American Bar Association statement and recent judicial rulings putting straitjackets on press coverage of criminal proceedings suggest that most of the legal profession considers news to be a four-letter word. We shall now proceed to a formal report just issued by the American Newspaper Publishers Association, based on nearly two years of intensive legal study by a special twelve-member ANPA committee composed of top newspaper executives and headed by D. Tennant Bryan, publisher of the Richmond, Virginia, *Times-Dispatch* and *News Leader*. It is by all odds the most thorough expression of the people's right to know ever assembled and published in this country, and we should like to talk about it.

The ANPA report reminds us at the outset that the people's right to a free press is one of our fundamental rights and "neither the press nor Bar has the right to sit down and bargain it away." Although the ANPA is opposed to the withholding or suppression of news about crimes and courtroom procedures, it does admit the desirability of further consultation between the press and the Bar in this strange, overlapping no-man's land between the First and Sixth Amendments. Just the same, says the report, there can be no agreement on the part of the American press "to dilute its responsibility or to circumvent the basic rights and provisions of the Constitution. . . [and] to agree to any of these things would be a mockery of the guarantee made to the people of this republic by its founding fathers." The ANPA special committee reaches ten major conclusions so important they should be listed in their entirety. They are:

1) There is no real conflict between the First Amendment guaranteeing a free press and the Sixth Amendment which guarantees a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury.

2) The presumption of some members of the Bar that pre-trial news is intrinsically prejudicial is based on conjecture and not on fact.

3) To fulfill its function, a free press requires not only freedom to print without prior restraint but also free and uninhibited access to information.

4) There are grave inherent dangers to the public in the restriction or censorship at the source of news, among them secret arrest and ultimately secret trial.

5) The press is a positive influence in assuring fair trial.

6) The press has a responsibility to allay public fears and dispel rumors by the disclosure of fact.

(*Continued on page* 115)

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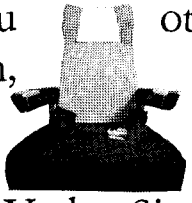

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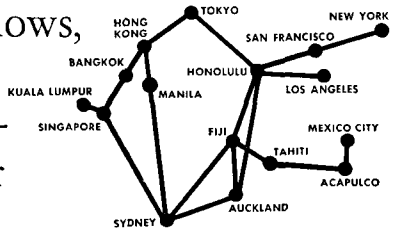

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The deepest a World War II submarine could safely dive was 400 ft. Like all submarines, it had a steel hull. Few people believed aluminum could take the pressure at that depth.

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The research voyages of the Aluminaut have already opened new frontiers in oceanography and marine geology—and helped solve an international problem. The submarine was used by the U.S. Navy in searching for a lost hydrogen bomb off the coast of Spain at 2,800 ft.

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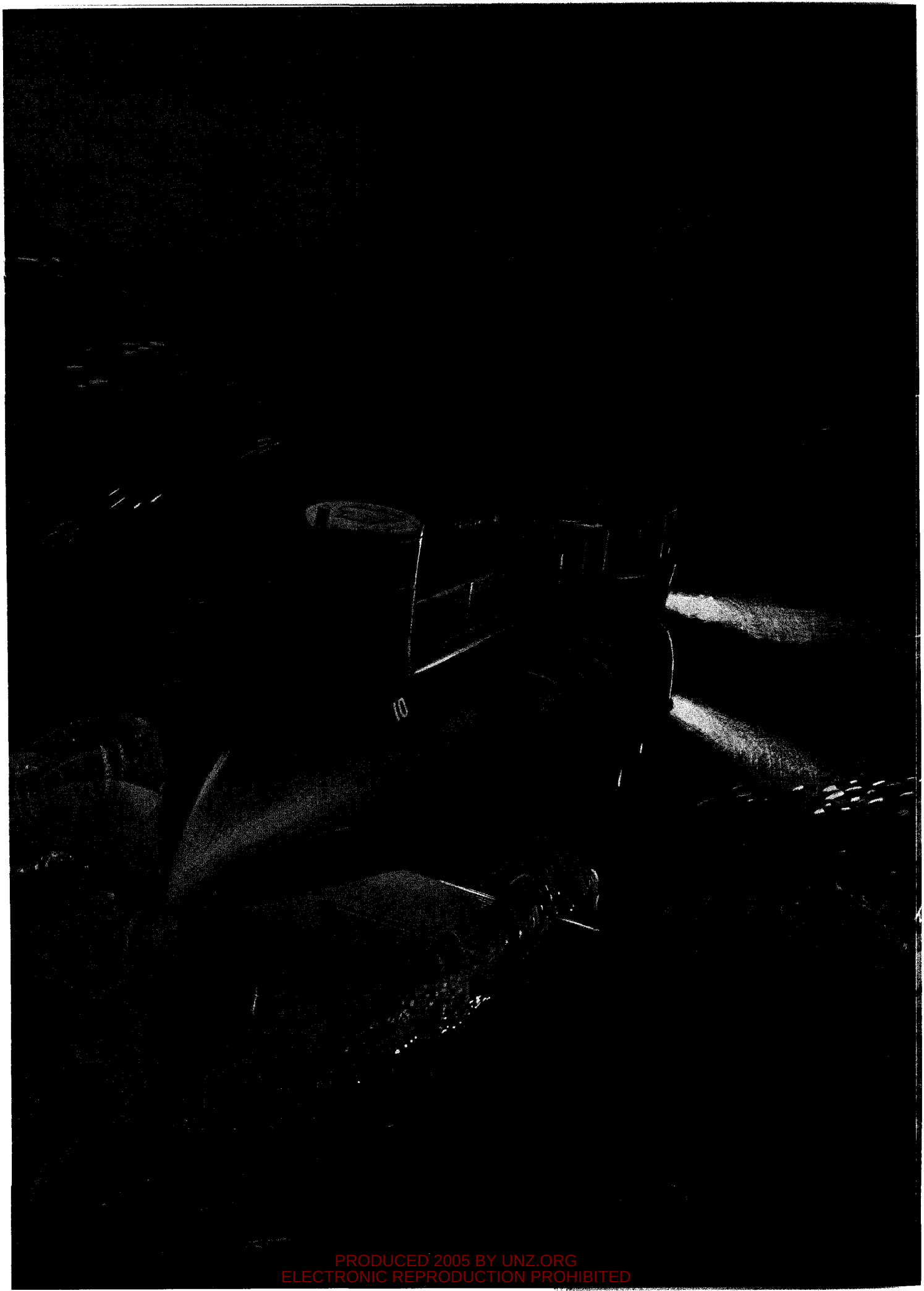

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Continued from page 109

7) No rare or isolated case should serve as cause for censorship and violation of constitutional guarantees.

8) Rules of a court and other orders which restrict the release of information by law enforcement officers are an unwarranted judicial invasion of the executive branch of government.

9) There can be no codes or covenants which compromise the principles of the Constitution.

10) The people's right to a free press which inherently embodies the right of the people to know is one of our most fundamental rights, and neither the press nor the Bar has the right to sit down and bargain it away.

The committee report is annotated with a thoroughness one does not expect in association booklets. Five appendices in the 156-page document go deeply into the historical background of American jurisprudence by case to show that the First and Sixth Amendments are not incompatible but mutually supported: "Indeed, there can be no fair trial without a free press, and without fair trial no freedom can exist. . . . The American press remains as devoted to the principles of fair trial as it is to a free press, and its insistence that justice can be neither clouded nor cloaked in secrecy at any stage is to assure that those principles are maintained."

For us, the most important reasoning in this fascinating new document is this: "The characteristic that most distinguishes democracy from totalitarianism is that the means are as important as the end. It is not enough for the people merely to know the end result of a trial, they need to know the means to that end. Justice cannot be served by secrecy nor can a free press serve in secrecy." Though the ANPA committee admits that, in isolated cases, pre-trial reporting may be a small factor in creating prejudice in potential jury panels, it points out that the trial judge has many procedural remedies as effective safeguards, including change of venire, continuance, change of venue, retrial, appeal, habeas corpus, and other legal moves.

It is quite clear that freedom of the press means the right to gather, print, and circulate information, and any judicial restraint of that right constitutes a prior governmental restraint on publication. We believe that the whole of ANPA's exceptional report will for years to come be a shining reference point in the unending and understandable tug-of-war between free press and fair trial and the intelligent, patriotic professionals on each side. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Ann Landers, Columnist

I AM NOT one of the "lonely and the lost" mentioned by one of your correspondents (female) in re Ann Landers ["Behind the Advice Column," *SR*, Nov. 12], nor can I picture Ann as "this decade's Elmer Gantry," as described by another correspondent (male) [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Dec. 10]. The commonest criticism I hear about her and her twin, Abby, is that their stuff sounds as if they thought up a good wisecrack and then wrote a question to fit the pat answer.

I very much agree with one correspondent that more stories on such people as Ann would fascinate your readers, and my nomination would be Mary Haworth, who has been writing a column for over thirty years. I can attest to the fact that she does not make up the letters herself. Over the years she has printed many of my letters, and editorial changes and deletions have been minimal. I can't recall any that changed the sense of what I said.

In the November issue of *Writer's Digest* there appeared a letter to the editor which confirmed something that my husband and I have suspected for years—that a lot of professional writers try out their plots and characterizations on Miss Haworth to see whether they ring true. The writer said that when she was suffering from a "block," she wrote Mary Haworth to keep from stagnating. Our reason for believing that this happens frequently is the frequency with which Miss Haworth begins a reply with: "Taking your story at its face value." I think her story would interest a lot of your mature readers.

JO ANN CZERNI.

Marietta, O.

MAY I second Mr. Freyliger's request in the December 10 issue? Let's have more feature stories on people like Ann Landers.

Why not have one about Mary Haworth, who is not so widely syndicated but who appeals to a brainier type of reader, male and female? She has little appeal for teenagers—they want the glib, no-sweat wisecrack that Ann and her sister Abby can supply.

ELISE YOUNGER.

Chevy Chase, Md.

MY! MY! What a top-lofty, sanctimonious, self-righteous prig that Ed Stewart appears to be [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, DEC. 10], condemning Ann Landers in such lordly fashion. Possibly what angers him most is that Miss Landers helps the troubled "for free" instead of charging them substantial fees. Besides, doesn't she affirm that she consults with the very best authorities available—recognized agencies, professional social workers, etc.?

There's probably more real heart, more real humanity, in the filings of her little fingernail than in the whole of his miserable, self-righteous carcass! Obviously he is misplaced in time and should be back among the self-righteous Pharisees to whom Christ said, "The drunkards and the prostitutes go into the kingdom of heaven before you"!

GEORGE TURNBULL.

Boston, Mass.

Of "Myself"

I'M INCLINED TO DISAGREE with William H. Frankhauser, who, in your November 12 issue [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR], advocates elimination of the word *myself* from our many-faceted English vocabulary. His assertion that it serves only as a crutch to denote emphasis (a weak-kneed one, he maintains) is not confirmed by my reading experience. Time and again I've encountered sentences such as "I said to *myself* this fellow is spouting a lot of drivel," or, "As for *myself*, I could not have found his idea more dubious." Except with the aid of this particular term, how could authors effectively convey unspoken thoughts?

Let's not limit the diversity of our language but, instead, seek additional ways to expand its conciseness. Despite the increasing weight of our dictionaries, most—possibly all—of us frequently find it troublesome to impart the exact degree or shade of meaning we have in mind.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

REGARDING MR. FRANKHAUSER'S letter: 1) Sure Mr. Frankhauser meant to say that *myself* would not be missed, not that its "deletion from our language would not even be missed"; 2) *myself* would be missed, even if "the only correct use (were) for emphasis": "I built the house myself"; 3) *myself* also functions reflexively: "I hurt myself." Would Mr. Frankhauser prefer "I hurt me" or simply "I hurt"? Did Mr. Frankhauser make all those mistakes *himself*?

BEN H. ADELSON.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

Of Other Skins

UNTIL ONE STARTS to look for the appropriate baby congratulations card ["The Art of Writing Greeting Cards," *SR*, Dec. 10], one does not realize how circumscribed are the cards found in the usual greeting-card store. "From graceful lilies pure and white, God fashioned lovely skin," but what about other lovely skins?

EMANUEL DONDY.

Larchmont, N.Y.

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SHOULD AN EDITOR EDIT?

By HERBERT BRUCKER

A FEW YEARS AGO Herbert Tingsten, editor of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter*, wrote an article for the monthly bulletin of the International Press Institute under the title, "Editor Should Shape Newspaper's Views." In his text Mr. Tingsten develops the theme with vigor. Not only a newspaper's editorial views but all its news and other articles, he writes, should be under the exclusive jurisdiction of one man—the editor.

What is editing, if not the determination of just what gets printed and what does not? The dictionary defines the verb *to edit* as meaning "to supervise or direct the preparation of (a newspaper, magazine, etc.)" and that is how it used to be. But consider what happened to Mr. Tingsten when he tried to put his principle into practice in the modern world.

Tingsten begins with the premise that a newspaper proprietor is likely to be a large-scale capitalist, or, as we would put it, a big businessman. It is to be feared, he explains, that such a businessman-owner will use his newspaper to promote his private interests, which could clash with the public service a newspaper is supposed to perform—the service that earns the American newspaper, alone among private businesses, special protection under the Bill of Rights. The only guarantee against such a misuse of a newspaper, concludes Tingsten, is the independence of the editor.

Tingsten had a contract with his paper that provided just that. It said flatly: "The editor is personally and entirely responsible for the editorial contents of the paper, and he must not allow himself to be influenced to uphold opinions which are contrary to his conscience and conviction." But what if his businessman-boss had a conscience that told him something different? Here the contract provided that the editor should consult with the chairman of the board or his representative. Still, in Tingsten's view, this was just *pro forma*. In any conflict, he writes, "it is the view of the editor and not that of the chairman which is decisive."

That's what *he* thought. When, a little later, it came to a showdown, it turned out that the board chairman read the contract differently. To him, if there was a difference of opinion, the editor was entitled to press his point of view in a consultation, but it was the chairman who had the last word. Actually, Tingsten, protected by his contract, was not fired. But, as he says later, he felt frozen in so he got out. One is reminded of the army major who agreed with the newly arrived lieutenant's cheerful assurance that they would no doubt cooperate beautifully. "Yes," said the major, "and in this man's army you are the one who's going to do all the cooperating."

Tingsten's fate illustrates a basic dilemma of modern journalism. In the nineteenth century, when journalism assumed its modern form, the editor was indeed the one who made the paper and shaped its views. The businessman, if there was one, just kept the books. But ever since World War I opened the Pandora's box of the twentieth century, the editor's right to edit, in the sense of being the final authority over what his paper says, has been eroded.

To be sure, the concept of the editor's authority still survives in popular folklore. In my own experience, for example, many a subscriber who felt he could not get satisfactory service from the circulation department, or who objected to some advertisement, would appeal not to that real center of authority —the publisher—but to the editor, in the belief that he was the one who had power to set matters right. Such a notion is, of course, but the lingering shadow of the past. The modern editor, unless he happens also to be an owner, is likely to find himself, like Tingsten, on a leash.

It is, of course, difficult to generalize about the 1,750 American dailies. Each newspaper is different from the others, and the authority of the editor may vary on a scale that runs from zero to 100. Yet it remains true that, other things being equal, the tribe of editors tends to respond to journalism's historic values of service to the public, while the business managers of our newspapers, like the managers of any other business, feel that their first concern must be costs.

Despite some notable exceptions on both sides, these different pressures naturally make for a different outlook. And this in turn results in American case histories not unlike that of Herbert Tingsten. Consider Wilmington, Delaware, where a few years ago an editor, Creed Black, succeeded in modernizing and revitalizing the jointly owned morning and evening papers. That in the process he had increased circulation handsomely did not prevent a newly conservative board of directors from putting a public relations man, more sensitive to their own outlook on life than Mr. Black, over him to call the tune. Like Tingsten, Black got out.

Again, in 1965, William P. Steven, who had similarly made over the Houston *Chronicle* in the public interest, also with a healthy effect on circulation, suddenly found himself ousted. This was but incidental to a multi-million-dollar deal involving the sale of vast properties in addition to the newspaper. Mr. Steven's subsequent comment, "The conservatives won," explains why he did not survive the new ownership.

Such happenings reflect that there are now far fewer owner-editors than there were in simpler days. But why? I submit that the principal reason is the cost of modern newspaper production. This has allowed the businessman to intrude upon the editorial sanctum, in ultimate authority if not in supervision of day-to-day professional detail. It has also made it virtually impossible to start a new newspaper, in the historic pattern of offering the public a new or different editorial product—different, let us say, from one on which the businessman makes the basic editorial decisions.

And why the production costs? Here the trouble is that, for practical purposes, today's newspaper is still printed with a technology developed before 1900. At the same time, it must pay

---

Herbert L Brucker, who for twenty years was editor of the Hartford *Courant*, now is director of professional journalism fellowships at Stanford University.

The Society of Magazine Writers has awarded its sixth Richard L. Neuberger Award to the *Saturday Review* for "its courage and persistence in presenting the issue of peace." Senator Maurine Neuberger, widow of the Senator for whom the award is named, presented a plaque to Norman Cousins, editor of *SR*, at the society's annual dinner on December 16 at the Plaza Hotel in New York. The annual award goes to the magazine that, in the past year, "has most effectively brought to the attention of its readers one or more significant issues of the time."

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wages to compete with those paid in the automated industries of 1967.

It is true that a revolution in newspaper production has begun. Computers, cold-type composition, and offset printing are already infiltrating newspaper plants that are still only mechanized elaborations of Gutenberg's hand press. This on-rushing technological revolution promises to lower the cost per copy of a newspaper. And this perhaps will at last free revenues that can infuse fresh life into the news and editorial pages. But it promises also to make newspaper publishing more of a big business than ever, with attendant continuing restrictions upon the editor's power to edit.

What it comes down to is that there has been a radical change in the means by which the controlling voices on our newspapers are chosen. One hundred years ago, even fifty years ago, one won the right to edit by triumphing in free competition. Take any one of the newspaper greats of the past—Greeley or Bennett, Pulitzer or Ochs, or even that last exemplar of the old school, Captain Joseph Patterson, who launched the New York *Daily News* in 1919. Each of them, together with others not heard from since, offered the public a newspaper different from that of its competitors. The ones who fashioned an editorial product the public would buy were the ones who survived. Each earned the right to say what he chose in his paper only by taking on all comers first. Thus society could be sure that what he said met the needs of at least part of the public.

Today such competition is virtually extinct. Instead there remain only two ways of gaining control of a newspaper. One is to buy it, the other to inherit it. This is uncomfortably close to the old ways of taking over a government: by force of arms, or by inheriting a throne under the divine right of kings to rule.

Sometimes, fortunately, the results when a new owner takes over by purchase or inheritance are spectacular. Examples run all the way from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and Middletown, Connecticut, to Riverside and Los Angeles, California. But sometimes the outcome is the direct opposite, as when one of the cost-conscious big, chain operators buys a once great daily and turns it into just a money-maker. All too often he leaves local editorial management too small a budget with which to do its job right. So the question remains: Is either purchase or inheritance the surest way to choose the man who makes the ultimate editorial decisions? Is either as responsible to the public need as the former natural selection of free competition? Whatever the answer, we still take it for granted that the man who buys or inherits a paper has as much right to decide what news and views it shall print as did his predecessors who earned that right by first winning public acceptance for their editorial product.

In one sense this assumption is readily understandable—how we would like it if a paper we owned said things of which we did not approve? It is only fair to note, moreover, that most of today's owners or their representatives recognize that their constituency is now the entire community. Thus they no longer go out of their way to offend labor, for example, or any other minority, as their kind once did. And one way of adapting to the modern need is to publish a whole spectrum of opinion columns, from Drew Pearson or Marquis Childs to David Lawrence and James J. Kilpatrick. But all too often this is done at a cost of banking the editorial fires. Under modern business domination not only the number of editorials per day but their vigor as well has withered. So far does this sometimes go that the editorial page seems almost irrelevant.

EDITORIALS do still denounce Mao Tse-tung and crime and highway slaughter. They may even champion the conservation of natural resources against private exploitation, especially if the project written about is a long way from home. But more significant is that, in the presidential election of 1964, the number of papers failing to endorse either candidate reached an all-time high. This is no doubt an improvement over the days of F.D.R., when the voters were on one side and the papers on the other. But it hardly reflects the fact that under the First Amendment newspapers should respond to a prophet motive as well as the profit motive.

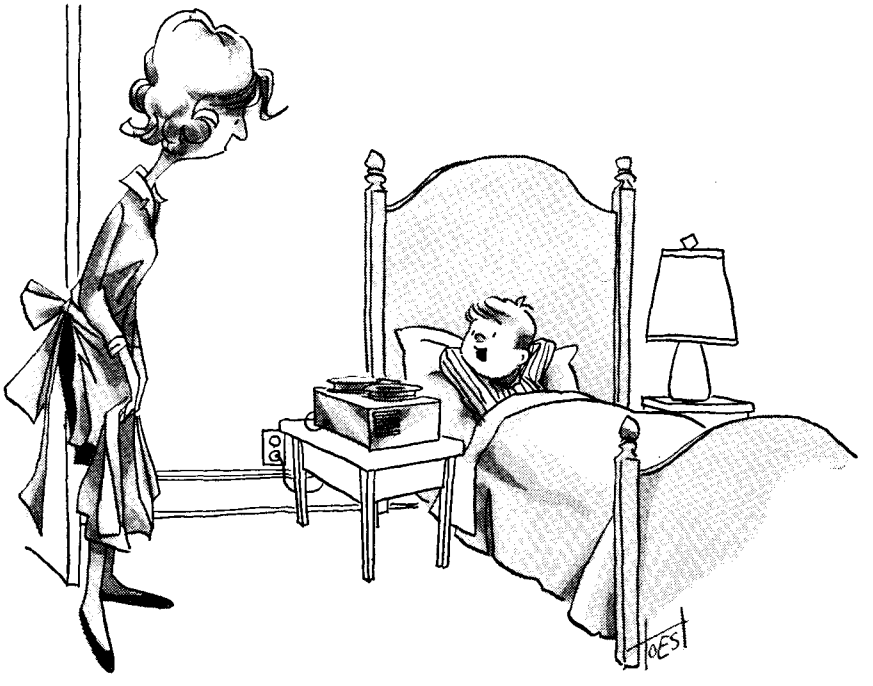
Finally, many a monopoly paper is likely to do an inadequate job of reporting the news. Often such papers shrink from the cost and effort of rounded, in-depth coverage of national and world news, just as they neglect to spend enough on reporters competent to handle the magazine-article type of searching local and state coverage that this confusing world cries out for.

Perhaps what is needed is some device for representing the public when newspaper policy decisions are made. Lacking such a device, the public may come to ask, with Juvenal, who is to guard the guardians? But lurking in the shadows in that direction is government. And history leaves no doubt that government's all-powerful hand would be worst of all. So if there is a remedy, we must look elsewhere.

It may be that, as publishing costs continue to rise, more and more newspapers will have to go public, in the sense of ceasing to remain private or family properties, by offering their stock for sale to any and all who want to buy. But would this change anything? Would a business management like that which runs our big industries be any less inclined than Tingsten's board chairman to tell the editor what was what?

On the Continent there has been a conscious attempt to preserve editorial authority by surrounding the editor with the protection of a contract — even though such contracts do not go as far as Tingsten and some of the rest of us might like. Characteristic of the best that has been developed is Copenhagen's *Berlingske Tidende*. On its 200th anniversary in 1949, this paper issued a pamphlet declaring that seven principles

(*Continued on page 131*)



"It's a tape of the prayer I said last night."

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NEW POWER IN PUBLISHING

By JOSEPH N. BELL

ORANGE COUNTY, CALIF.

LAST WEEK an irate woman subscriber called the publisher of the Orange Coast, California, *Daily Pilot* (circulation 33,000) to tell him that her paper hadn't been delivered. When he tried to switch her to the circulation department, she insisted that he give the matter his personal attention. He did. Later the same day, a local merchant demanded a hearing with the publisher to complain about the positioning of a ten-inch advertisement. He got it. In between these emergencies, the publisher managed a few minutes to discuss the purchase of $100,000 worth of printing equipment and to meet with a high-ranking public official regarding an urgent local problem. This ambivalent image is increasingly the lot of the nation's newest potent communications force: the suburban daily newspaper.

"We have all the problems of a big newspaper," says Robert N. Weed, a broad-shouldered, slow-talking former executive of the Cowles newspaper chain who is publisher of the *Pilot*, "in a community that is still small enough to think that I write all the heads and editorials and sell the advertising. I suppose a lot of them picture me as the guy with the green eyeshade and the dirty apron, hand setting type."

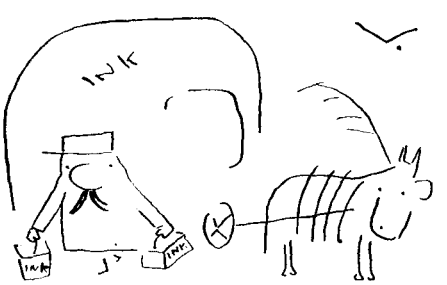
Probably nowhere is there a better laboratory for examining this new publishing phenomenon than in Orange County, California—the fastest growing county in population in the United States. Mainly through spillage from America's most acute case of urban sprawl in nearby Los Angeles, Orange County has doubled its population three times in the past two decades and is expected to double its present 1,200,000 in another ten years.

Prior to the great influx, Orange County was served by one large daily newspaper (the Santa Ana *Register*), several small dailies (the Fullerton *News-Tribune*, the Anaheim *Bulletin*, and the Orange *Daily News*), and a handful of weeklies. Today, in addition to the expanding Orange County editions of the mastodonic Los Angeles *Times* and its metropolitan competitor, the *Herald-Examiner*, Orange County is served by eight suburban daily newspapers, of which by far the most vigorous, exciting, and fastest growing is the Orange Coast *Daily Pilot*, published in Costa Mesa and distributed in a half-dozen southern California beach communities.

In many ways, the *Pilot* is symptomatic of a modest revolution in the newspaper business in the last two decades that has seen newspaper employment grow 33 per cent, the average size (in pages) of daily newspapers almost double, and total daily circulation grow by 19 per cent. A recent study sponsored by the American Newspaper Publishers Association points out that by far the greatest newspaper expansion has taken place in cities and towns of less than 100,000, where growth is 70 per cent larger than the average of all newspapers in the United States.

FROM these figures, the ANPA concludes that "expanded coverage and larger size of small-city, town, and suburban newspapers has reduced the out-of-town circulation of the large metropolitan dailies. . . . With economies of scale in manufacturing and distribution, there is a tendency for the largest firms of an industry to grow larger while the small firms retire, thus decreasing the total number of firms. However, the growth pattern of the newspaper business has *not* conformed to this general pattern. In the newspaper business, it is the smaller newspaper that has enjoyed the greatest growth in recent years."

Examples can be found in every state. Although one big-city daily either merged, went into a co-production plan with a competitor, or disappeared completely every three months between 1947 and 1962, the total number of newspapers actually increased slightly during that same period because of the growth of suburban dailies. Probably the best known example of this new genre is *Newsday*, whose neighborhood is Long Island, whose circulation exceeds 400,000, and whose new publisher is Bill Moyers. But in the past five years, *Newsday* equivalents have been popping up all over the country with growing frequency and similar prospects of success.



Last spring, for example, the Gannett Newspaper group started a Brevard County, Florida, daily called *Today* that shot up to a circulation of 35,000 in its first six months by offering a sophisticated, big-city approach to an audience employed largely at nearby Cape Kennedy. In the suburbs of Chicago, a subsidiary of Field Enterprises, which publishes the Chicago *Sun-Times* and the Chicago *Daily News*, recently launched daily newspapers in the northwestern suburban communities of Arlington Heights and Mount Prospect, thus provoking a head-to-head confrontation with the sixteen-paper Paddock Publications, which long has dominated the north suburbs with a group of generally fat and wealthy weekly newspapers. The two new dailies are starting with a paid circulation of about 12,000, sturdy financial backing, and a great deal of determination. Says John Stanton, who heads Field's suburban ventures: "Metropolitan papers are losing suburban circulation and we intend to fill this gap with papers such as the Arlington *Day*."

Newsday's own reservation was invaded last month by new competition—a morning daily called the Suffolk *Sun*, published by Cowles Communications, Inc., whose best known product is *Look* magazine. The *Sun*, launched on November 21, ran into instant problems. Almost half the initial press run of 125,000 never reached the public, partly because of internal foul-ups and partly, the publishers insist privately, because enemy troops copped about 25,000 copies of the paper from street corner drops and destroyed them. At any rate, the *Sun*—featuring color news photography in a free-wheeling format—is here to stay, the only nonmetropolitan morning daily in the flourishing suburban area it serves. Publisher Gardner Cowles III says that he hopes the paper will show a profit within three and a half years, based on a minimum circulation of 60,000 and a forty-page paper divided equally between advertising and editorial content.

This sort of thing is happening—usually on a smaller scale—in dozens of American suburban communities. As fast as daily newspapers die in the metropolises, new ones are taking root in the suburbs. As a result, the advertising income of dailies will be almost $5,000,000 this year—more than four times the 1946 total. And the area where this pattern of growth is most apparent—mainly because it is also the fastest growing in population—is Southern California.

There are many other factors involved, chief among them the increase in auto commuting that has fractured the

Joseph N. Bell, a free-lance writer for many magazines, lives in the Los Angeles suburb of Corona del Mar, California.

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Why do more and more people who travel say:

"San Francisco and Minneapolis are the two best cities in the United States."

Minneapolis Star photo of Northwestern National Life Insurance building and its architect, Minoru Yamasaki, by Gerald Brimacombe

Is it the Architecture?

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR 280,000 Evening / Minneapolis Tribune 230,000 Morning, 660,000 Sunday

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long-standing habit of reading a newspaper en route to work by train or bus, and both the decline of television viewing and the inability of TV to cover suburban local news. (The ANPA study notes that "television is no longer a rapidly growing adolescent which must derive part of its growth from the established communications media.") The two-county (Los Angeles and Orange) metropolitan area of Los Angeles now has more than a hundred newspapers; of the twenty-six dailies, only two are old-line metropolitan papers; the rest suburban dailies.

Consider the evolution of the Orange Coast *Daily Pilot* over the past decade. In 1955, the *Pilot*—then a 3,000-circulation weekly called the *Globe-Herald,* owned and published by a local long-time newspaperman and part-time management consultant named Walter Burroughs and edited by a young Missourian named Thomas Keevil—began publishing twice a week with an editorial staff of four people. Three years later it stepped up to three times a week, and in the summer of 1960 it hit 15,000 circulation and began publishing five days a week. In 1962, the paper became the *Globe-Herald and Pilot* and jumped to 20,000, and in 1963 the name was shortened to *Daily Pilot* and circulation hit 25,000. It has been increasing at a slightly slower but remarkably steady pace ever since. In January 1964, publisher Burroughs sold his paper to the Los Angeles *Times,* which in turn hired Bob Weed, former publisher of the Valley *Times* in San Fernando, California, to take over the *Pilot.* It continues to be run as a local newspaper, competing vigorously with the *Times* and accountable to it only on the year-end balance sheet.

"This in-between area of opportunity for the suburban daily—between the mets and the weeklies—began to appear and to widen in the mid-1950s," says Bob Weed. "We are competing under the umbrella of the mets and from below with the weeklies. When a community is established or begins to grow very quickly, one of the first things that happens is that someone starts a newspaper of some kind to convey local political and civic information. If the area grows rapidly, there is growing local news activity. The mets can't possibly come down to this depth. Yet this information is the lifeblood of a community."

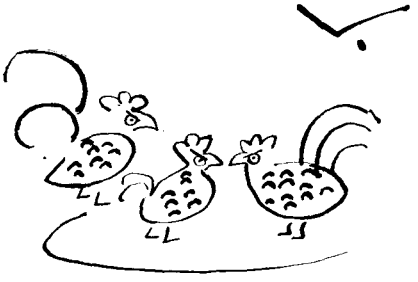
Surveys made by the *Pilot* show that about 40 per cent of its present subscribers take no other newspapers. Although Weed recognizes a responsibility to provide news coverage outside the local community to these people, he also points out, "Just as the mets can't go into depth on local news, we can't go into depth on state, national, or international news. As we grow economically, we will expand this kind of coverage. But our primary responsibility is to do a good job on area news and a sharp job of selectivity of national news."

He also feels that the suburban daily must and should take strong editorial positions on local issues "where we are competent" and on broader issues that have a direct application in the area served by the newspapers. "We aren't going to worry editorially about U Thant," he says, "but we're going to have plenty to say about appointments to judgeships or church-state relations that affect our schools." Quite often, this means collision with powerful members of the community. The *Pilot,* for example, has taken a strong tack against the John Birch Society, which is powerful and well organized in Orange County. Some advertising has been cancelled as a result, but Weed tends to scoff at the efficacy of this sort of reprisal.

"I think the day of a major advertiser's [successfully] bringing pressure on a local publisher is just about over," he says. "Pressures from either advertisers or powerful groups or members of the community don't happen here very often. Everybody would like to have us come out on his side in an argument, and there are always advertisers who call up and tell us that they don't like what we're saying editorially. I just tell them they aren't buying what we say but where we go."

WEED feels that the need for and potential of a suburban daily can be measured rather exactly by the economics of the community to be served. "The first job of a newspaper," he says, "is to be economically strong enough to do the job. If it doesn't have enough money to buy the talent and machines, it can't do the job, can't provide the content. Therefore, it can't make the grade."

The suburban daily is flourishing in the same economic soil that previously nourished the weekly or semi-weekly and the shopper or throwaway. These two journalistic entities—along with the growing suburban editions of the metropolitan newspapers—make up the newspaper competition of the suburban dailies today. Weed sees room for all of them, given the right set of circumstances. He says that the best opportunity for the shopper is in a very rapidly growing community where people have little knowledge of the area, few local ties and are primarily interested in knowing where and what shopping facilities are available to them. "We do best in areas of established homes," he says, "and less well in apartment areas and other neighborhoods with a high turnover."



He also feels that "a good, well-edited weekly can exist in any area. They just have to deal with a smaller perspective. They can print a picture of your Sunday School class or the names of all the Boy Scouts at a meeting. We can't. But there must still be a broad enough economic base to support the weekly. There will always be those merchants who feel their advertising will be lost in a larger paper. The success of a weekly depends on how effectively it sells itself to such people and how well it can run with a very small staff."

Weed's editor, Tom Keevil, who has had a large hand in building the *Pilot* over the past twelve years, doesn't entirely agree. Says Keevil: "The role of the suburban weekly these days is generally to go daily or to go under because there simply is no place for them. Papers like ours will drive them out, not because we want to but because we're doing a better job than they are. Too many of them haven't learned to concentrate on the things we *can't* do."

In this generally optimistic picture, the suburban dailies are also encountering some sticky problems. A recent survey of newspaper editors and publishers by Professor DeWayne B. Johnson of San Fernando Valley, California, State College turned up two, in particular: the climbing, day-to-day costs of production and the increasingly difficult problem of finding even adequate editorial personnel. Publisher Walter Kane of the Bakersfield *Californian* says that "genuine, searching, and perceptive research by reporters into all germane facts in the body of a story is becoming rarer. Obviously, handouts are a form of censorship because they ignore any deleterious facts."

This view was echoed all over the nation. Robert M. White II, editor and publisher of the Mexico, Missouri, *Ledger,* noted: "If dollars now spent on manufacturing could be spent on better news coverage by still better talent, getting still better pay, and published in a still larger news hole, a still greater newspaper would exist."

The Orange Coast *Daily Pilot* faces this problem daily as its staff, now numbering more than 200, grows steadily. Says publisher Weed almost wistfully: "We're rather like the education business. The younger people start with us, and as they gain more experience, they are likely to go on to a bigger paper. They don't really make that much more money there. A five-year man at the

(*Continued on page* 131)

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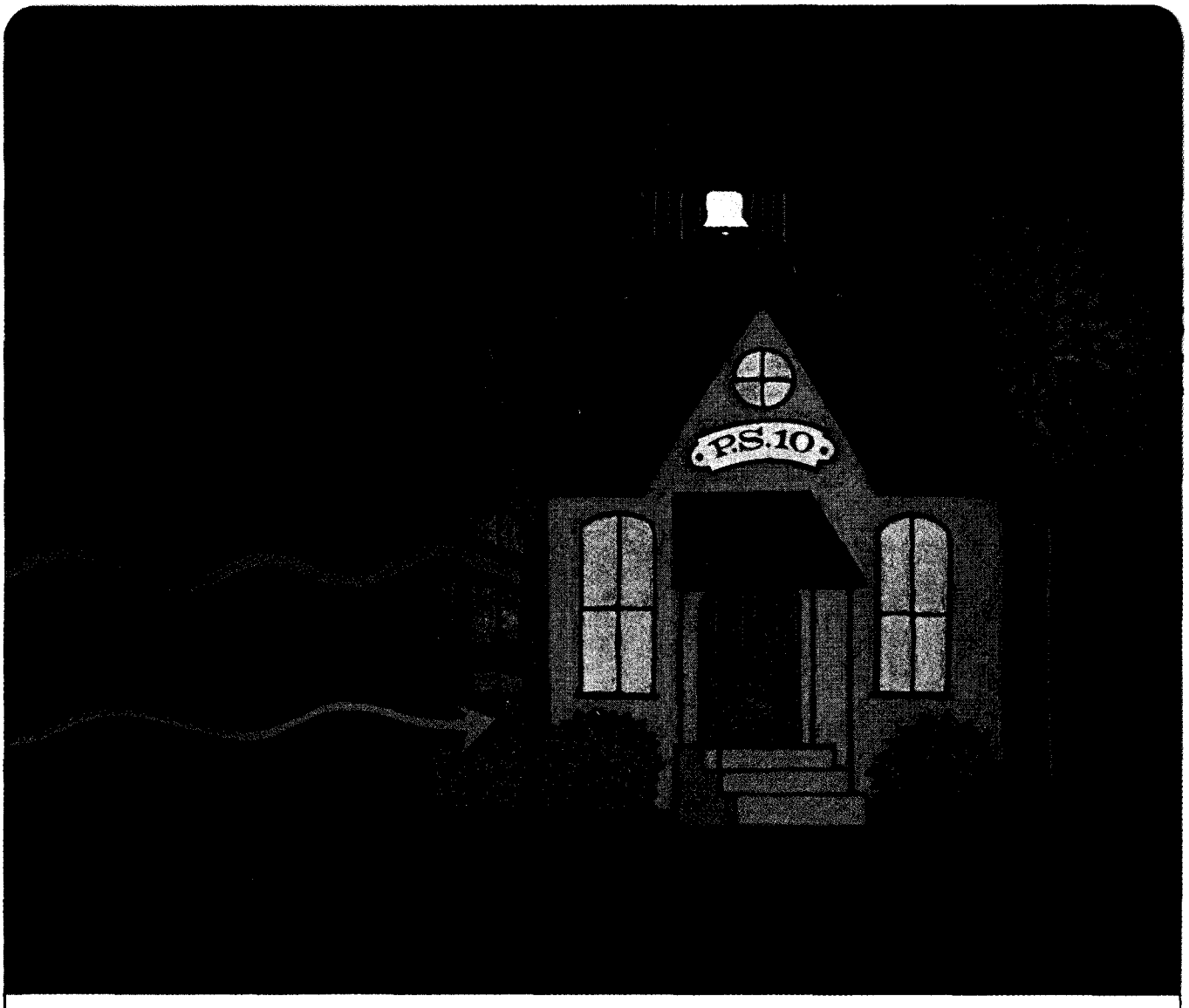
INNOVATION!



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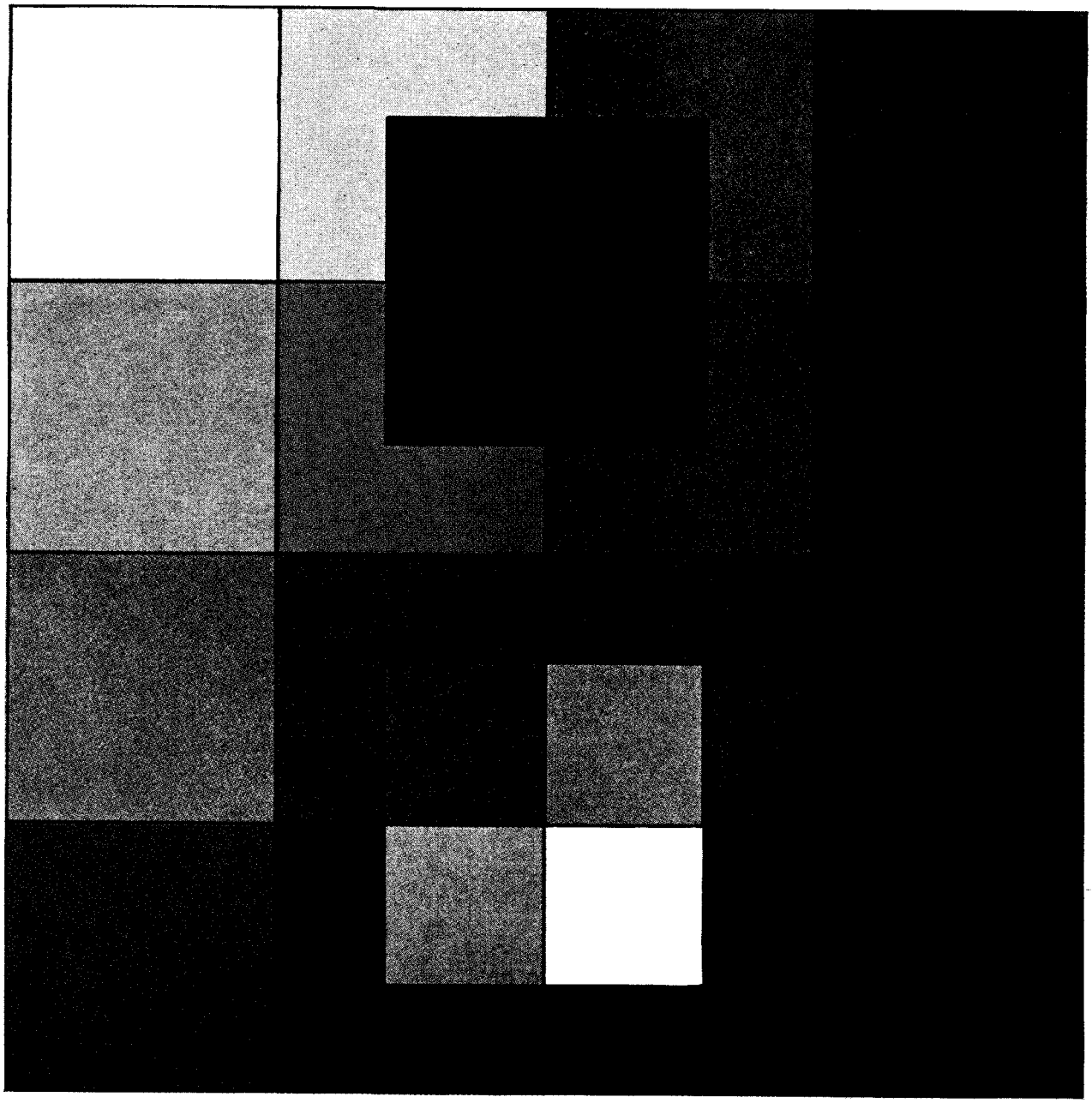
HOW MANY SQUARES CAN YOU COUNT?



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Do you know a square when you see one?

We found out a long time ago that a company has to be square in some things, but far out in others. Sure we're square when it comes to delivery dates and the quality of the 1700 products we make. And all the other things a company should be square about!

But we can be pretty far out when it comes to new product ideas! With some very tangible results.

Take one of our latest, Glaminate VII. It's a unique packaging material made out of plastic and paper and foil. So a tube made of Glaminate VII has the best features of each. It can take seven-color rotogravure printing. It doesn't roll up. And if you squeeze it, it bounces right back into shape. (Great for toothpaste—which is why major toothpaste manufacturers are now test marketing their products in it!)

Glaminate VII came about because American Can literally seeks the far out. To the extent of spending $20,000,000 a year on research. And because we dare to be different. In all the areas into which we have diversified: container and packaging products, industrial and consumer paper products, chemical products.

This is progress.
This is growth.
This is the American Can Company today.

So when you're counting squares, count us as the "far out" square. Better still, don't count us as a square at all. There are 40 in the puzzle—which should be more than enough for anyone!

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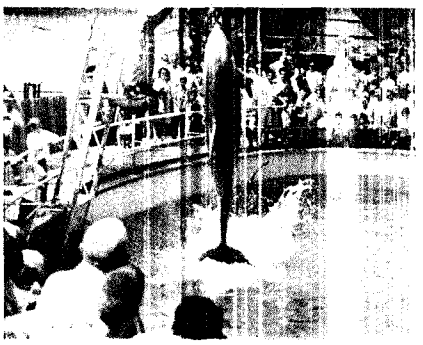
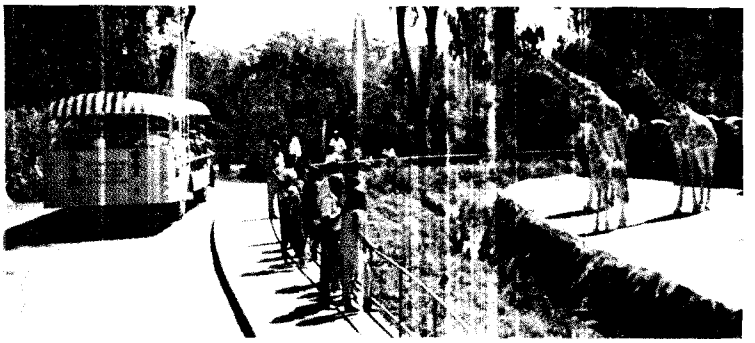
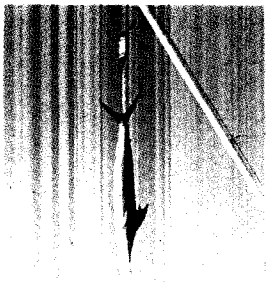
EXCITEMENT *is the pageantry of Mexico's corrida, top matadors!*



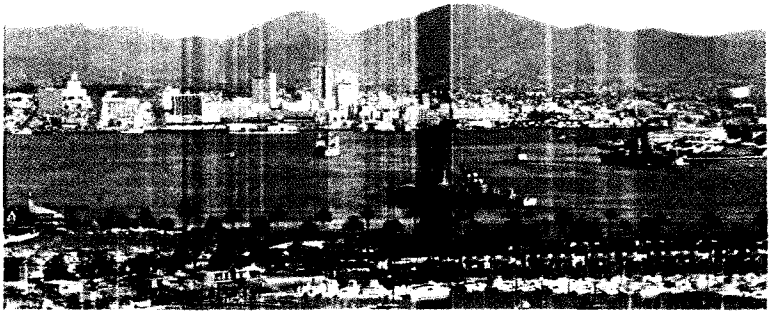
EXCITEMENT *is seeing Sea World, nation's largest oceanarium—its performing dolphins, whales, Sea Maids.*



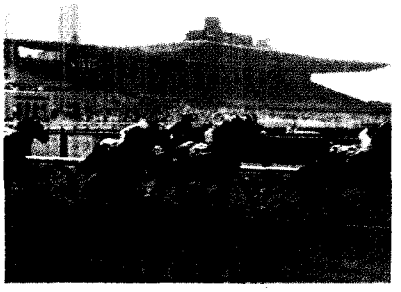
EXCITEMENT *is exploring San Diego's world-famous Zoo, with the world's largest wild animal collection, in a lush tropical setting—Children's Zoo, where youngsters mingle with baby wild animals.*



EXCITEMENT *is sportfishing for game fish —marlin, yellowtail!*

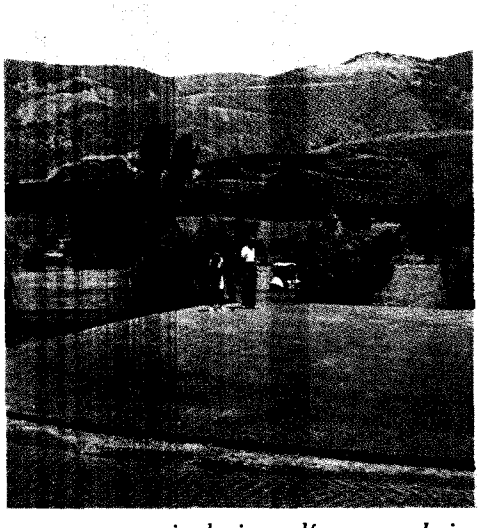


EXCITEMENT *is seeing the spectacular sights of the West's third-largest city. One of the world's great harbors . . . 4600-acre Mission Bay Park . . . lush valleys, mountains, desert all within easy reach.*



EXCITEMENT *is seeing thoroughbred races — year-round at Caliente, and summers at Del Mar.*

excitement!



EXCITEMENT *is playing golf on your choice of 64 fine courses, with perfect greens, fairways and weather every day of the year.*

Excitement is San Diego. . . the best of California, where there's more to *see* and *do!* The finest year-round weather in the U.S. lets you enjoy the endless variety of attractions any time of the year. Water sports, golf, tennis, sailing, fishing . . . the international color of nearby Mexico . . . with spectacular mountains, desert and seashore all just minutes away. Exciting San Diego has it all! Come for a visit now!

For free Vacation Kit–things to do, places to stay, events, golf–write: Convention and Visitors Bureau, Dept. SR-114, 330 A Street, San Diego, California 92101.

EXCITEMENT *is swimming, sunning, surfing along 70 miles of beautiful white sand beaches, open to public.*

san diego

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WEST GERMANY'S PUBLISHING POWERHOUSE

By JOHN TEBBEL

HAMBURG.

THE FREE and Hanseatic City of Hamburg is not a tourist center, in the usual European sense, and consequently is not as well known to Americans as it should be. This is a fact worth deploring, because on several counts Hamburg qualifies as one of the most important and exciting cities on the Continent today.

If Berlin is the sentimental capital of the Federal Republic, and Bonn its political capital, Hamburg is at once both the commercial and the cultural capital. Most particularly it is the publishing center. About 27 per cent of everything that appears in print in West Germany originates there, and the effect of its two remarkable and controversial publishers, Axel Springer and Rudolf Augstein, on German life can hardly be calculated.

In many ways, Hamburg is a surprise to the traveler who sees it for the first time. If he is an international businessman—that rapidly growing breed—he may know it better than others, possibly by "Gateway to the World," one of its several slogans. For this community of more than 2,000,000 people is first and foremost a great port city. Its 777-year-old harbor has more shipping berths, cranes, and cold storage space than any other in Europe, which is a primary factor in giving Hamburg the largest industrial turnover of any city in West Germany, and which makes it an international center with more consulates than any metropolis in the world except New York.

Whether he is on business or comes as a tourist, the first-time visitor is astonished by Hamburg's physical beauty—the way it curves around the natural loveliness of its two large lakes; its handsome upper-class residential sections and magnificent parks; and the San Francisco-like charm of the Blankenese section, where fascinating, venerable houses climb up the sides of luxuriant hills to overlook the Elbe River. If he stays long enough, the visitor also discovers that Hamburg has an unusually rich cultural life; music, theater, and art are there in abundance.

Walking down one of the colonnaded streets beside the canals which thread in from the lakes, the visitor sees, as he does everywhere in German cities, an astonishing number of book stores. On the newsstands he contemplates a staggering array of magazines and newspapers. Further investigation discloses that inside this bustling port city is a publishing community not matched outside New York for sheer vitality. Here is Springer's headquarters, a splendid new structure with a private penthouse restaurant and lounge on top, and large glass windows at street level so the public can have a full view of Springer's fine big German presses. Across the street is the home of *Die Welt*, Springer's conservative, respected daily, housed in one of Europe's most modern newspaper plants.

In another part of the city is the somewhat less spectacular but nevertheless formidable headquarters of Augstein's *Der Spiegel*, Germany's most influential magazine, and of *Stern*, the major illustrated weekly, along with those other flashy, well-edited magazines bearing women's names—*Constanza*, *Petra*, *Brigitte*, etc.—which entertain millions of citizens and lead them toward the more affluent life.

THESE newspaper and magazine empires, and Norddeutsche Rundfunk, by far the liveliest of West Germany's ten regional television companies, are buzzing nests of political and business intrigue. When their entrepreneurs and employees meet socially, it is often at Hamburg's luxurious new Press Center, on the twenty-first floor of a twenty-two-story glass-walled skyscraper which might have come right out of Park Avenue in New York. It rises starkly from a plaza facing the Reeperbah—Hamburg's famous red-light district—and members sitting at the bar have a spectacular night-time view of this garish district and beyond it the glowing lights of the busy harbor. Ernest Kottow, the director and guiding spirit of the center, plays genial host there not only to the city's diverse press personalities, but to communications visitors from every part of the world.

The talk at the center and elsewhere among people in the business is frequently of Springer and his publishing empire, which is the largest in Europe. Rivals see him as a monopolistic threat, or a possibly excessive political influence, many believing that he has personal ambitions in that direction. Some politicians are quite frankly afraid of him. Springer himself, a good-looking, fifty-four-year-old executive of apparently limitless energy, appears to regard himself as a force for good in West Germany, a man anxious to shake off the shackles of the past and to help create a new, free nation.

There is no question about the weapons he possesses. Already they amount to a near monopoly. He controls almost 90 per cent of the 5,000,000 copies produced every day by the national dailies, more than 85 per cent of all Sunday paper circulation, 69 per cent of Hamburg's regional papers, and 67 per cent of those in Berlin. He also controls 49 per cent of all radio and television program magazines, and 30 per cent of all weekend publications—these aside from his extensive book publishing interests.

The financial keystone of this empire, or at least its most profitable publication, is *Bild*, the largest national newspaper in West Germany, with a circulation of more than 4,000,000. *Bild* has the circus makeup and the flamboyant appearance of papers like the *Mirror* in London, but while it gives the surface appearance of a sexy, sensational publication, there is less sex in it than meets the eye. It is much stronger on sports, and its incredibly cluttered inside pages otherwise purvey the trivialities in the news, often with a morbid or unusual twist, which delight lower-middle-class readers, toward whom *Bild* is primarily aimed.

Counterbalancing it in the Springer stable is *Die Welt*, long advertised as one of the world's great papers and often compared with *Le Monde* and *The New York Times* for its extensive foreign coverage and its sober, responsible appearance and tone. *Die Welt*, in fact, enjoys a greater reputation abroad than it does at home. No one doubts its influence and its status as a national paper, but some European press experts cite the *Frankfurter Allegemeine*, of Frankfurt-am-Main, and the *Suddeutsche Zeitung*, of Munich, as better all-round papers. Students and younger readers are inclined to regard *Die Welt* as too conservative, an attitude reinforced last

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August when Dr. Gerhard Starke, one of the best known radio commentators and executives in West Germany, became the paper's editor in chief. Dr. Starke is equally noted as a conservative, hard-line anti-Communist, and his appointment was regarded by Springer-watchers as an indication that the empire was turning to the right, although no one believes that the publisher has any sympathy with neo-Nazi elements or other extremist movements centered in the southern part of the Republic. Dr. Starke, indeed, is married to a journalist who had been classified as one-quarter Jewish under the Nuremberg racial laws.

OTHER publications in the Springer list are nearly as influential, if not as well known outside the Republic. They include the *Hamburger Abendblatt*, largest evening paper in West Germany, with a circulation well over 300,000; *Hör Zu*, the Republic's largest radio and television magazine, printing nearly 4,000,000 copies; the two largest Sunday papers in the nation, *Bild am Sonntag*, circulating more than 2,000,000 copies, and *Welt am Sonntag*, with a circulation of close to 500,000; and the largest weekend newspaper, *Das Neue Blatt*, circulation over a million.

Some people believe Springer means to add West German television to this already top-heavy list, through a complicated control plan, and a year or so ago *Der Spiegel* forecast this possibility in one of its noted detailed exposé articles. The Bonn politicians were deeply alarmed by that idea. Already they have cause to fear the press power which resides in Hamburg. Bureaucrats often refer to the combination of Norddeutsche Rundfunk, *Der Spiegel*, *Stern*, and *Die Zeit* as the Hamburg *Kumpanei*, roughly translatable as "the opposition Mafia." This in turn translates into the determination of these powerful independent publications to give Germany a new image and a new purpose by making it confront and disavow past errors and not repeat them because of the ambitions of a new generation of politicians.

The "opposition Mafia" is aided in this endeavor by the three channels of West German television, which are not controlled by the federal government but operate under a system of regional controls, giving them both freedom and autonomy. National programs are broadcast on the Second Channel, but representatives of the ten regional television companies meet every week to decide on the programing.

Such variety and independence are the outstanding characteristics of the entire West German press. The Republic now boasts 553 daily newspapers, whose total imprint is 22,000,000 copies. By adding the local editions of these papers, the figure rises to 1,450. Besides the national newspapers, which are of course the best known and most influential, there are numerous provincial regional papers, which throw out a network of smaller local editions, full of local news and advertising. Farther down the scale are the purely local small dailies and weeklies; they are having a hard time these days under the pressure of the national and regional papers. Due to small circulations and total dependence on the merchants and politicians of their towns, their independence is minimal. Then there are the "popular" papers, which respectable Germans regard as the yellow press, but which they read anyway.

THERE is, too, a category of weekly papers, such as *Die Zeit* of Hamburg, *Christ und Welt* of Stuttgart, and the *Rheinische Merkur* of Cologne, which lie somewhere between the quality national dailies and the magazines, and attempt to place the news in perspective as well as comment on it. More like magazines, too, are the ten illustrated papers, including *Stern*, *Quick*, and *Revue* (which is published in Munich); and *Frankfurter Illustrierte*, of Frankfurt; *Weltbild*, of Munich; and *Constanza* and *Kristall*, both of Hamburg.

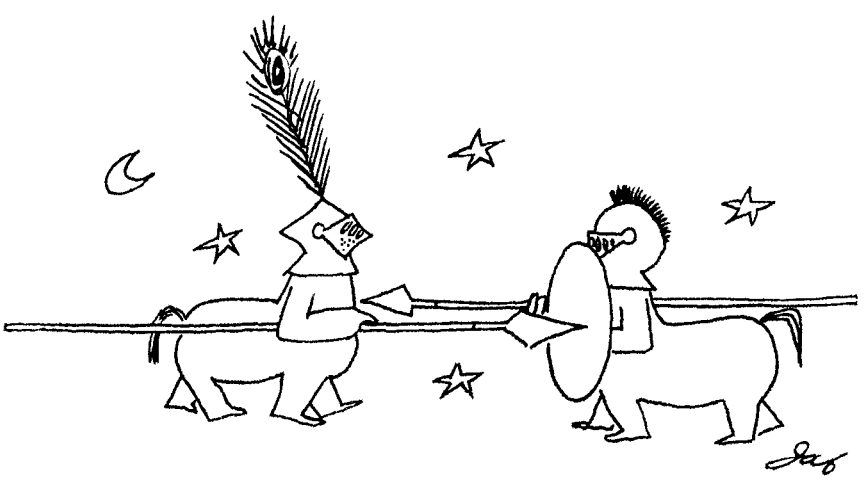
Magazines are highly important in the West German communications complex. Recent surveys show that 48 per cent of the Republic's population is reached by its seven major magazines; the broadcasting magazines alone are read by 47 per cent of the people.

The power of a single magazine, *Der Spiegel*, is extraordinary. In 1962, when it attacked Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who immediately arrested five members of its staff, a government crisis was precipitated which led to Strauss's forced resignation. The feud between Publisher Augstein and Strauss goes on with renewed bitterness, particularly since Strauss's reappearance as a potent political figure, but it is only a part of the guerrilla warfare between the government and the magazine. *Der Spiegel*, which means "The Mirror," has enough material in its archives (as Europeans call a publication's morgue) to document the private as well as the public lives of every figure of any importance in West Germany. Its writers not only write well, but they are investigating reporters of a caliber not excelled anywhere, including the United States. *Der Spiegel* looks like *Time* or *Newsweek* in format, but in content (meaning substance, impact, and sheer quality) it is well ahead of both.

If politicians fear *Der Spiegel*, and they do, they are even more alarmed by Axel Springer's empire. This alarm is shared by the remainder of the West German press, whose Federal Republic Press Council last summer inaugurated an inquiry into "press concentration." Every country in the Western world, including the United States, is worried to some degree about monopoly in the press; it is a phenomenon dictated by the inexorable economics of our time. In West Germany, however, press concentration can be freely translated to mean, "How can we control Axel Springer?"

No one is optimistic that it can be done. Commenting last July on the Council's inquiry, the *Suddeutsche Zeitung* remarked gloomily: "The $64,000 question is, however, whether the conclusions reached can be put into practice by way of legislation against press barons. It is a sorry sight to see the Under Secretary, after having agreed that the danger was particularly great when 'economic and political ambition combine,' reply to a question as to the role of Herr Axel Springer that 'in the general misfortune' of concentration good old 'moralist' Axel Springer was a lucky break. To that one can only say: God help us."

Whatever the evils of concentration may or may not be in Herr Springer's case, there is no doubt that in any broad sense the condition of the West German press is extremely healthy. It is lively, vigorous, varied, and independent, and it is certain to play a major role in the drama of German re-emergence which is now unfolding.



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Displaced child from the Sudetenland. Austria, 1948.

Chim: Shadow of Violence

AS THE photojournalist goes about his business of chronicling the contemporary scene, his photographs write the chronicle of his own life. Certainly this was evident in the Dorothea Lange retrospective show at the Museum of Modern Art a year ago, and more recently in this season's published photo-autobiographies of David Douglas Duncan and Alfred Eisenstaedt.

Now there is further evidence in a memorial exhibit called *Chim's Times*—the photographic chronicle of David Seymour that is currently on view at the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. It is the first in a schedule of world-wide showings sponsored by the Capa-Bischof-Seymour Photographic Memorial Fund, a New York organization founded "to encourage photographers to strive for graphic excellence and to use their cameras as communications weapons against ignorance and hatred." (A network of international affiliations, the Fund in this instance is working with the Capa-Seymour Foundation of Israel, which since 1961 has been promoting an appreciation of photography's importance in revealing the human condition and in fostering cooperation among all nations.)

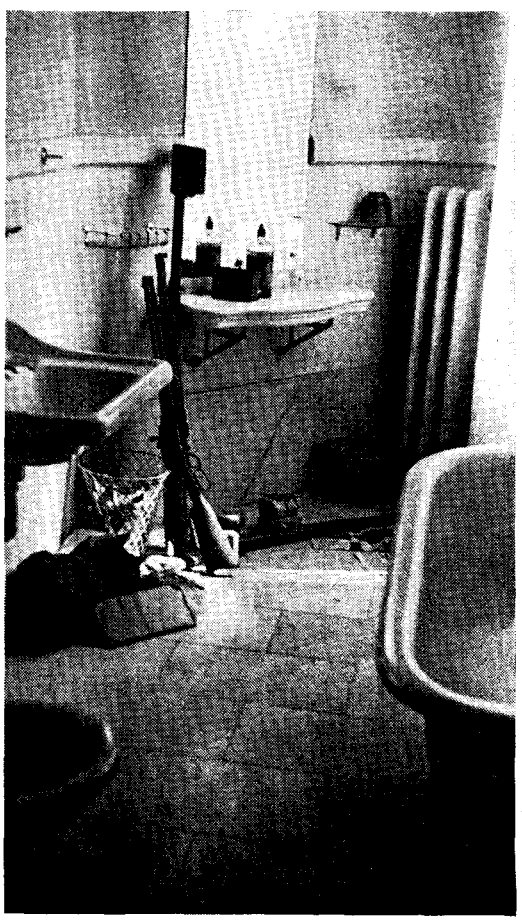
When photojournalist Seymour met death by Egyptian machinegun fire in Suez ten years ago, his obituary carried the subhead, VIOLENCE SHADOWED A GENTLE MAN. It was not an inaccurate summation. "Chim" (the nickname derives from Szymin, the Polish surname he had anglicized) had lost his family to the Nazi terror, and his closest friend and professional associate Robert Capa to a Communist land mine in Indochina.

The obituary reporter might have been more accurate, however, had he written, "A gentle man shadowed violence." For Chim's personal crusade for peace was fought by documenting the rubble and ruins of war's aftermath. From the Spanish Civil War to the Suez Crisis, it was on the orphaned, the homeless and hungry, the frightened, the wounded, that he focused his camera, always framing the small view that would be a deceptively simple statement of the larger truth it limned.

Any mention of Chim's name brings forth a battery of free associations from his colleagues: "stocky and prematurely gray . . . owlish with thick horn-rimmed glasses . . . as analytical and precise as a chess player . . . a man of secret compartments . . . multilingual in English . . . equally at home in Middle Europe, Montparnasse, and Manhattan . . . a highly developed palate and a penchant for black silk ties . . . he had so many friends everywhere—he was a born godfather."

All these are evocative images and telling commentary, but nothing tells as much about David Seymour as his own camera chronicle of "Chim's times."

—MARGARET R. WEISS.



War in Spain, 1937.

Port Said, November 9, 1956 (last picture Chim made).

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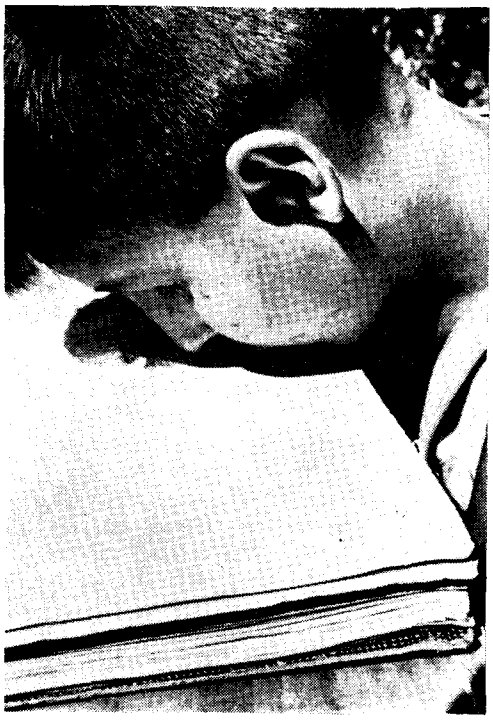

Armless blind war victim "lip-reads" Braille. Rome, 1948.

Republican pilots. Spain, 1936.

—Photographs by David Seymour—"Chim" (Magnum).

Demonstration at the funeral of Henri Barbusse. Paris, 1935.

Cave dwellers. Naples, 1948.

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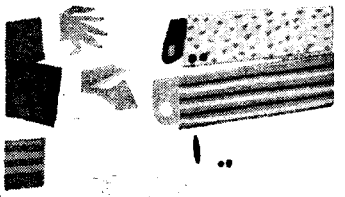
Public Relations



Wanted: Sophisticated Management

THOUGHTFUL public relations leaders concerned with more effective performance have been urging better education, wider horizons, and greater depth for the practitioner. This is all to the good, for the public relations man with a solid foundation in his field and an understanding of the world in which he lives can better serve the corporation which pays him.

But this is only the beginning. More urgent is the need for management to realize that it must adjust to its environment and that without the consent of the public it cannot earn a profit, that public opinion is king in our free political system, that what the voter wishes today Congress enacts tomorrow, and that good relations with the public are not a furbelow but basic to success. And unless management acts on these perceptions, all the best educated public relations people can mean just so much window dressing.

The public relations director of a major corporation might as well whistle into the wind if his chief executive officer thinks that acting in what the public believes to be its interest is so much balderdash, unrelated to his company's profit position. Time and time again corporate chiefs have shown that the relation of their companies to a special segment of the public, to the government, and to the general public, is exactly what they wish it to be. If they preferred it otherwise they would try to understand what public relations means. Today's corporation has the kind of public relations that management wants; no better and no worse.

Those corporations that have good public relations are almost without exception those whose chief executives understand the dominant role of public opinion in our society. They have read business history. They know that government restrictions on business have, in the overwhelming number of cases, been imposed not because of demagogues or yellow journalists, but because business was unable—or did not care—to so act.

Corporate leaders learned decades ago, some because they were burned, others because they understood the environment in which they ran their businesses, that good relations with the public do not stem from yards of publicity; they come from a sense of responsibility to employees, to the communities in which plants are located, to stockholders, to customers, to suppliers, and to local, state, and national governments. Intelligent corporate heads know good public relations cannot be achieved by gimmicks or sleight of hand, but only by deeds and by good performance properly communicated.

HOW little management has learned, with honorable exceptions, is shown by the survey completed a few months ago by a lecturer from the Department of Marketing at New York University's School of Commerce, for Grey Public Relations, Inc. The results were based on questions posed to the country's 500 leading industrial corporations. Answers were received from 235 corporations—an unusually high response. One of the questions was: "What measures does your company use to determine the success or failure of public relations effort?" The answer was enough to make progressive managers of corporations blanch: 77.3 per cent measured their public relations by clippings. (The breakdown was 79.2 per cent in the Northeast; 82.4 per cent in the North Central part of the country; 75 per cent in the South; 47.4 per cent in the West.)

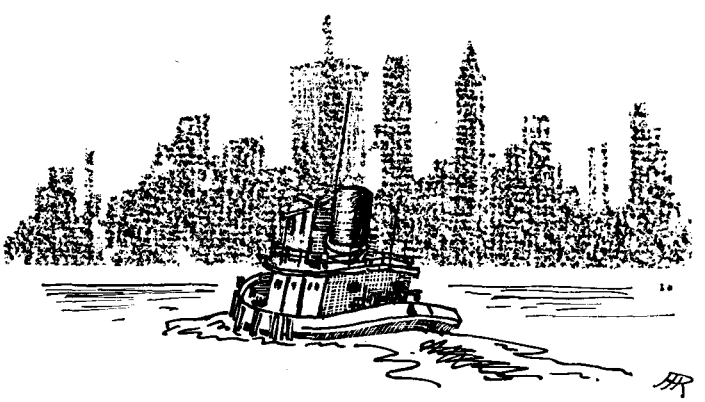
No one in the public relations business who understands the importance of the effective telling of a corporation's story discounts the importance of publicity. But to judge the success or failure of a public relations effort by the number of clippings is a form of business management retardation that can bring untold harm both to the corporation and to business as a whole.

It wasn't a shortage of clippings that brought the automobile industry the kind of legislation it most feared. The pharmaceutical industry is not in serious trouble because of the lack of clippings. Every company that pollutes the air and the country's rivers faces serious problems, but not because of the shortage of files loaded with newspaper and magazine clippings. The failures are in other directions: lack of foresight and refusal or inability to adjust to what the public demands.

THE country is in the midst of immense change. Public discontent is deep. All our institutions are affected, and business is facing a future full of hazards that rooms full of laudatory newspaper clippings and magazine stories will not remove. Good relations with the public are reflected only in small part by the number of stories carried by mass media.

Company policies based on adjustments of corporations to public desires can come only from the decisions taken by management. A good public relations man can advise management, but that advice will be heeded only by a management which is willing to understand that it must make the decisions. As long as three-quarters of the companies, as shown in the survey, fail to understand this, there will be governmental actions that may hamper the profitable operations of business.

It is true, of course, that many business heads are happy to take a free ride on the efforts of the few corporations which understand the overriding power of an aroused public. But the job has to be done by all business if it is to be free enough to be profitable and thereby enrich the nation. The best-run companies know this and seek to understand the nation's mood and act before government forces them to. There is a need for well educated public relations practitioners. More immediate, however, is the demand for sophisticated management which understands the context within which business functions and that the sovereign power in the country is not the chief executive and his board of directors, but the general public, whose wish of today is translated into legislation tomorrow. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.



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Should an Editor Edit?

Continued from page 117

are necessary to guarantee freedom of the press. One is this: "In point of law the editor should be alone responsible for the editorial contents of the paper, and should be vested with a corresponding authority." Contracts pointing in this direction may be found not only in Scandinavia but also in West Germany and elsewhere.

In Great Britain there are few such contracts. The mass-circulation dailies are as free as ours to let commercial interests find their own level. But two quality papers at least cling to tradition as guardians of more objective values. Recently (though it was before the press lord Roy Thomson moved in on the scene) I inquired about this of Sir William Haley, then editor of the *Times*. He answered: "The whole strength and influence of the paper reside in the fact that the people of Britain know he [the editor] and his staff are left completely free to use their professional judgment, both as regards the contents and the policy of the paper."

In much the same spirit, Alastair Hetherington, editor of the *Guardian*, informs me that when he was made editor he was told only that he should carry on the paper in the same spirit as before. This, he added, was a happily broad directive. Ever since, he has been left entirely free to interpret it as he wished: "There has been no interference from the management side."

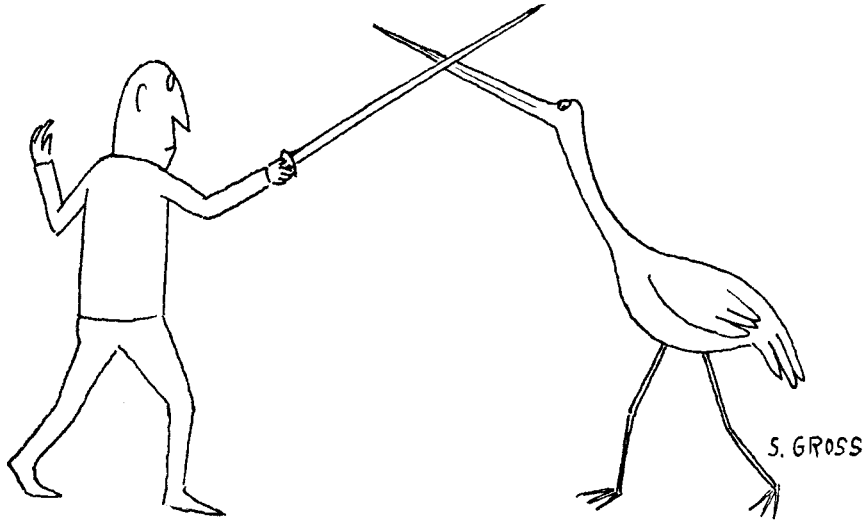
In this country few seem to have felt that a problem exists. The nearest thing to a search for a way to perpetuate an editor's authority to match his public responsibility has been an occasional provision for employee ownership. The Milwaukee *Journal* and Kansas City *Star*, for example, usually turn up on anybody's list of great American newspapers. Both are employee-owned. John Colt, executive editor of the *Star*, tells me that this is the result: "No one man makes the major decisions here. [No one official or director owns more than 1½ per cent of the stock]. The *Star* is a matter of concerted action and the product of many minds." To which Irwin Maier, publisher of the *Journal*, adds: "All present management in editorial and business offices came to positions of authority and leadership through progression on the Journal Company staff." The editors edit, the managers manage, and the company makes money for the employees, who own 80 per cent of it.

The catch is that before a system of employee ownership can be set up there must first be an owner with an abnormally high sense of public service and journalistic idealism. For employees cannot begin the long and costly business of winning majority control unless someone gives up at least a good part of his or his children's rights in the property. This is not likely to happen often.

THUS one is left in the unhappy position of complaining about a condition without offering a cure. There simply is no ready answer. Yet the fact is that in a free society, no matter how complex it may become, newspapers retain a unique responsibility to make editorial decisions for other than purely business reasons.

Over the years, perhaps, we shall strengthen a tradition of our own, upholding the need for editorial integrity, objectivity, and independence. That tradition is still there, in the air around us, as it has come down from the past. Is this too thin a support? Our political system works only because we all grow up under the tradition of obeying the rules of democracy. And first among those rules is that of accepting the result of an election, or of a Supreme Court decision, even though it may disturb us deeply. If tradition can keep government free, why not journalism?

As for editors' resuming the task of editing, the first necessity is to recognize that the need exists. Once we do that, we may find our way toward a cure.



New Power

Continued from page 120

metropolitan papers will probably make $5 to $15 a week more than here, but he is also likely to be much better trained than our five-year man. More and more we're beginning to hold good people who like the community and small-city newspapering—plus some old pros who no longer care for the pace downtown. But talent continues to be a real problem in our business. We're short of it, period."

Another problem of the small daily—although less pressing—is the tendency of the community to continue to regard it as something akin to the bucolic weekly seen in Walt Disney films. "It's hard for citizens in a small and growing town to realize how many people it takes to put out a daily newspaper," says Weed. "Just about everyone with a problem wants to talk it over with either the editor or publisher, and they don't want to mess around with the underlings. And if I'm here, they can talk with me. That's one of the great strengths of this kind of paper. We're here where the readers can touch or reach us. We have a very direct relationship with the people in the community."

Sometimes publisher Weed would like to have it a little less direct. He is likely to spend three to four lunch hours and evenings a week attending civic, political, and service club meetings and serving on various boards and committees. But this investment of time and effort by the publishers, past and present, of the *Pilot* and their editors has paid off handsomely in a vibrant, vital, and growing newspaper, wired in tightly to the community it serves. It has also paid off financially. Although Weed wouldn't be specific, he says: "In a growth area like this, a competent daily newspaper is almost sure to make money. But it is also almost certain to plow it right back into the paper because we have to grow with the community. When and if this area stabilizes, we'll probably be able to keep more of our profits."

The publisher of the Casper, Wyoming, *Star-Tribune*, William Missett, said recently, "American newspapers are now tremendously healthy. If you don't believe it, try to buy a 10,000-circulation daily and sit down when you hear the price. The population explosion is very much in favor of newspaper growth."

Indeed it is. The ANPA estimates that newspapers can look for 16,000,000 to 22,000,000 more potential customers by 1980—most of them in the suburbs. "But," says publisher Bob Weed, "it still has to have the content."

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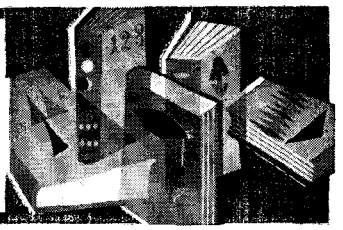
Books in Communications



Radio's Golden Years

FEW REFERENCE books have the power to make a quarter-century fall away in an instant, but this is precisely what happened when I opened *Radio's Golden Age* (Easton Valley Press, Box 113, Ansonia Station, New York, New York 10023; $9.95), by Bill Owen and Frank Buxton. A compendium of casts, backstage talent, program themes, and theme songs of network programs in radio's great days, it evoked an evening of indescribably delicious nostalgia.

The foreword by Owen and Buxton, who are colleagues on the ABC-TV program *Discovery*, well explains why: "When we get together to reminisce about those old radio shows, we exchange information as enthusiastically as collectors of rare antiques trade information." That is what this book does—it shares information heretofore "mostly locked in the memories of the . . . people associated with the programs."

Its footnoted lists are packed with information that even the most faithful listener may have forgotten. Did you know, for example, that *The Goldbergs* began in 1929 as *The Rise of the Goldbergs* and early became so popular that the famous singer Ernestine Schumann-Heink, among others, asked to be written into the show—and made three appearances? Or did you know that Ed Sullivan, long before his success in television, also was a radio pioneer? (Jack Benny made his radio debut on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, as did Irving Berlin, Jack Pearl, George M. Cohan, and Florenz Ziegfeld.) These are only a few of the fascinating nuggets that True Fans of the era can mine from the book.

Remember *The Green Hornet, First Nighter, Can You Top This, Ben Bernie, One Man's Family, Dr. I.Q., Grand Central Station*? The regular opening announcements, lyrics of some theme songs, and best known stock lines of stars of these and other shows are reproduced in brief. Perusing the casts, one cannot help being struck not only by nostalgia but also renewed respect for the quality of acting that radio commanded—Helen Hayes, Orson Welles, and other prominent actors and actresses appeared periodically in broadcast drama, and Lionel Barrymore, Agnes Moorehead, Ed Begley, and others starred in regular series. Further, as the book's listing of writing credits shows, radio, along with the shoddy, formula-type writing, also did something which TV still is trying but is unable consistently to do—regularly dramatize the work of the top playwrights of the period.

"Mountain climbers traditionally explain their attempts by declaring, 'Because it was there!' " Buxton and Owen write. "We compiled this book 'Because it *wasn't* there!' We hope it will fill the void."

It doesn't, entirely. Indeed, Owen and Buxton can be second-guessed for going to press with only sketchy information about some programs, for the makeshift job of production (despite a handsome dust jacket, the inside text is verityped), and for the relatively high price—but not for the basic idea. Theirs is a welcome addition to the growing literature of radio's great days.

Press History: Bobbs-Merrill has released *Freedom of the Press from Zenger to Jefferson* ($3.75, paperback), the latest volume on press freedom in its American Heritage series, and a useful contribution it is. Edited by Leonard W. Levy, Earl Warren Professor of Constitutional History at Brandeis University and co-editor of the American Heritage series, it includes a lengthy summary of American experience with freedom of the press predating the period it covers, and logically lays the groundwork for an already published companion volume on subsequent years: *Freedom of the Press from Hamilton to the Warren Court*, by Harold L. Nelson of the University of Wisconsin.

Columnist's Potpourri: Thanks to Arthur Krock, Russell Lynes, and others, there has been no shortage of columnists' anthologies recently. Now Henry J. Taylor, United Features Syndicate writer and former U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland, has joined the derby with a 208-page entry, *Men and Moments* (Random House, $4.95). Included are reports of such experiences as a tour of Eastern Europe, a visit to Berchtesgaden shortly after Hitler's death, and a de Gaulle press conference. Almost all seem sketchy and thin, but Taylor fans, of whom there are many, will find much that is of interest nonetheless.

—ALFRED BALK.

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(Continued from page 133)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1710

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English country-dance for six participants.	25 114 211 24 121 48 14 91 167
B. Capacity of the mind to entertain thoughts.	37 44 157 117 152 186 168 90
C. Proud cry by the young cyclist, usually to his mother, announcing his prowess (2 wds.)	160 151 29 99 120 195 55
D. The ocean as part of a landscape (2 wds.)	182 57 71 156 83 32 147
E. See WORD R (2 wds.)	74 111 60 189 159 3 34 131 63 142
F. Handy man; jack of all trades (2 wds.)	206 61 118 197 85 150 52
G. Seaport of Okinawa prefecture.	134 51 67 20
H. English author whose character *Father Brown* solved mysteries.	132 116 155 31 179 68 201 110 2 59
I. One of the great falls at Niagara.	172 140 202 8 23 149 28 166 198
J. Rising and falling as if on waves.	137 43 185 92 210 106 193 101
K. New shoots putting out from a plant.	49 203 88 7 180 98 190 11
L. Rudimentary tail.	123 78 56 135 122 33
M. Person inclined to impetuous action.	143 170 113 22 89 6 104
N. Where Abou ben Adhem encountered that recording angel (3 wds.)	97 39 145 15 115 53 188 5 148 177
O. Garrulousness.	82 161 69 95 47 40 146 129 209
P. Start of a space flight (comp.)	136 75 45 96 102 19 207
Q. Italian Socialist politician, killed by the Fascisti, 1924.	17 175 107 196 173 124 10 21 26
R. Followed by WORD E, the recent twelve months, to the Chinese (2 wds.)	178 35 144 58 12 212
S. Pertaining to first principles.	65 154 126 208 213 204 66 42 86 18
T. Censure with directness and sharpness.	112 153 199 13 100 194
U. What Lord Lilac thought it "that Shakespeare should be quite forgotten" (so that he got himself on a committee to remedy the situation; Chesterton: *Shakespeare Memorial*).	158 119 169 205 41 141
V. Omitted something (3 wds.)	103 187 79 127 81 165 133 70 16
W. Courteous, though frequently inaccurate, sign-off (2 wds.)	181 183 162 109 138 171 36 191 72 87
X. Flat-bottomed craft mainly used in moving freight about a harbor.	46 139 163 130 84 76 192
Y. Assimilate.	9 125 94 73 174 108
Z. To prosper; a merely decorative figure; a showy musical passage.	1 184 128 200 176 54 77 164
Z^1. Beloved daughter of a Governor of New York (for four terms, 1919-20 and 1923-28; 2 wds.)	38 64 30 105 4 93 80 62 27 50

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 Z	2 H	3 E		4 Z^1	5 N	6 M	7 K	8 I		9 Y		10 Q	11 K	12 R	13 T
14 A	15 N	16 V		17 Q	18 S		19 P	20 G	21 Q	22 M	23 I	24 A		25 A	26 Q	27 Z^1	28 I
	29 C	30 Z^1	31 H		32 D	33 L	34 E	35 R	36 W	37 B	38 Z^1	39 N	40 O	41 U		42 S	43 J
44 B		45 P	46 X	47 O	48 A	49 K		50 Z^1	51 G	52 F		53 N	54 Z	55 C	56 L	57 D	58 R
59 H	60 E	61 F		62 Z^1	63 E		64 Z^1	65 S		66 S	67 G	68 H		69 O	70 V	71 D	72 W
73 Y	74 E	75 P	76 X	77 Z		78 L	79 V		80 Z^1	81 V	82 O	83 D	84 X	85 F	86 S	87 W	
88 K	89 M	90 B	91 A	92 J	93 Z^1		94 Y	95 O	96 P		97 N		98 K	99 C	100 T		101 J
102 P	103 V	104 M		105 Z^1	106 J	107 Q	108 Y	109 W		110 H	111 E	112 T	113 M		114 A	115 N	
116 H	117 B	118 F		119 U	120 C	121 A	122 L		123 L	124 Q	125 Y	126 S		127 V	128 Z		129 O
130 X	131 E	132	132 H	133 V	134 G	135 L	136 P	137 J	138 W	139 X	140 I	141 U		142 E	143 M	144 R	145 N
	146 O		147 D	148 N	149 I		150 F	151 C	152 B		153 T	154 S	155 H	156 D	157 B	158 U	
159 E	160 C	161 O	162 W	163 X	164 Z		165 V	166 I		167 A	168 B		169 U	170 M		171 W	172 I
173 Q		174 Y	175 Q	176 Z		177 N	178 R		179 H	180 K	181 W		182 D	183 W	184 Z	185 J	186 B
187 V	188 N	189 E		190 K	191 W	192 X	193 J	194 T	195 C		196 Q	197 F	198 I		199 T	200 Z	201 H
202 I	203 K	204 S	205 U		206 F	207 P		208 S	209 O		210 J	211 A	212 R	213 S			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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